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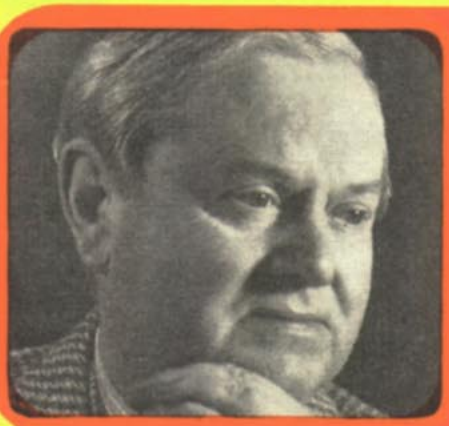

Evelyn Waugh
Letters to and from
Randolph Churchill

Anatole Shub
Moscow to Prague

John Weightman
Underground films

Anna Kavan
Short story

Peter Wiles
Postan discussion

Edited by Melvin J Lasky and Nigel Dennis

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JUL 27 1968

Encounter

JULY 1968
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Evelyn Waugh

Letters (and Post-cards) to Randolph Churchill

IT IS A MOOT POINT whether Evelyn Waugh will be remembered better as a conversationalist or a letter-writer. Probably the latter. I am sure that scores of his correspondents have kept his letters and I believe that he kept most of theirs. Conversation, on the other hand, if one has no Boswell, is an evanescent affair and very hard to reconstruct from memory.

I first met Evelyn in the early 'thirties while I was still at Oxford. We seem to have gone different ways and it was not until 1940 when the war had begun in earnest that we got to know each other very well and made the friendship which had many ups and downs and many coolnesses followed by reconciliations.

I think I have found nearly all the letters and post-cards he wrote me in the next twenty-five years and I think in most cases, except in the war, kept carbon copies of my letters. With the consent of his son, Mr. Auberon Waugh, I am in a position to reproduce nearly all the letters in my possession. I would not have the presumption to reproduce mine except where they cast light upon his or where they show us engaged in one of our many somewhat spurious controversies.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

St James's Club
Piccadilly, W.1.
26 September [*1941*]

I HEAR you have been made a major & congratulate you with all my stuffy heart. Your father, too, has had a leg up and is Warden of the Cinque Ports. On looking the list up I find it vy much more considerable than that of Prime Ministers. Always glad to see Churchills doing well.

I have seen Pamela [R.S.C.'s first wife]—her kitten eyes full of innocent fun. She is showing exemplary patience with the Americans who now have the place in England which the Germans had in Italy in 1939. They are ubiquitous & boisterous and everyone hides his impatience splendidly....

I finished the book [*Put Out More Flags*], dedicated to you, & it is quite funny but paper is so short that it will not appear until it has lost all point.

England is vy uncomfortable & everything is being done by the bureaucrats to aggravate the discomfort. There is a splendid new idea called "equality of sacrifice" which means that life is reduced to the level of a pre-war unemployed miner—in every sense for extreme idleness is combined with privation.

The only place where one feels at peace is Marine Barracks—I spent a delightful two days at Plymouth—band playing, drill sergeants strutting about the parade ground, old old colonels saying, rightly, that the Fonseca '22 does not compare with the Campbell '12 which the temporary officers intemperately consumed.

Your chum Maisky goes to Church to celebrate the coming of age of the King of Serbia and munition factory [*sic*] fly the red flag & sing internationale when he visits them. Mamie [Lady Mary Lygon] who recently married Prince Vsevolode expects to be called to the throne of All the Russias any day & has become gloriously sedate.

I have seen most commando wives. I left [Peter] Beatty's name at the door at Bones's [6th Lord Sudeley's] funeral and it was printed in the *Times* as the Hon. Mrs. Beatty, so I suppose he counts as a wife too.

I have a company of juvenile marines in barbarous surroundings at Hayling Island. Laura [EW's second wife] drives a tractor and garners thistles in large quantities.

We seem both to have become members of White's in our absence. I eat heavily there under the portrait of Frederick Duke of York feeling a little less warlike.

[Lord] Berners has written the dullest book yet seen.

Phyllis [de Janzé] sends you her deep love, whatever that may be.

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Evelyn Waugh to RSC

[1942]

IF YOU HAVE twenty minutes to spare with your amanuensis do please dictate some news of yourself and of our friends. I hear nothing & long to hear anything.

Pam told me Robin [Campbell] was wounded & captured. Is that true as well as his M.C.?

I read that your father has a Royal Marine bodyguard. Would he like me to command it?

The company commanders' course is so up to date that we are all psycho-analysed. I enjoyed myself prodigiously with my analyst. He complained later to the CO that I seemed under the impression that I was psycho-analysing him.

EVELYN who originally sailed with No 8 Marine Commando round the Cape to Suez in March 1941 had been returned to England later in the year when the Commandos were disbanded.

Some three years later I met him in London. He seemed discontented by military life at home and said could I find him anything abroad. I said: "Come to Jugoslavia." He was delighted.

In some notes I jotted down just after the war I observed:

Waugh possesses both physical and moral courage in a very high degree. He has seen action in this war at Dakar, in Crete, at Bardia and in Jugoslavia. His courage, coupled with his intellect, might have won him a distinguished military career. But he was usually more interested in driving his immediate superiors mad than in bringing about the defeat of the enemy.

One of his superiors, an officer of high standing, had a nervous breakdown after only two months of having Waugh under his command. I had the doubtful privilege of having Waugh serve under me for some months when I was commanding the British Military Mission in Croatia. Early one morning the Germans strafed and dive-bombed the village in which we had our headquarters. Waugh not only refused to get into a slit trench, but felt that honour required that he should stand on a conspicuous hill in a white coat. I felt that this bravado was needless and shouted at him to take the coat off. With an angry gesture he did so and threw it on the ground beside him. For the rest of the day he sulked and was at his most stuffy. Eventually, rather weak-mindedly, I said to him:

"I am sorry if you thought I addressed you rudely this morning."

"It was not your rudeness I minded," he replied, "it was your cowardice that surprised me."

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Piers Court
Stinchcombe, Glos
8 October 1945

THIS MORNING a rare and beautiful gift arrived for me. I thank you with all my heart. The cigars would have been a keen pleasure at any time; doubly so now for I am living in conditions of Balkan austerity. We have no servants; Laura broods despondently over the kitchen range and periodically raises columns of black smoke, announces that our meat ration has been incinerated, and drives me to dinner at a neighbouring inn. Most of her day is spent in cooking potatoes for the poultry—27 hens who lay three eggs a day between them. The domestic hot water machine has burst and flooded the kitchen quarters. We have had no hot water for a week. But hungry and dirty as I am I shall now be content for an hour a day for 25 days thanks to your munificence. In 25 days my butler will be out of the army, the plumber will have put in a boiler, a cook may have been found and I may be equipped to invite you to visit me.

I come to London for the day on 26th of this month and will search White's for you.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

9 February 1946

I SEND YOU herewith a tin of Pâté de foie gras, which is a gift from a man called Herbert who represents himself as your brother-in-law, and whom I found masquerading in the Ritz Bar in Paris in the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Polish Army.

When are you coming to London? I hope to see you before I leave for America in about a fortnight.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Piers Court
Stinchcombe, Glos
12 February [1946]

IT WAS UNCOMMONLY good-natured to let yourself be burdened with food for me. The tin of foie gras came at a moment of extreme famine. We are as grateful to you as to the dissipated young purchaser.

My last visit to London made a booby of me. I shall avoid the place more than ever. But if you are still in this country on 21st, 22nd of this month you might find me in White's.

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I am being sorely troubled by Americans. Do you know an impudent woman who works under the name of "Reeve" in the office of your favourite magazine *Time and Life*?

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

7 May 1946

IT WAS A sublimely meritorious act to send me a cheese. Thank you vy much indeed.

I was in London for a few hours yesterday & sorry not to see you. My friends seem chiefly concerned to promote an appetite for Coca cola in the lower orders. I hope you will use your great position to scotch this.

Some time ago I sent you some observations about the Nuremberg Trials, but I am afraid they must have been confiscated by the post office—or perhaps your acknowledgement was.

A new American has risen to persecute me named Mr Schlamm.

Put no great trust in MRP.

NOTES ON NUREMBERG.

Surrealist spectacle. Two buildings standing—a luxury hotel & a luxury law-courts —amid acres of corpse-scented rubble. Kaiser William baroque hall, functional light, functional furniture, a continuous parrot-house chatter of interpreters. Interpretation almost simultaneous. Curious sensation of seeing two big men bullyragging & their voices coming through the head phones in piping female tones with American accents. Obvious irony of Russian bullet-headed automata sitting on judges' bench. Russian delegation all in top boots, epaulets, everyone else in plain clothes. Russians sit immobile listening hard, quite bemused, as strange as renaissance Venetian ambassadors at the court of Persia. Whenever "Russia" is spoken they all start guiltily & their spokesman leaps up to say "I protest that that question is anti-democratic, irrelevant, fascist, cannibalistic & contrary to the Atlantic charter." Then Lord Justice Lawrence (an entirely admirable man) says: "It is an entirely proper question" and the trial proceeds. The English are top dogs. Our lawyers six times abler than anyone else. French & Yanks openly admiring. Only obvious criminal in the dock is Kaltenbrunner who is a cross between Noel Coward & Fitzroy Maclean (in appearance). Goering has much of Tito's matronly appeal. Ribbentrop was like a seedy schoolmaster being ragged. He knows he doesn't know the lesson & he knows the boys know. He has just worked out the sum wrong on the black-board & is being heckled. He has lost his job but has pathetic hope that if he can hold out to the end of term he may get a "character" to another worse school. He lies quite instinctively & without motive on quite unimportant points.

With six or seven exceptions the entire occupying force are proportionately Jewish because the only Yanks who speak German are first generation immigrants. They spend the day photographing one another doing Nazi salute on the rostrum at the Sports Palace.

Hundreds of languid, blasé, highly painted, rather hideous young women-secretaries make continuous round of cocktail parties & dinner parties. All in different corners of the same hotel. "Oh dear I promised to go to the French and the Roumanians & I must dress early for the Procurator General's. I must fly." The flight is to cross the lounge to another group.

Unemployed barristers enjoying a free holiday V.I.P.

Surprising esprit de corps among English lawyers. They are not at all blasé. Working very hard & believing their work historically important.

Please do not quote me in any sense which would seem to show me ungrateful to my hosts or sceptical of their good work. In fact please do not quote me at all.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

12 May 1946

YOU DISPLAY the most exquisite delicacy in your attentions. The cheese reposes in a temperature of 65°, ripening gently. When it comes to the table there will be tears of gratitude in my eyes & in Laura's, if I allow her a little piece. Thank you vy much.

Lord FitzWilliam & Col Stirling are the chief movers in the cocacola plot. I am told the concoction causes insomnia, garrulity and early impotence. Please denounce this obscene traffic.

Douglas Woodruff has been staying with me. I mentioned to him that you maintain a network of overpaid informers. I thought his ears pricked as though he might wish to enter your service.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

28 August 1946

I SHALL PASS through London tomorrow but cannot hope to meet you. I sought you at Lady Pamela Berry's where I had an entirely civil reception, good food & wine, agreeable fellow guests, a self-effacing host, but not you & heard you had lost a friend by telephoning to her at 2 a.m. I hope that will be a lesson to you. I am afraid I have been idle in regard to the Victoria & Albert Museum. Owen Jones is the name of the man whose portrait has been hidden by an urinal.

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Evelyn Waugh to RSC

22 December 1946

I AM HAPPY to say that you were elected to the Beefsteak without a dissentient vote. Hugh Sherwood addressed the committee in moving terms about your war heroism; the Duke of Devonshire sent a message that your chief characteristic was pious deference to older men; I said you would not use the club very often. On the opening of the box no blackball was discovered.

I come to USA at the end of January & stay three days at New York at the Waldorf Hotel Feb 1st–3rd. Then I have the dangerous crossing to the West coast through territory where I hear the natives are very hostile. I stay from Feb 6th to March 6th at Bel-Air Hotel, Hollywood. It would be a keen pleasure to see you.

I have put this house in the market and am negotiating to buy a castle in Ireland where I hope to find brief shelter from the Attlee terror.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

21 January 1947

I AM INDEED grateful to you for the skill with which you negotiated my entry to the Beefsteak.[1]

I am overjoyed at the prospect of seeing you in Los Angeles. I arrive in the Bel-Air Hotel on February 27 and shall be there three days. I hear that many of the local mental sanitariums are being evacuated so as to be available for the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, several of whom have already had nervous breakdowns at the prospect of your arrival.

RSC to Auberon Alexander Waugh

34 Cliveden Place
Sloane Square
16 July 1947

YOUR FATHER tells me you will make your first communion shortly. I send you herewith a rosary which was given me by the Pope.

I hope I shall see you again one day.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

17 July 1947

IF IT IS really not inconvenient to you I should like to accept your kind invitation to stay at your house on the night of the 23rd.

If any hostess seeks a middle-aged man for dinner that evening before Lady Bath's ball, urge her to ask me. Or better, if you are yourself free, we might dine together at the Beefsteak.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

27 July 1947

I GREATLY enjoyed my visit to London and am slowly recovering from its effects. Thank you vy much indeed for your hospitality both at Cliveden Place and, vicariously, at Warwick House [Lady Rothermere's, now Mrs Fleming].

Laura was vy much alarmed by my accounts of Daphne's ball with enraged marchionesses falling to fisticuffs and is vy thankful that she did not venture out.

I instructed my son to write immediately to thank you for the rosary (which delighted him). If he does not do so please report him for chastisement.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

12 February

I WAS DELIGHTED to receive a letter from you this morning and your kind present of "Grenadine Etching" which will provide welcome Lenten reading.

Your long absence has caused comment. John [Blank] (who rarely leaves the leatherette fender of White's except to doze fitfully on the bench in the front hall where country members leave their dogs) has put it about that you are entangled with a woman and once more about to become a father. I have loyally maintained that you are doing time in Zing Zing or El Cantara for some minor homicide & that you have chosen to suffer under a pseudonym rather than bring further disgrace on your name. Anyway curiosity about you was rife when last I went to London and I shall not be able to confirm that you are at liberty.

I will shortly send you, in care of your father-in-law, a copy of my tale—*The Loved One,* which is re-establishing my popularity in highbrow circles here.

I have seen few of your friends. Angie Laycock is thriving; [Dash] is dying painfully—which shows there is justice in this world. Duff fought a man dressed as a policeman at a fancy-dress ball and found out that it was a real policeman. . . .

If anyone wants to send me an unsolicited gift say linen pants (short) 39 inch in circumference.

Give my love to any friends you see in USA. There will be none after the publication of *The Loved One.*

[1] When I told my father about Evelyn's letter on my election to the Beefsteak Club he was quite taken aback. He had a naive view about friendship; it was all or nothing. He said:

"I thought this man was your friend."

I said: "So he is, I've lots of other very funny sorts of friends."

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"BRIDESHEAD" had provoked considerable irrational comment among leading intellectual left-wing circles in London. Waugh himself said to me:

"What they can't stand about *Brideshead Revisited* is that the hero has two love affairs both with women of his own class. One they might forgive, but two is a sure indication to left-wing intellectuals of reactionary crypto-fascist ideology."

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

3 September 1948

MANY THANKS for your telegram. I missed you in London, where I spent ten lonely and hungry days, by a few hours. I may return in a fortnight or so in which case I will warn you in advance.

I am most grateful for your good offices with Mrs Luce which are bearing fruit.

The few friends I met in London seemed stark mad. Notably poor Christopher Sykes. If you know of a good alienist you should persuade him to go quietly & draw his certificate. But in a lucid moment he gave an exquisite description of young Forbes who got himself asked to dinner by Lady Colefax & arriving rather late, & finding his crippled old hostess crouched in her chair, said with great affability in his hot-potato voice, "Sybil, please don't get up. I beg you to remain seated."

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

War now would be completely disastrous. One must face disaster with fortitude but it is wicked to do anything to expedite it. . . .

War as waged by airmen & physicists against civil populations is absolutely wrong in morals and fatuous as practical politics. I hope they soon hang the men of Yalta.

The best hope for the world is in the remarkable increase of Cistercian vocations among the yanks.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

14 October 1948

I READ with intense interest the announcement of your engagement in this morning's *Times* newspaper. Please accept my cordial congratulations.

I do not know the young lady but she must be possessed of magnificent courage. Does the colonel, her father (also notably courageous I observe) receive you in his house? If so it would not be a laborious journey to call here & give me the opportunity of doing homage to the heroine.

Thanks to your kind offices I am off to USA as soon as the Luce family can get me a cabin. They are not showing themselves adroit in this matter, so that I may well be here until the 6th of November, and shall perhaps be able to assist at the wedding. Why not come to New York for your honeymoon?

Evelyn Waugh to Mrs June Churchill

23 October 1948

I LIED WHEN I TOLD you that I had sent flowers to you. I meant to order them after luncheon but got delayed in visiting your new spacious & highly convenient house & went straight to the railway station. Please forgive me & please accept my deep good wishes for your happiness with Randolph.

I have known him for a long time; perhaps before you were born, certainly before you could read & write, and have always felt that he had a unique natural capacity for happiness which, one way & another, has never yet been fully developed. I am sure you will be able to do this for him. He is essentially a domestic and home-loving character who has never had a home. My observation has taught me that the best possible guide for choosing a husband is to go for the child of a happy marriage. That has been a huge source of strength to Randolph's father & I am sure it will be so to him.

I am just off to America & can't hope to see you again before Christmas, but please be assured that you will be much in my thoughts & prayers.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Knickerbocker Club
807 Fifth Avenue
9 November [*1948*]

I AM IN SOME doubt whether or no you are married. I received no communication from you at all (except an obscene one) and feared that your heroine's courage had failed or at least that she had faltered more or less in her great task of happiness. But on landing here I am told that the local press has announced your wedding. Pray enlighten me.

I spent my first evening with your friends the Luces. I am afraid it was not a success. I found him ignorant and densely stupid. Her I admired for chic & sharpness but she complained later to others that I lacked heart.

I sit in the local White's pining for the true White's. This is the only place in New York where one can escape running into trash like S—— & B——. Only yanks & good silent ones —mostly bank managers I believe.

If it is appropriate, my salutations to June.

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Evelyn Waugh to RSC

1 June 1949

My agent was outbid for the side-board. I have asked a Universal Aunt to look for one in London. Meanwhile have you any use for a circular early Victorian rosewood tea table on pedestal, 4 foot diameter good condition and/or another 4′ 6″ diameter, more massive & handsome with brass inlay but rather battered? I am discarding them and you are welcome to them if you have a place for them.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

St. James's Club
Piccadilly, W.1

Tomorrow, when I have the delight of lunching with you, is Friday. I say this, not that you may provide fish but that you may not be disconcerted if you observe me refuse meat.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

28 October [1951]

May I repeat with deeper emotion than would have been appropriate in White's, my condolences on your ill-success at Devonport? Parliament is the place for you while there is a parliament. Your failure and the generally wretched outcome of the election makes it more plain than ever that the present system wont & cant work in present conditions.

England, like every country in Europe, is equally divided on irreconcilable basic assumptions.

This is not the moment for a dissertation on politics, but for a friend to tell you how much he grieves at your most undeserved misfortune.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

4 January 1952

Thank you vy much indeed for the trouble you took to feed my starving children. Their excitement at the sight of "good red meat" is alarming to behold. The donor was Mrs Rathborne. Could you add to your great kindness by reminding me of her Christian name & address?

The new year opens for me with the most dismal prospects. I hope the future looks better for you....

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Royal Crescent Hotel
Brighton
14 June 1952

I am delighted to learn that you thought of me in your cups.

I am living here with a nice shy new knight helping him with a film.

Why don't you come & dine with us one night? The food is slightly better than in London and the air *most* invigorating.

It is too long since we met.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

23 February 1953

I am delighted to receive your work of scholarship [*The Story of the Coronation*] & shall read it with the close attention it deserves. At the moment Laura has her nose deep in it. I have merely glanced at the pictures & rejoice to see Bob among the loyal servants. I trust that the Queen will recognise your services with promotion in the chivalry of the British Empire.

It was a true Shrove Tuesday treat to have you & June at luncheon. Pray return after Lent.

The rhyme about the spoliation of Glastonbury, as I remember it from my nursery, runs:

Wyndham, Horner, Popham & Thynne
When the Abbot went out, they went in.

I may not have it quite right. I go to Mells (Horner) at the end of next week & could enquire, though monastic expropriation is a delicate topic with the present possessors, if that is not too late for your purpose.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

13 March 1953

Thank you for sending me your interesting review of *Tito Speaks*.

I note she has cost us three aircraft already.

I wonder what relation "Reg" Butler, the notorious sculptor is to the politician.

The smaller Liddell & Scott does not support your derivation of *πορνη*.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

29 March 1953

I came to a different conclusion—that the *Times* jingle was a modern version of the old jingle used by children in deciding who should be "it" in a round game.

It is most kind of you to offer your services on my behalf with *Punch*. I thought the contribution I submitted might set the right tone of farce for Tito's visit, but that has already been abundantly supplied by the politicians. Catcalls behind her back as she leaves would not be worthy of our national weekly (which I confess I never see). If you possess a proof of the piece, you are at liberty to show it to anyone you think it might amuse & to explain the reasons for its withdrawal.

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The politicians must be heartily sorry they imported the wench. I note that her baleful eye brought down another two aircraft yesterday. The army seem to be more cautious.

How the Brooklyn Jeromes must be blushing in Purgatory to see Clarissa entertaining a woman of Tito's reputation. All this curiosity about the criminal classes is vy old fashioned. Twenty-five years ago, I remember, Driberg qualified as a Society Gossip Writer, by gaining acquaintance with high-born ladies who wished to meet a friend of his named "The Hoxton Horror" who lived in a cellar in Greek Street. It pained me vy much to read that a gentleman of private station, Bill Deakin, should have consented to meet Tito. I had among my press cuttings an essay by Alastair Forbes. It proved beyond question that you are mistaken in thinking him an adherent of the Catholic Faith.

Since you were so good as to send me your review of *Tito Speaks,* I enclose an uncorrected proof of my own.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

30 March 1953

IT WAS A MOST KIND act to send me your work on the Coronation. As soon as I resume secular reading at the end of Holy Week, I shall fall on it with relish.

I don't think you have been quite so well served by your publisher as previously. It is an ugly page. I don't like the type. You must have a frontispiece in an illustrated book. The Foreword (itself otiose) is printed out of the straight. In one case only do you give the provenance of the illustrations. The colour reproduction of the coronation of George IV (why "Prinny"? This is not the title of the original engraving) is contemptible. I don't at all like the new trick of omitting the headline. There is an excuse for it in a novel where it remains constant throughout. But you have 19 chapters each with its own title. This should of course appear on the right hand page, title of the book on the left.

It is cheap at 12/6 but it looks cheap.

Why have you chosen a photograph of yourself which makes you look American?

"Foreword" should (strictly) precede table of contents but this practice is not universal; alas, it was neglected in one of my own works.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

Oving
2 July 1953

IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT you, very kindly, undertook to read and criticise some chapters in my book on English Country Houses. I have now completed five on Blenheim, Wilton, Chatsworth, Althorp and Hatfield. If you can spare the time to correct the orthography and make suggestions for improvement in style, I shall be most grateful. Also if you could suggest some architectural comments, which would embellish the text, I should be your debtor for life.

We are now installed in this agreeable and comfortable house, and we should be delighted if you and Laura could visit us any weekend, or, indeed, for a night or two at any time.

P.S. I hear that Gen. Marriott did not enjoy Lord K's [Kinross] party. He said that he definitely preferred the company of stupid soldiers to clever intellectuals. He was much reassured when MoMo told him that there had been two soldiers present, apart from himself. Capt. Waugh and General Maclean.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

4 July 1953

I DO NOT THINK that you have chosen a subject well suited to your genius. You have no appreciation of architectural beauty or of the paintings & decorations & treasures which enhance it.

The only family with whose history I have any familiarity is the Herberts and I have supplied a few corrections to your account of them.

I do not know what reader you seek to interest. Certainly not the specialist or the amateur.

Forgive my bluntness. This is not your proper work. You need hot, whisky-laden, contemporary breath, the telephone, the latest gossip, the tang of the New World, to bring out what is lively in you. History & Culture are for gentler creatures.

It is most kind of you to invite me to your new home. If my preceding comments have not caused deathless offence, I will come with great pleasure. Would early August be suitable?

MoMo gave me the best dinner I ever ate on the evening of Lord Kinross's party. The company later was varied, distinguished, gay, elderly. The only undesirable intellectual I saw was Henry Yorke.

My regards to June & my condolences at the shame she must feel at seeing her daughter's photograph in the papers.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

7 July 1953

THANK YOU for your letter and for your helpful corrections to the chapter on Wilton. When Nancy sent you one of her books you advised her to abandon it and start again. Myself you advise to abandon the attempt altogether. Unfortunately the state of my finances does not

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permit me to accept this well intentioned advice, and I must, therefore, persevere. But I assure you that your criticisms will act as a spur and indeed as a goad to my endeavours.

I am delighted that you will visit us in early August. Please say when you would like to come. My son will be here then, and if you have a boy of around his age, perhaps you might like to bring him with you. I trust Laura will also come.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

12 July 1953

IF YOU HAVE engaged yourself to deliver those articles for publication there is of course no alternative to their completion. I hope your next work will be topical. There lies your proper field.

Laura, alas, will be busy with farm & children all the summer, sends her love & regretfully declines your kind invitation. The boy Auberon Alexander is available for little Winston's entertainment. His chief interest is shooting sitting birds with an airgun & making awful smells with chemicals. He is devoid of culture but cheerful & greedy for highly peppered foods. If not closely watched he smokes & drinks.

Shall I bring him for the first week-end of August? I look forward greatly to seeing you.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

17 July 1953

IT WOULD NOT do to have Auberon Alexander on our hands or to subject him to the dangerous company of our adult friends. I will gladly come alone on 31st (via London would be best) and will bring some foolscap paper to use while you are at your writing table or at cards. If any of those adults are driving down & have room for me I might come with them. My train from here reaches Paddington at about 11 a.m. I hope it keeps cool for the visit.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

18 July 1953

I AM OVERJOYED that you will come on August 31. We have plenty of foolscap paper here, and I assure you we shall waste no time at the card table.

I will let you know if there is anyone driving down who could give you a lift; alternatively I will suggest a suitable train which you could take to Aylesbury where I will meet you.

I have given much thought to your statement that the Talbot marriage was as aristocratic as the De Vere marriage, but I cannot see the point of your comment. There were two Herbert-Talbot marriages in successive generations, but since Lady Catherine Talbot proved sterile and Lady Mary Talbot's son, Henry Herbert, died, alas, an infant, neither of these marriages "enriched the Herbert blood."

I trust that you have not encouraged any "folies des grandeurs" in the boy Auberon Alexander by leading him to suppose that the blood of the Talbots flows in his veins. We must talk of this further when you come.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

21 July 1953

YOU ARE RIGHT & I was wrong about the "enriching" of the Pembroke blood. Apologies.

My boy has pints of Talbot blood through the marriage of Thomas, Earl of Arundel with Lady Alathea (d. 7th E. of S.) but that is another line of descent.

I WAS QUITE WRONG in my criticism of your scholarly work.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

27 October 1953

THANK YOU for sending me a copy of *What I said about the Press*. It explains an article in *Punch* which deeply puzzled me.

I read the first item with amusement. The second is marred by egotism. Many speeches are made daily on a variety of subjects by people of various degrees of importance. *The Times* cannot be expected to notice them all. . . .

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

2 December 1953

I SEND YOU HEREWITH three possible dedications for my book *15 Famous English Homes*. I prefer the third but I am sure that you can suggest something superior. I shall be grateful for your advice.

We were much disturbed to hear the reports of your death circulated it seems by malicious persons in Rome. Which Catholic authors do you suppose Cardinal Griffin had in mind in his recent denunciation?

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

7 December 1953

I SUGGEST dedication 2 with the change in l. 8 "this book is defiantly dedicated", omit l. 9. I do not know what dirty books His Eminence has been reading. Not mine obviously.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

9 December 1953

I HAVE TAKEN advice & learn that it would be

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better to phrase the dedication "to E. W. sometime Capt. RHG."[2]

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

13 April 1954

VERY MANY THANKS indeed for your handsome present. It is a fine volume, full of information on a topic near my heart. I congratulate you on the depth of research and the elegance of presentation.

I am full of pride at the dedication both as a token of your continued kind feeling toward me and as an association with so considerable a literary work.

I was glad to see you take the poet Auden to task. If you glance at the prose works of that other bard, Spender, you will find abounding gibberish.

I will think of you in my monastic fastness during the coming triduum.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

15 May 1954

XV Famous English Homes
p 107 Query Footnote

Vanbrugh built himself a good house, not cottage, in Whitehall not Whitechapel, after, not before, his work at Castle Howard.

Is there any evidence for this early cottage?

The Whitehall house was called "Goosepie" and survived until sixty or seventy years ago.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

2 June 1954

PLEASE FORGIVE my delay in answering your postcard. Of course you are right. I was indebted to a friend who read my manuscript for this footnote and the "Whitechapel" error occurred when it was transcribed. It is strange that none of the four or five people who read it in proof noticed this improbable address.

As to dates, it is generally accepted that Vanbrugh began Castle Howard in 1699; and in July of the same year he (I quote Whistler) "requested and received the royal permission to build himself a small house out of the ruins, using as much of the charred material as he cared." On the other hand it was not finished until 1703.

As to house or cottage, I would call that a quibble. The whole point about it was its minuteness; though it was altered and added to in the following century. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough used to tease Vanbrugh about it, and Swift wrote a long rhyming satire on it, in which the following lines occur:

Now Poets from all quarters ran,
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round
But no such house was to be found:
One asks the watermen hard by,
'Where may the Poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a Goose-Pye...
Thrive happy Poet! who mayst trail
Thy house about thee like a snail....

True it was not called a cottage, but it can certainly not have been larger than one. I see Whistler in his new book adds: "On 1 March, 1701 he was told... to go ahead (with the building of Goosepie House), but the area was not to exceed 64 feet each way....It is exasperating', he adds, 'that no proper view of the building as Vanbrugh left it has ever been found...'."

When will you and Laura come here for a weekend? Any would suit between now and the end of July. Please make a proposal.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Piers Court
Dursley, Glos.
3 June 1954

64 FEET is the frontage of this house. I hope you do not think you are coming to a cottage.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

3 June 1954

I LEARN WITH pleasure that you & June lunch here on Whit sunday. I wish we could ask you to stay, but we expect Americans.

One can get a good idea of Goosepie House from the drawing made after the additions. It was only funny as the work of the builder of Castle Howard. It was enormously larger than Lady Pamela Berry's town house and, I think, than your own.

Why pray do you think that there were slums in Whitechapel in Vanbrugh's day?

I get almost all your press cuttings—vy expensive.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

Stour
27 June 1960

JUST A LINE to compliment you on your performance on Television [in an interview with

[2] Eventually I dedicated this work:

To
EVELYN WAUGH
sometime Captain RHG
who
when advising the author to abandon the project
urged that
"History and Culture are for gentler creatures"
this book is defiantly dedicated

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John Freeman] last night. Your blazing honesty shone through the screen and I was cheering all the way.

Are you never in this part of the world? I would so like to have a visit from you and Laura and to show you my beautiful view over Constable's vale of Dedham.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Combe Florey House
Nr Taunton
18 July 1961

VERY MANY THANKS for your telegram. I read that you have made a highly remunerative contract for your magnum opus. My congratulations.

In two months I shall send you the final volume of my war novels. It may bring some memories of Bari & Topusco.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

Stour
26 August 1962

I HAVE JUST been trying to reorganise my library and I find that there is a dreadful gap in my handsomely red morocco-bound set of your books, all of them in first or limited editions, and nearly all of them presented by you to me with an agreeable or offensive dedication. I am told by my advisers that the set is worth at least £500 and will, of course, grow in value. The gap is *Scoop*, a strange lapse for a journalist like myself.

Of course I have read it several times. Whether I had a copy originally and it got lost in the war, or perhaps never had one, I do not know. Have you a first edition handy? If so, would you sign it and give it to me? Alternatively, could you tell me where I might be able to get hold of one? In either case of course I would have it bound uniformly with the others.

I still live in the frustrated hope that you and Laura will one day pay me a visit here. If you could give me a day or two's warning I would disconnect the telephone and banish all secretaries and "ghosts" from my house for the period of your visit.

P.S. When are we going to have the fourth volume on the war which I suppose will be a great tease on our Aunt Tito?

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

28 August 1962

I WOULD GLADLY give you a first edition of *Scoop* for at the time of writing I was proud to call you my friend, but I have no spare copy, I can send you a reprint but this, I take it, is not what you require. First editions turn up (not very highly priced) from time to time. Rota, at the Burlington entrance to Albany, or Heywood Hill, next to the barber, might find you one. If they can, I will inscribe it....

...The ghost who wrote in your name to this morning's paper should watch his words. The image of people & newspapers entangled in light is not a happy one. "Quench" shall properly be used of flame, heat, light (perhaps of an entangling nature) or of slaking thirst. Figuratively you can quench curiosity, enthusiasm etc. Perplexities and doubts are better "resolved."

I have concluded the trilogy. The second edition of *Unconditional Surrender* has an important change. The hero is allowed no children of his own.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

4 September 1962

THANK YOU for your undated post card. I have just found in an old trunk a copy of your *Wine in Peace and War*. It is spotted on the inside of each cover, but otherwise in fine condition. I note that the wine merchants who published it have recorded no date on the title page.

Could you be so kind as to inscribe this brochure for me, giving the date, and then send it back to me. I shall then have it bound and add it to my collection.

I am on the track of *Scoop* and *Rossetti*. It seems to me that interest must accrue to this latter work since it is one of the few that you wrote before you "fell under my literary influence."

P.S. Could Laura perhaps come here without you? She could then reassure you as to the perils you apprehend.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

5 September 1962

I NOTICE a quotation from your writings in the O.E.D. sub voce FETTLE:—

> 1857 E. Waugh *Lanc. Life*, "A Shetland pony in good fettle."

I find I have no first edition of this early and, I presume, very rare work. Could you possibly spare me one, and inscribe it?

P.S. The *O.E.D.* bibliography says the author was Edwin Waugh; is this a misprint, or was he an ancestor?

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

14 September 1962

MANY THANKS for returning the pamphlet so promptly and with such an interesting inscrip-

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tion. I send you under separate cover a SCOOP I have procured, lacking dust wrapper, but otherwise in good or nearly fine condition. It would be a further kindness if you would inscribe this for me. On its return I will send it to join the pamphlet at the binder.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

Stour
18 September 1962

AT THE RISK once more of trespassing on your time and kindness I am sending you under separate cover five more of your books whose value would be enhanced and embellished by your signature.

They are:—

Remote People
Ninety-two Days
Brideshead Revisited
The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold
Tourist in Africa

To spare you trouble in repacking them I am sending them in a despatch box. I enclose herewith a stamped registered, addressed label for their return.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Combe Florey House
Combe Florey
Nr Taunton
18 September 1962

I HAVE LATELY visited London where I was told that you are speculating in the book market and that your wish to obtain "association copies" is commercial rather than sentimental.

If this is so, you must observe the customs of the trade and enclose stamps for the return of volumes which you send soliciting autographs.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

19 September 1962

THERE IS a vast amount of misinformation in London and I fear you have been made a victim of it. It is true that I am collecting a number of sets of my father's 1st. Editions, some of which I may later send to market. My collection of your books is "sentimental" not "commercial." Except in an hour of direst penury I cannot imagine allowing them to leave my library.

None the less I was becoming conscious that I was putting some burden on you in the matter of posting and even more so in that of repacking. Hence, yesterday's stamped, addressed label and the despatch box. If you will let me know how much you have previously disbursed on my behalf on postage stamps, paper, cardboard and string I will send you a cheque forthwith. I would not wish you to be out of pocket even for "sentimental" reasons.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

20 September 1962

YOUR BIBLIOMANIAC GHOST has over reached itself. You were given *Brideshead Revisited* and the *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* in the hand-made paper editions. I have your letter of 21st July 1957 acknowledging receipt of the latter.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

23 September 1962

I DON'T THINK you gave me *Brideshead Revisited* in the hand-made paper edition. If you did it has been stolen. I have the *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* in the limited edition on hand-made paper. I suppose that I bought *Brideshead* and *Pinfold*, read them and sent them to the binders before your more sumptuous copies arrived.

I understand your tedium in signing the books that I send to you; I don't understand your annoyance, but I shall be seeking a complete set of your first editions as well as your limited editions. If you have a spare *Brideshead* on the hand-made paper I would gladly buy it from you or accept it as a present. Alternatively, I will advertise for it.

It would be silly to have a nearly complete set of your first and limited editions most of them dedicated and all of them signed by you without completing it. My grandchildren may have to dispose of them in their old age and we must all think about this.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

12 December 1962

THANK YOU for your kind thought in sending us *Twists*. [A collection of Vicky cartoons to which RSC had written the foreword.] Tell Ghost to look at drawings by Beerbohm, Daumier, Gavarni, Rowlandson, even Bernard Partridge, before using the expression "genius."

"Vicky" is a very poor draughtsman.

I hope that if you live the next year may be a happy one for you.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

24 March 1963

THANK YOU for curious document entitled "Withdrawal." Para III is ambiguous.

The negation of the proposition: "A advocated that B should shoot C" is either "A

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did not advocate . . ." or "A advocated that B should not. . . ."

"The reverse of the truth" seems to mean "A advocated that C should shoot B."

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

25 March 1963

THINKING IN CHURCH (while I prayed for your salvation) of what I wrote this morning, I realised I had by a senile aberration misused the word "advocate." It shall be "exhorted," "advised" or a verb of that sort. I also thought what sagacious advice it had been & was sorry that you could not give your father credit for it.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

26 March 1963

I DO NOT DISPUTE the correctitude of your syllogism; but your definition is the bare bones of the way in which it may be applied outside the narrow field of pure logic. In my "curious document," by the "reverse of the truth" I had in mind that whereas it had been alleged that my father had sent troops to South Wales "to shoot down the workers" he had in fact been responsible, as Home Secretary, for overriding the local authorities and the War Office and had caused the troops to be detrained en route at Swindon.

I should perhaps have been more explicit on this point, for the vast mass of the public, like yourself, have such an understandable incuriosity about public events of the century in which we have the misfortune to live.

P.S. By the way, I have three or four more of your first editions (including a curiosa *Thirty-four Decorative Designs* by Francis Crease with a preface by Evelyn St. J. Waugh—"very rare") which I would like you to sign. If I were to send them to you with the return postage enclosed would you be so good as to do what I ask?

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

27 March [*1963*]

I FORBEAR to write "My Dear." It has been held in court, I believe, as evidence of Sodomy—

I am much interested that a copy of Francis Crease's *Designs* should have come into your hands and am curious to know if it has any evidence of previous ownership. I possess no copy & have long sought one. Perhaps you would surrender yours to me for the price you paid?

I will sign your other first editions if your Ghost will enclose not only stamps but string packing & addressed label.

I do not see the *Private Eye*. The only copy I saw was full of very poor caricatures—worse than "Vicky's."

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

29 March 1963

I DESPATCHED TO YOU this afternoon the books I would like you to inscribe. I enclose two labels, both addressed and one stamped. The stamps include the price of registration which will have to be effected at your local Post Office. Six yards of string are enclosed in the despatch box and if you unpack the parcel carefully I think the same paper will suffice for its return. I am sorry to put you to so much trouble and look forward greatly to the return of the books.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

2 April 1963

NO GIFT COULD HAVE given me greater delight than your discovery of Francis Crease's *Designs*. Will you not let me repay you for the purchase? If you insist on being munificent, I can only redouble my thanks. The book comes most opportunely as I am at the moment writing of Crease in my autobiography.

A handsome leather case has arrived with copies of books of mine for inscription. I am gratified that you should want a complete set for your own library. It is not clear why you require duplicates, unless you are going into trade. Your generosity in the matter of Crease's *Designs* disarms me, but I must point out that I gave you a copy of *Men at Arms* on publication. What happened to that? And why *two* more copies? Do you make frequent bonfires of fiction?

If you wish me to register the return parcel ghost must send sealing-wax. I never register anything. Delivery is delayed, compensation for loss (except in the case of special insurance!) is negligible. It is always the registered bags that are stolen *en route*.

Unless I hear that you wish the parcel registered I will send it by ordinary post.

I hope you are not finding the privations of Lent enervating.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

7 April 1963

I SHOULD perpetrate a fraud if I inscribed to you personally books intended for the market. I have therefore signed duplicates on the title page as I do for charitable bazaars.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

6 April 1963

DON'T be silly. A present is a present is a present. I am glad to hear it is timely. The reason that I want duplicates of your books is that I plan to leave the red Morocco set to Winston and the other one to Arabella. I am not "going into trade." As to "two" more copies it is con-

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venient to have spares which can be swopped for missing items. We make no bonfires. I am not a "dealer" but I am bound to say that I think your first editions are ludicrously underpriced and are a good investment for my children.

Do not worry about registration; so ghost sends no sealing wax for this purpose; but I enclose a stick as a small Easter token to celebrate the end of Lent.

I am delighted to hear you have been made a Companion of Literature and trust that you do not find the fellow Companionship of my father unduly irksome.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

6 May 1963

THANK YOU SO MUCH for sending the books back duly inscribed. Your signature is all that I asked for. I never suggested that you should perpetrate a fraud. Nor are the books intended for the market in the foreseeable future.

I should like to see you sometime and have a talk. What are your plans?

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

16 January 1964

YOUR YOUNG LADIES must distinguish between "intransitive" and "reflexive" verbs. Had they written that Mr. Hogg obstinated himself, they would have been affected but correct. They wrote that he "obstinated against"—intransitive. Hire more young ladies. If you have the time, consult the relevant passage in your work.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

14 January 1964

MOST OBLIGED by your letter acknowledging receipt of my book.

As to the usage of "obstinate" Miss Harryman says that she employed it as a transitive verb; the only usage which is permitted by the O.E.D. Miss Twigg adds that there are no examples to be found of an intransitive use of the verb.

Miss Mann, for her part, would like to draw your attention to two of the usages quoted in the *O.E.D.*:

c1420 Chron. Vilod. st. 1245 *Pey ben obstynatyde so meche in covetyse.*
a1603 T. CARTWRIGHT Confut. Rhem. N.T. (1618) 536 *One that hath obstinated himselfe against the Church.*

It is most good of you to have read my book with such attention. I am only sorry that it will not be necessary for me to make any corrections arising from your letter in the second impression, which I confidently expect.

Lord Stanley of Alderley to RSC

27 March 1964

I WAS SORRY that you left hospital on the same day as I arrived in London, but glad of course that you had done so. Your nice friend Captain Waugh, sometime of the Blues, is fulminating against the medical profession which, he says, with its customary ineptitude removed the only part of you which was not malignant. This I think is vintage Waugh.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

28 March 1964

Telegram

ENCHANTED BY YOUR BENIGNANT THOUGHTS ABOUT ME IN HOLY WEEK HAPPY FEAST OF RESURRECTION.

NEXT DAY I MET Evelyn in White's which was almost deserted. I assumed he had received my telegram that morning. He did not seem disconcerted and I suggested he should dine with me around the corner at Wilton's. When we were comfortably settled in and had ordered our dinners and a bottle of wine, I said to him: "Didn't you get my telegram this morning?" "No," he replied. "I came up last night and my telegrams are never forwarded." I told him what I had telegraphed and also gave him the gist of Lord Stanley's letter. He went quite pink but it led to our "reconciliation" after some years of coldness.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

2 April 1964

I AM GLAD we are reconciled & that there is a prospect of seeing you in health for many years.

I have pondered your ghosts' problem of nomenclature. It is far from easy. No one except Virginia Cowles ever referred to Mr. Asquith as "Herbert" and only his family called him "Henry." Your father on the other hand has been known as "Winston" all his public life—even as "Winnie"—by people who had no personal acquaintance with him. You will know when this popular familiarity began—I should guess about 1910.

My advice would be to insert a paragraph at the start of his schooldays saying something like: "So Winston became 'Churchill' and remained so until the populace, both his friends and opponents, readopted the nomenclature of the nursery." (I may say I have never referred to him without a prefix.) As you are not writing in propria persona I do not think there would be any solecism in your using of your father the name by which he is generally known.

e.g. you could say "Churchill showed no talent for cricket at Harrow";

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"Winston failed to find a seat for some time in 1924."
But it's a delicate point.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

13 May 1964

I HOPE that your convalescence is rapid.

It is kind of you to offer me one of your father's books. Please choose yourself whichever you think best entitles him to the Companionship of Literature. I shall read it with respect & close attention.

An old man who works about the place tells me I have 8 tulip trees[3]—some decrepit, some mere saplings. I beg you not to let Ghost reveal this. The wood is in demand for veneers and timber poaching is becoming a grave danger. All my neighbours have tulip trees. I think if Ghost flits from Tewkesbury to Exeter he will find one every five miles. Perhaps the Eastern counties have been ravaged by American aeronauts. Ghost will only cause trouble to tree-lovers if he gives publicity to these modest adornments. Timber-merchants are predatory vandals.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

12 June 1964

GHOST received your request that you should not be reported as owning tulip trees. Your request will, of course, be complied with. I merely mentioned to Leonard Russell that I had had a funny letter from you about them. I never suggested that he should send Lord Snowdon, or any of his other photographers, to intrude upon your privacy.

I am sending you today under separate cover the two-volume edition of *Marlborough* which is unabridged. I shall value your views upon it.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

15 June 1964

VERY MANY THANKS for *Marlborough* which I shall study with attention.

Thank you also for calling off Lord Snowdon. I can now remove the false beard I have worn since I got Mr. Russell's alarming letter.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

19 June 1964

FOR GHOST's (not Snowdon's) information my tulip trees are now in full flower.

I am enjoying *Marlborough*. The author has no specifically *literary* talent but a gift of lucid self expression in words—lost when least excited. His military reports are in the same class (though lower) as Belloc & Duggan.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

2 September 1964

GHOSTS are preparing a review for the *Evening Standard* of your *A Little Learning*. They tell me it is brilliant and fascinating: but they have a number of observations and queries which I thought it right to pass on to you:

i) p. 30
Ghosts remind me that I have told them of the incident about the bible in Croatia. Their recollection is that I finished the Old Testament and embarked on the New; that I was not impressed by "the new truths"; rather by the wickedness of God; and because of an incursion of Americans whom I had to entertain (and whom you teased) the bet to read the Old and New Testaments in a week was called off.

ii) p. 40. l. 2.
Ghosts say only pictures are "hung." Highwaymen are hanged.

iii) p. 48 last line 2nd para.
Ghosts say surely no comma between "empty" and "safe."

iv) p. 90 2nd para.
Ghosts would like to know identity of professional photographer. They ask: "Would it be Messel, Beaton or Snowdon?"

v) p. 94 l. 3 & 4
Ghosts would like to see copy of this rare book.[4]

vi) p. 127 last para.
"Preters." Ghosts were all agog to penetrate this disguise but you gave the show away on p. 177 where you give his Oxford nick-name of "hotlunch." Ghosts have a very funny story they could let you have about Molson.

vii) p. 131 1st para.
Who was "Dungy" alias "Buttocks"? Could it be the Lord Chancellor?

viii) p. 145 para 2.
Detmar Blow. Ghosts say that I have a good story about Blow who was architect to the late Duke of Westminster and stole three of his houses.

ix) p. 153 l. 8
"Through the kindness of a former friend. . . ." Ghosts now say I have falsely informed them that we were recently reconciled. I have explained to Ghosts that at the time of this modest gift I was a "former friend" and that our reconciliation only came later. I trust I am right in this explanation.

x) p. 164 l. 13
Ghosts suggest comma between "there" and "one"

xi) p. 183 l. 3
Ghosts would like to know identity of "middle-brow socialist" who became a Conservative on your advice and prospered.

[3] I had told Evelyn I was planning an article in the *Sunday Times* on tulip trees and had asked for his help.

[4] A privately printed edition of a youthful poem, *The World to Come*.

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xii) p. 183 l. 14
Ghosts suggest comma between "shut" and "there"

xiii) p. 197 l. 15
"... I knew no modern language." Ghosts say "Surely English?"

xiv) p.203 3rd para. l.8.
Ghosts say "Surely 'ill suited' should be hyphenated?"

xv) p. 220 1st para.
Ghosts say Lancashire, though very bloody, is not generally regarded as part of the Black Country. They cite Chambers (p. 348 Vol 2 1955 edition) which says:—"BLACK COUNTRY, an important industrial area of England, in south Staffordshire and north Worcestershire, roughly 50 sq. mls in extent, and bounded by Walsall - Wolverhampton - Stourbridge - Halesowen - West Bromwich."

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Combe Florey House
Taunton
5 September 1964

I AM MOST GRATEFUL for your ghosts' assiduous attentions, far beyond their call of duty in reviewing for the *Evening Standard*. If a second edition is ever required, their corrections will be included.

1. I kept no record of your bible-reading. Our recollections differ. Perhaps Freddy [Birkenhead] could put us right. I have a clear memory of your stopping at the major prophets & giving me £25 or more. I remember your crying in anger: "God, what a blank God is!" That was, I think, early in your studies. Far from teasing your American guests, I was teased by their vomiting on our floor during luncheon.

2. Many good precedents for this use of "hung." Read any account of R.A. [Royal Academy]. "So & so has not been hung on the line" not "hanged"?

3. Ghosts have a case. Shall be changed.

4. Lips sealed. Snowdon is too young to have been at preparatory school with me.

5. I possess one copy. It is not even funny. No ghostly interest.

6. Noted.

7. Ghosts scamp their work. "Dungy" shot himself in India. "Buttocks" survives as a prosperous city man. His great arse is sometimes visible in White's. He has achieved no public office.

8. Yes, I remember about Blow, but his peculations do not seem relevant.

9. Yes. Written before reconciliation. To be corrected.

10. Yes. Ghost is right.

11. Lips sealed.

12. Ghosts right. Will correct.

13. I think a quibble. I do not suggest I was mute. One's native tongue is taken for granted.

14. Ghosts correct.

15. I think ghosts must be right though the distinction is unfamiliar to me. I have always loosely used the expression for any smoky, industrial area *e.g.* the Ruhr.

I noticed in *The Spectator* (which your ugly friend is making very dull) that you say how cruelly I had been bamboozled and humiliated by Mr. Mandrake. I should know, at my age, better than to give an interview to the press.

I don't take the *Evening Standard* or cuttings. If ghosts care to send me a copy of their review, I should be grateful.

I did not write to you on the occasion of Winston's marriage because I did not know whether you took it as a matter for condolence or congratulations.

P.S. to my letter today para. 2 An aberration on my part. Ghosts are of course right.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

9 September 1964

GHOSTS, most of whom are on holiday, have entrusted me (by their spirit voices) to acknowledge and thank you very much for your letter of September 5 and the undated postcard which arrived simultaneously. They are grateful that you find yourself so often in agreement with them, but vexed about your sealed lips. They indicate to me they have other sources of information from whom the whole truth may be discovered. I am encouraging them in this process. They have already established that "professional photographer" must be Beaton. Ghosts say they will certainly send you a clipping of their review in the *Evening Standard*; they would like to hear your comments on their labours.

You conclude by saying: "I did not write to you on the occasion of Winston's marriage because I did not know whether you took it as a matter of condolence or congratulation." Nor, in fact, did you, as far as my recollection goes, reply to Lady d'Erlanger's beautifully engraved invitation card bidding you and Laura to the wedding reception. Nor did you, I think, send a wedding present. A book with a devilish inscription would not have come amiss.

P.S. Why do you and your fellow rate-payers bribe the Postmaster General to obliterate my name on your postcard with the crude advertisement:

TAUNTON
SMILING SOMERSET'S
TOURING AND
SHOPPING CENTRE?

This seems worse than pylons. If pylons come,

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and you are well advised, you can get handsome compensation, so say Ghosts, who would be glad to give you further information. Ghosts tell me that you have a Dorset neighbour who blasts off a blunderbuss whenever he detects electricity fiends seeking to erect pylons. Ghosts would welcome further particulars about your public spirited neighbour. Ghosts ask "Are you helping him?"

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

Combe Florey House
Nr Taunton
14 September 1964

I AM DISTRESSED to learn that Lady d'Erlanger supposes that I disregarded her kind invitation. I wrote at once expressing Laura's & my regret at our inability to accept. I would write to her & explain this but unhappily I threw away the invitation when I had answered it. If you see her, pray tell her.

When your son marries like a Christian, I will certainly send him a present. Registration at a government office does not demand munificence.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

16 September 1964

THANK YOU for your letter of September 14, Ghosts tell me that I erred in reproaching you for not replying to Lady d'Erlanger's invitation. They have now consulted the list of acceptances and regrets and find that yours and Laura's are duly recorded among the latter. Please accept my apology for my unthinking act of injustice.

I believe that you too once contracted an un-Christian marriage. I scarcely knew you at the time but would certainly have sent you a present if I had heard about it. Incidentally I can find no record of this legally contracted union in *Who's Who* which usually does not confine itself exclusively to recording Christian marriages; it is a secular publication.

Ghosts ask me to send you a copy of their review in the *Evening Standard*.

P.S. You never told me whether you persevered with *Marlborough*.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

September 1964

MY PSEUDO-MARRIAGE in 1928 took place at St. Paul's, Portman Square, in the presence of only my brother, Harold Acton, Pansy Pakenham, Robert Byron. Presents were neither solicited nor received.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

18 September 1964

VERY MANY THANKS for sending me your review of *A Little Learning*. I return the salute with nobs on.

To satisfy your curiosity (not for the use of ghosts) I will say that I wrote to all those I proposed mentioning in the book asking their permission to do so. Only two refused permission: Lords Molson & Ponsonby of Shulbrede. The socialist I converted was not Lord Ponsonby.

I am very grateful to you for employing a caricaturist who has never seen me. I shall be saved from the embarrassment of recognition.

Corrections (not mentioned by ghosts) come in daily. If there is a second edition they will be put right.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

6 November 1964

IF I SEND YOU my copy of *A Little Learning* will you be kind enough to autograph it for me? I shall then have it bound in conformity with all your other books.

P.S. Did you persevere with *Marlborough*. I should welcome a further comment.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

HERE is a corrected copy of my book. I hope the corrections will give it some interest.

I read *Marlborough* throughout. Were I reviewing the work of a novice I should fall on it furiously but in the case of a man of your father's distinction, I think it would be impertinent. I was everywhere outraged by his partisanship & naive assumption of superior virtue. It is a shifty barrister's case not a work of literature.[5]

I learn you are to be vicariously decorated by the Jews.[6] Send Ghost.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

17 May 1965

"(Mr. Waugh and I met with Randolph once, when my intemperate abuse of this clever, snobbish, Woosterish novelist—in my fond conviction—undoubtedly precipitated his illusions of Pinfoldian persecution. But more of this in my autobiography.)"

Surely this is false? I have no memory of the encounter. If you had hired a ghost to insult me I think I should have remembered it.

[5] Miss Nancy Mitford told me that *Marlborough* almost drove him to apoplexy, and that as he read it he would exclaim, 'God, I hope that when I turn the next page this bloody Grand Alliance will get into trouble."

[6] In December 1964 I went to New York to accept the Theodor Herzl Gold Medal for my father.

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Does your mother's recent ennoblement entitle you to the prefix "Hon"? If so I apologise for omission.

Evelyn Waugh to RSC

29 April 1965

VERY MANY THANKS for the kind gift of your early memoirs. I have read them with keen interest & hope that they achieve popular success. They show unwonted modesty & discretion.

On a few points my memory differs from yours. I am pretty sure we first met at Diana Guinness's bedside in Buckingham Street. I think you have misdated by two years the Venetian season when the English were so obstreperous and I don't think you were then staying with Brendan but with Mona Williams. As I remember it when Emerald arrived at the wrecked party, her first words were "Juliet has taken too much." But my memory fails daily & you may well be right.

I was much shocked by the news of Scum Dunne's death. When I last saw him shortly before Christmas I thought he looked as youthful & gay as ever. What killed him?

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

25 May 1965

GHOST ONCE TRIED to talk to you about your books when I brought you into White's. You considered you had been affronted and affected deafness. Insulting you was not part of the duties for which Ghost was employed—he was off duty at the time.

I am afraid you are right. I am now an Hon not a Rebel.

RSC to Evelyn Waugh

27 March 1966

I WAS AWAY in Switzerland when your trilogy arrived and it has only just come to light buried under a big pile of my father's books that have come from Chartwell. So please forgive my delay in thanking you.

I have read it all in the individual volumes twice. I certainly mean to read the final version, though I doubt whether I shall show the perception and assiduity of the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*. He must have fed it all into a computer.

Incidentally, why did you scrap your phrase about my father's "sham Augustan style"?

I heard reports that you had been rather low and were abandoning a book on the crusades. Frankly I think I shall myself prefer the second volume of your autobiography. When does it come out?[7]

[7] Two weeks later Evelyn was dead. He was most punctilious in his correspondence and I had been concerned at receiving no answer to my last letter. His death came to me as a grievous loss and shock.

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D. W. Brogan

The Student Revolt

IN TODAY'S PAPERS, I have read in *The Times* (of London) of the reopening of the University of Madrid; in a recent number of *Le Monde*, the dispatches from the academic front in Nanterre and the Latin Quarter; in the *New York Times*, the latest news from the staggering "Columbia University in the City of New York" as well as news of hostile polls (hostile to the rioting students, that is) in the New York suburbia and exurbia. What I have always thought of as an excellent liberal arts college, Colgate University in upstate New York, suddenly exploded a week or two ago against the "racist" politics of a college fraternity; and even here in Scott Fitzgerald's Princeton, most of the past ten days has been spent in discussions of student power and if President Goheen has not been treated as roughly as the authorities at Columbia, he has been picketed and the authority, not of the "Faculty," but of the Administration and the Trustees has been challenged. Harvard and Yale are quiet for the moment; so is the University of California at Berkeley, but how long will the lull last?

I am just back from California and note that revolt has broken out at Stanford, once so smart and peaceful, and that the role of the students in higher education is being questioned, as never before, in the country which spends most money on "higher education" and believes most firmly that all that must be learned can be taught. The cost and kind of university education is a bitterly fought-over issue in an increasing number of states and nations. The Berlin left-wing students are blamed for provoking a Neo-Nazi revival in Baden-Württemburg. Even in Britain, Mrs. Patrick Wall has been roughed up at Leeds and police dogs have been called in to suppress a protest in a new university against a defence of research in chemical warfare. Even in remote Cork (so I learn from Mr. Christopher Hollis) students are hot against the war in Viet Nam which they do not see as a crusade for Christian civilisation in the manner of Cardinal Spellman or even of Cardinal Browne or of Archbishop McQuaid. China we need not speak of. Academe all over the world, is in a state of chaos and it is probably not risking too much in prophecy to say that the old order will not easily return and that the whole question of the tensions between students, parents, and the Establishment is now both represented by the student revolt and exacerbated by it.

SIR DENIS BROGAN, *the distinguished Cambridge historian and political scientist, has been lecturing in the United States this year.*

First of all, it should be noted that in the American situation, the structure of American universities plays an exacerbating role that is not present or not present with such intensity in Britain. (In a different way it *is* present in France where the university authorities, like the Recteur of Paris, M. Roche, are at least as much *grands fonctionnaires* as leaders in academia.)

The political role of the American universities is not new. In an interesting and in some ways prophetic book, *The Future in America*, H. G. Wells, sixty years ago, thought that the most promising sign of the American future was the increasing political commitment (not his word) of the university students. It was not only in the Harvard where Bertrand Russell and Graham Wallis briefly taught T. S. Eliot and Walter Lippmann, that the students cast themselves as a clerisy. The University of Wisconsin was a power house of agrarian political engineering and the real or alleged infringements of academic freedom at Stanford and Chicago,

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like the vicissitudes of the academic career of Thorsten Veblen, underlined the importance attached to academic dissent.

But although one can find historical precedents for nearly every one of the *émeutes* of the last months, there is no precedent known to me of the scale, the universality, the passion of the present discontents. The allegedly "red" '30s were far less disturbed academically, than the suddenly volcanic '60s. Songs "of social significance" are being sung or shouted on the most unlikely campuses and it is not the Ladies Garment Workers who are singing or shouting them. Has there ever been a presidential campaign in which two leading candidates have cultivated the student vote or the student applause as Messrs. Kennedy and McCarthy have done? And this homage to the young is the more remarkable in that many or most of the young haven't got votes. It may be significant that Messrs. McCarthy and Kennedy are being imitated. Mr. Nixon goes to, if he does not haunt, the campuses; Governor Rockefeller comes out for votes at eighteen.

WHY IS THERE the ferment? First of all there is "the War." As an issue it has been overtaken, but not hidden, by the threat of civil or race war. The sight of a large armed garrison in the Capitol was as numbing or exciting as was the news of the Tet offensive inside Saigon. (As I write another such offensive is making faith in the survival power and value of the political structure of South Viet Nam as shaky as it was in February.) The violence of the police action in clearing the academic activists out of Columbia (as reported for instance in *Life*) has taught "whitey" what a rough, tough police force can do to *them*. It may be significant that the Black students, who had personal or traditional experience of what tough cops *can* do, "went quietly" and were praised for their good sense by the rattled rulers of Columbia.

That this is the most unpopular war in American history is nearly universally accepted. The belief in "victory" or even in its morality is ebbing fast; no one believes in "victory" outside the Pentagon or the General Headquarters of Joseph Alsop. But it would be uncandid not to note that much of the sudden indignation of the student world, due to the sudden decision of the Washington authorities to begin drafting (*i.e.* conscripting) the senior students, mostly those in graduate schools, has had a lot to do with the explosion. The French intellectuals did not become nearly universally antimilitarist until the Third Republic abolished its privileges under the French conscription system. American students who stayed in some form of university education until they were twenty-seven, escaped military service altogether. That the great boom in post-graduate education was to be expected and was a natural result of the even greater boom in undergraduate education is true. But it is asking too much of the poor man in the street, whose own son was no more exempt from service in Viet Nam than he was from service in Korea, to accept that all students in graduate schools were moved by a passion for learning or public service and were repelled from the War by deep conscientious scruples. (It was in the course of a critical speech on the subject of student exemption that Senator Kennedy was howled down by the medical students of the University of Indiana—and the American public, in my experience, is not totally convinced of the purity of motives of many American doctors. They get cash but often they don't get credit.)

But there can be no doubt that hostility to this war is general and genuine in the student body. The *N.Y. Times* has just published (as an advertisement) a manifesto signed by official student leaders in five hundred colleges. Some of these are very obscure (I have never heard of many of them). But nearly all the prestigious institutions are there. And very significant, a good many Catholic colleges are there, large and famous ones like Fordham and minor "colleges" hardly deserving the name. There are even seminaries for young clerics, houses of study of religious orders, smart convents, institutions whose clerical heads, it is pretty safe to guess, disapprove of the unpatriotic sentiments expressed by the young leaders. (Cardinal Spellman must be turning in his newly-dug grave and Archbishop Cooke, his successor as "Military-Vicar" be feeling that the world is changing too fast even for an archbishop who is under fifty.)

BUT IT IS the domestic war that provokes the most immediate response. Real or alleged "racism" caused the revolt in tranquil Colgate, the indifference to what many people thought, the natural sentiment of the Blacks of Harlem led to the much more serious revolt

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at Columbia. The decision to lease land in Morningside Park to Columbia for a gymnasium, with no attempt made to sound the sentiments of Columbia's neighbours, was an example of that common indifference to the surrounding non-academic world that has marked too many great American universities.[1] Making the university quarter safe for the University of Chicago was not always well handled, and the failure to realise that so white an institution as Columbia, imbedded in the capital of American "*négritude*," must take even excessive account of the sensibilities of its black neighbours was punished. Morningside Park, where the new gymnasium was to be put, is a shabby enough oasis, but it is a symbol of something better than the drab streets of Harlem. To quote Shelley,

> *Many a green isle needs must be*
> *In the deep wide sea of misery. . . .*

When there is only one isle, care is all the more necessary. That Columbia "meant well" in offering a section of the new gymnasium (with a different and obviously inferior approach) added insult to injury. This was "Nigger Heaven" all over again and the American Negro (or Black) has had enough of all forms of Nigger Heaven.

THE TWO PROTESTS mingled and, of course, the question of how American universities are governed was raised, the whole traditional academic establishment was threatened and will, I think, be seriously altered. The centre of the quarrel is the authority of "the Trustees" in the case of the great private universities like Columbia, of the "Regents" in the case of the University of California. These trustees are normally bodies kept up to strength by co-optation. The most pure form of oligarchical rule is the Harvard Corporation, a small body with no serious claims to be generally representative.[2] Others, like Yale, have mixed governing bodies elected in part by the alumni for fixed periods. State universities, in addition to *ex officio* rulers like the Governor, have trustees or regents elected by the alumni for fixed periods. Thus the most famous ex-student trustee of the University of Illinois in the '20s was Mr. "Red" Grange, the "Galloping Ghost," Number 77 on the football team. He had not done the University the honour of taking a degree, but what of that?

Normally, the trustees are distinguished and opulent alumni who give serious and laborious service to their *alma mater* (they often give a good deal of money as well and induce others to give even more). Legally, they *are* the university as the "masters and scholars" are the colleges of Oxbridge. They may be very enlightened but they may also be remote. No Columbia trustee lives in Harlem or has to live with its problems as the President, the Dean, and many if not all of the students have to live with them. For reasons connected with the high cost of living in Manhattan, a great part of the Columbia faculty lives in the suburbs, so that all the troubles that afflict the American urban universities are magnified.

What are the troubles? One is the belief that the Administration and the Faculty are out of touch with the real needs of the student. This is an old story, as old as the times of Abelard. Plenty of students at Oxbridge think the curriculum out-of-date and they are not necessarily devotees of the Second Law of Thermo-Dynamics. The idea of the "old fortifying curriculum," whether it be classics or history or philosophy, is under constant fire from the more talkative but not necessarily more idle or stupid undergraduates. They want to "connect" and a great deal of what they were taught at school and at "University" (a novel locution I detest) seems to have no connection with the world they will have to live in. This may account for the sudden rush to sociology in some new British universities, the rush to current history or "area studies" in many American

[1] When I first went to Harvard, in 1925, that great and very rich university was still taking advantage of its privileged position (conferred on it as "the University at Cambridge" by the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780) to escape paying taxes to the City of Cambridge. What I found odder was that my American friends, fellow students in the Graduate School, young instructors, saw nothing wrong in this. "What does Cambridge do for us?" I was once asked. I could only point out that as a result of this institutional "idiocy," a British firm, Unilever, had to pay an excessive share of the tax revenues of Cambridge (Mass.), a situation impossible to conceive in Cambridge (Eng.).

[2] It is possible that the way in which the governing body is chosen matters less than rebels think. At the beginning of last century, Glasgow University was governed by a professional oligarchy, Edinburgh University by the Town Council, itself a highly oligarchical body. Both universities, formally so differently ruled, were accused, with justice, of the same faults.

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universities. So it is a natural demand of the preachers of "student power" that they should have a voice (some talk as if they should have a determining voice), in the menu which is to be *à la carte* not *table d'hôte* (as it was and is). In the same way, they are to have a voice in the choice of teachers (and presumably in their length of tenure). There are medieval parallels for this, and Adam Smith, bored by Balliol, can be quoted, a little tendentiously, to support these claims. But—and here we run into a difficulty that the young naturally do not notice—student generations are short-lived. By the time a university has adjusted to the demands of student power, the generation that made the demands will have gone, the new generation may have totally different tastes. A new menu will be demanded and the university will be left with expensive equipment and now irrelevant teachers, while more money is poured in to make the curriculum irrelevant to the alleged needs of a new generation in an age when tastes and needs change like *haute couture*.[3]

From my experience, the student "leaders" who want to make all things new are not scientists but "humanists" who, in theory, could be content with Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and the student at the other. But not only did Mark Hopkins (the philosopher, not the railway magnate) decide what was to be discussed, he was not fired if his teaching did not meet the needs or appetites of the undergraduate. It is one thing to argue that, like the Clerk of Oxenforde, a university teacher should be willing to learn as well as teach. It is something else again to argue that he has only to learn. It is perhaps timely to quote the dictum of the first Master Butler of Trinity (Cambridge), "We are none of us infallible; not even the youngest of us. . . ."

But moral and intellectual infallibility is claimed by the small and zealous minority who speak for the students who are apparently tongue-tied. (I was pleased to note that the activists at Nanterre, leaders in the Paris revolt, do not argue their principles; they are *right* because they know that they are right.)

But if the academic *ronds de cuir* don't make real concessions, accept a tripartite authority—students, faculty, administration (or trustees), a tripartite authority that often sounds as if the first person in the trinity was very definitely the student leadership—the embattled students will hive off and start a new "free university," choose and pay their own teachers and let the old, decadent citadels of irrelevant "learning" wither on the vine, as an American put it.

No one who knows anything of the finances of a college or a university can be really impressed by these basically flippant proposals. Money is not everything in the higher education but it is a great deal. I agree with Mr. Michael Beloff in the April Encounter. Libraries, labs, and even moderately well-paid teachers are a necessity and it is extremely unlikely that any hastily founded "free university" will be able to provide anything like enough. It is worse than that. Columbia was appealing for $200,000,000 in gifts; it is safe to bet it won't get it now. Perhaps it doesn't deserve any more money but if its necessary expansion comes to an end, the sufferers will not be merely the current student generation. And this would be true even if *all* the students were really represented by the spokesmen for student power. There is something unworldly in the way assets that used to bring students to Columbia are cheerfully dissipated. Thus the Columbia Law School has stopped ranking its students. Maybe all the elaborate pecking order of academe should be abandoned, but it will literally have a price. The American law school may be a selfish, meanly-motivated institution, but one reason why the great law schools get such brilliant and industrious students is that a high rank pays off in cash or credit or both. Of course, if you adopt the philosophy of Chairman Mao, these egoistic motivations are rightly condemned. But with them is condemned the traditional university training; among other things, an élite, Balliol, Trinity, *Polytechnique*, are condemned too. Nobel prizes, even Lenin prizes, are vain things.

They may be; perhaps that is the wind of the future; I doubt it. But the student body is peculiarly vulnerable unless its members are ready to go off to cheaper Ashrams than the

[3] Professor Ubbelhode, then at Queen's, Belfast, has argued with great force in *The Universities Quarterly* that even in the natural sciences, taste or fashion could lead astray. An eminent scientist might have his own speciality or fad. He might persuade or bully a not very rich university into providing him with very expensive equipment, then go off to greener pastures and leave the equipment to a successor who might have a totally different interest or fad.

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one that welcomed the Beatles. Mr. Colin Clark has recently pointed out in these pages that the lavish subsidising of students is done by taxing the poor to subsidise the children of the prosperous. In dangerous times, this transfer may not be popular. Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker was right, if tactless, when he told some British student leaders that the rank and file of the workers—and of Labour voters—think that the students, far from being impoverished, are a privileged class. It has only needed Mr. Enoch Powell to show how far, in sentiment and possibly interest, are workers "by hand" from workers "by brain." For to the workers by hand, the workers by brain are not workers at all, a view that, I am told, is firmly held by Comrades Ulbricht, Gomulka Novotny. It is the people of low educational standards who, in the United States, are most upset by events like the Columbia *coup d'état*. Already, the more Know-Nothing members of Congress are threatening to cut off from the receipt of federal bounty any of the 1,500,000 beneficiaries who are involved in student riots. It could well be a popular if administratively difficult measure.

Nor will the riots be the only irritant to the most noisy patriotic members. At Columbia, at Chicago, at Princeton, one main object of attack was the universities' share in the Institutes of Defence Analysis. (In Princeton at least, the Faculty was and is as hostile as the students.) There is no need to recall to the editors or readers of Encounter the dangers of getting involved in even the most innocent of American military-political activities. But not all Congressmen share this horror, and refusal to continue to serve American defence, like the kindness exhibited towards conscientious objectors, angers many plain people who resent the arrogance of *all* members of the Academy.

Between the student revolt on one side and the brisk reaction on the other, the American institutions of higher learning are as surrounded as was General Custer. They are even worse surrounded than Custer. For there are the embattled Negroes as well as the Congressional Sioux. Recently, too belatedly, the big universities, the "Ivy League," the "good" colleges have been searching the highways and byways to get Negro students. They have selected and trained for entrance students who, because of their home background and the general badness of Negro schools, could not have "made it" under a rigorous application of uniform entrance standards. Mr. William Buckley of the *National Review* is running for the Yale Corporation partly on a platform of non-discrimination against the sons of old Yalies. He will not, I think, accept the view that this is a social sacrifice that alumni ought to make. Admitting a Levi Jackson is one thing; importing an imperfectly prepared Negro because he is black is another. And the heads of Negro colleges dislike the officially generous policy of Yale, Princeton, Colgate, etc., for the same reasons that heads of women's colleges in Oxbridge shudder at the thought of the great men's colleges admitting women. What spirited girl will go even to Lady Margaret Hall, if she can go to New College?

But the Black militants have another objection. They do not want promising Negro boys brainwashed by any white institution or by any Negro institution imitating white institutions. They are as suspicious of Howard as of Harvard —as the Howard disturbances show. A college for Negroes should not try to produce imitation Honkies. More, a college that is officially mixed should provide for Negroes by allowing them to segregate themselves. (Such proposals get the same mixed reception as does the establishment of solely Welsh-speaking units at old Aberystwyth.) But the drive to recover—or find—an African personality is too powerful to be resisted, even when it takes dangerous or comic forms. When a group of Negro football stars refuse to play until there is a Negro coach, a Negro cheer-leader and some Negro teachers, there are possible dangers. There need to be no shortage of cheer-leaders or even of coaches, but teachers? One of the handicaps and grievances of the American Negro has been the bad education provided for him by Whitey. Few American Negro colleges are adequately staffed; none could be adequately staffed with a wholly Negro faculty at this time. There is no harm in teaching Swahili in colleges or the New York public schools, but this is not the same thing as teaching Spanish, for many many thousands of children in New York (many of them black) have Spanish as their home tongue. Swahili is not the mother tongue of any New York Negroes (nor was it the mother tongue of many of the slaves kidnapped and brought to America). If it is taught, it may be taught

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as Arabic is taught in the "universities of Islam," that is badly, and African history may be taught as badly as it was in Nkrumah's Ghana. That the University of Ghana had higher standards did not endear it, I am told, to Dr. Nkrumah.

There are 6,000,000 students in institutions of higher learning in the United States. There will soon be many more. No wonder there is a crisis. That crisis has produced revolts; I hope it won't produce a revolution that might well turn sour.

Letter from Rome

By Nicola Chiaromonte

SOME three years ago, in an article in *Tempo Presente* called "Rebellious Youth," I came to the conclusion that only one thing seems to have shaken the political inertia that characterises our age and aroused political passions and a real sense of participation: and that is the idea of freedom. The Hungarian rising, directed by intellectuals and fought by the young and the very young in the name of unadorned freedom, was the main and most memorable example of this. Before that there was Poznan and the "Polish October," where in the main intellectuals and young people were demanding their freedom. In Italy, there was July 1960; more significantly, there was the upsurge of action and opinion in France against the Algerian war. Then, in July '63, there was the miners' strike in Asturias in which the demand for freedom of association and of speech was raised before the question of wages, and was much the more important demand. And I also dealt at length in that article with the revolt of American students against racialism and the war in Viet Nam.

It was perfectly clear that freedom was again the leaven in the political struggle, and that the young find themselves quite naturally in the vanguard of the movement, without waiting for the politicians to finish their calculations, organise their tactics, and put out their slogans.

But I felt that it was not enough to rejoice that a wave of rebellion (or rebelliousness), rather than some "realistic" conformity, seemed to have engulfed young people immediately after the war: "We must also consider each manifestation of rebellion case by case. . . ."

All right, then: let us consider what is happening in this rebellion of the young—and not only of students. Since 1965 it has spread across Europe, indeed across the world, from North and South America to China; in China, with the approval of its intellectual hot-heads and hangers-on, the remarkable event known as the "Cultural Revolution" has increasingly appeared to be an astute operation intended to unleash the rebelliousness of the young against the party machine, to the greater glory and support of Chairman Mao, and with the army to prevent things getting too much out of hand. In Europe, the young are in revolt in nearly all the countries of both East and West, including Scandinavia and Britain on the one hand, and the Soviet Union and Poland on the other.

But we must distinguish between these various forms of rebellion and consider their differences.

First, the Russian students and intellectuals protesting against the régime's repressive refusal to listen and the open revolt of students, teachers and intellectuals in Warsaw to the cry of "freedom," are not at all the same as the uprisings of students in Turin, Milan, Florence and Rome against their respective vice-chancellors, teachers and ministers, even though the Italian students may challenge the whole of society in their slogans and manifestos, may talk about a "total rejection," refuse what they call "concessions," and declare their wish to change everything from top to bottom, independently, with their own methods and according to their own standards. The freedom the Polish students are demanding is a clear, specific challenge to a clearly and specifically oppressive régime;

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whereas the "global confrontation" the Italian and German students are talking about is a formula as vague as it is violent. If we are speaking of the universities, then a challenge to their academic power means at most asking for the students' direct participation in discussions and decisions that affect their studies. Whereas if we are speaking of society as a whole—"the famous consumer goods society"—then "total rejection" means rebellion against everything and against nothing.

In fact, apart from their extremely significant refusal to accept guidance from the political parties, what the rebellious Italian students seem to be protesting against is mainly the war in Viet Nam, and what they approve of are men and events wholly alien to the situation, both educational and political, in Italy—men like Guevara and Castro, or exotic figures like Mao Tse-tung. Freedom, in fact, is the last thing they consider or even care about.

On the other hand, apart from violent clashes with the police (sometimes deliberately sought), and painfully confused stands taken by members of the academic establishment—who are either warily submissive or toughly determined (and occasionally both, in quick succession)—the students have done as they pleased and continue to do so. One is still waiting to see what direction their revolt is going to take and what objects it really aims at, and not merely who is going to lead it and in what direction. But it is obvious that there is no question of seeking freedom—rather its opposite: anger at the lack of authority, and at the lack of any established order that commands respect.

We have yet to see what the Italian students are capable of doing, after this great wave of revolt, in which indignation against the scandalous conditions of the universities and of schooling in general in Italy, and against the brutality and madness of the American war in Viet Nam, went with a cult (not unlike that of film star fans) of Ché Guevara and an enthusiasm for Mao Tse-tung, a dictator and thinker whose authority stems more from his power of command than from any qualities of his thought. It is impossible not to see in this revolt, however, an urge towards violence fatally combined with the idea of obtaining, at once and through direct action, what it is impossible to obtain at once and through direct action—namely, the reform of education and the reform of society. Impossible, that is, without total guidance by the hand of a dictator—and where that leads we know all too well.

The Italian students may have been doing as they pleased, but they have used this freedom of theirs for serious ends—or at least they are meant to be serious. Their revolt was a result of their anger towards and contempt for a so-called ruling class that primarily rules the affairs of the political parties into which it is divided and subdivided; and in this it was fully justified. But until now theirs have been mass riots, in which the voice of reason was drowned; and anyone who wanted to know what the whole thing was about had to go and listen to individuals, one by one.

But why was the students' revolt so confused, both in its ideas (or rather in its slogans) and in its behaviour? It was justified by the facts, in particular by the Italian Parliament's shameful refusal to pass the reform which would have abolished the most scandalous privilege in present-day Italian universities—the right of Deputies, Senators, and Ministers to hold an academic chair purely for prestige. Was it because of their youth? We are told to understand and not discourage the muddled enthusiasm of the young (because if we discourage it this means we want everything to continue as it is: corrupt, inert, torpid). And so we should, on condition that we reject absolutely the idea that the young must be right simply because they are young. It was on this principle that Fascism advanced, and something equally evil might even grow out of it today, whether its label is socialist, anarchist, or simply humanitarian. We have already had the startling spectacle of teachers in their fifties rushing to join the rioting young, urging them on to the "total rejection" and even to violence, in the certainty that they are marching with History.

But the young are in revolt not merely to reform the universities. As they themselves admit, their protest goes further than that. Indeed, it seems likely that the wretched conditions of education in Italy today, the teaching cliques, the academic charlatanism, the physical impossibility of following courses and even of seeing the professor's face except at exams, are all secondary reasons, and almost excuses for rebellion, not its primary cause. That lies elsewhere, and it is, I think, very simple: it is the fact that the young—those born after 1940—find themselves living in a society that neither

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commands nor deserves respect, a society whose authority merely weighs on them and so seems to license every kind of lawlessness and rebellion, open and covert. This is so from the top of the social hierarchy (if there is still such a thing, apart from a hierarchy of power) down to the forms of political life and the circumstances of everyday Italian life. But the most irresponsible and corrupt group of all is, I would say unhesitatingly, today's intellectuals: they follow the crowd instead of setting an example, quibble instead of thinking, offer political factionalism instead of critical guidance, hold forth on undigested questions of ideology, and, in fact, instead of acting as the voice of a people of which they are part, themselves make up a special party, one which furthers their own particular aims and needs.

IT IS AGAINST this lack of moral guidance and an authority worth respecting that young people are rebelling today, all over the world; and it is a serious matter, not to be answered by police attacks or tricky manoeuvres. This explains why, in the absence of anyone or anything to respect—and of an authority that can be either respected or hated, but which at least exists—the Italian young, like the young in France or Germany, create exotic myths out of Ché and Ho and Mao. These myths are by their very nature either empty or totalitarian: they lead either to nothing or else to mass demagogy and, sooner or later, to a technocratic authoritarianism cloaked in ideology. This authoritarianism—which is today's, *not* yesterday's or the day before yesterday's, which is generally called up as a bogey—does not even demand a charismatic leader: all it needs is the existing state of affairs, the endless complexity, the vast inertia, and the enormous, almost supernatural authority of industrial society; a society borne up not so much by the *capitalists*, as the current cliché maintains, as by the very ideas to which those in revolt have appealed. For has modern man, in his collective existence, laid claim to any god or ideal but the god of possession and enjoyment and the limitless satisfaction of material needs? Has he put forward any reason for working but the reward of pleasure and prosperity? Has he, in fact, evolved anything but this "consumer society" that is so easily and so falsely repudiated?

In these conditions it is suspiciously romantic to talk about "revolution." How will it be achieved except by a *coup d'état*, executed by a highly-placed few, and in secret?...

Are the young mistaken, then, in their revolt? No. But neither are they right. You can talk about right only when you talk reasonably, person to person. A rioting crowd never reasons, nor can it ever be right: it is an explosion, and nothing more, an event that may have its proper causes and reasons, and so logically cannot be either approved or disapproved except in detail, case by case, individual by individual. You do not approve of an earthquake, you try to clear things up after it. But as far as the earthquake of which the revolt of the young is only *one* symptom is concerned, the present Italian ruling classes (indeed, the present rulers of the world in general, for the whole business is universal) show no sign of clearing anything up, only of aggravating the difficulties.

If there is a remedy at all, it lies elsewhere, and is a very long-term one. In my view, it consists of a determined secession from a society (or rather from a state of affairs, since "society" implies a community and a purpose, which is exactly what collective life nowadays lacks) which is not actually evil by nature, indeed may well be improved; but is neither good nor bad, only indifferent, which is the worst thing of all and the most deadening. From this society—from this state of affairs—people must detach themselves, must become resolute "heretics." They must detach themselves quietly, without shouting or riots, indeed in silence and secrecy; not alone but in groups, in real "societies" that will create, as far as is possible, a life that is independent and wise, not utopian or phalansterian, in which each man learns to govern himself first of all and to behave rightly towards others, and works at his own job according to the standards of the craft itself, standards that in themselves are the simplest and strictest of moral principles and by their very nature cut out deception and prevarication, charlatanism and the love of power and possession. This would not mean detaching oneself from either the life of like-minded others, or politics in the real sense of the word. It would be, all the same, a non-rhetorical form of "total rejection." The French student revolt by sharply attacking the principle of centralised authority and demanding a reorganisation of collective life from the ground up has raised precisely this question.

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Letter from Germany

By Max Beloff

On the sunlit promenade by Hamburg's *Innen-Alster* in the loveliest springtime in living memory, serious youths hand out badly-mimeographed sheets of paper: "Warum ist die Jugend unzufrieden?" As one comes out of the Opera, leaflets are thrust at one: *"Was wollen die Studenten?"* Why indeed should German youth be unhappy at this stage in the fortunes of the Federal Republic? What indeed do the students want? If one asks their elders and particularly their own University professors—for youth and students are interchangeable terms in this context—one finds a complete diversity of opinion. On the other hand, there are those—whose sympathies though not extending to the extreme demands or violent tactics of the extreme left-wing minority are nevertheless broadly sympathetic to them, and who in a Germany whose democracy seems to them far from deeply-rooted regard the students as "the most hopeful" section of the community. Others—and not all of them political conservatives—take the view of one professor of politics: "Whatever may be the case in other countries, in Germany the very idea of a 'movement' is dangerous whether it be the Left or the Right. . . ." Where both sides agree is in their assessment of the importance of the student problem. Indeed in University circles it has become almost obsessional in the way all conversation is dominated by it.

In part, of course, the problems are not so different from those that have led to student troubles almost everywhere in the world in recent years. It is only the anxiety about the political future of Germany that any sign of renewed restlessness raises both among Germans and among Germany's neighbours that gives them so much additional importance. The intertwining of grievances peculiar to students as such and general political issues—international and domestic—is more complex in Germany than elsewhere.

The explosion in numbers from which the German Universities have suffered like universities elsewhere has been even more depersonalising in its results, because the old-time restrictionism of the academic profession has kept down the expansion of the academic staff to meet the new needs. On the other hand, Germany (unlike Britain) is not facing a period of financial stringency where higher education is concerned, and Federal aid to the *Länder* has indeed been very much stepped up in recent years.

What the explosion has not done so far is greatly to alter the predominantly upper and upper middle class composition of the student body. Germany is still behind most other Western countries in the proportion of young people at Universities. A far smaller proportion of actual students get State aid, and the "grants" question which figures so largely in British student discontents is scarcely an issue. The student leaders of the young German Left are (as their critics frequently point out) largely the offspring of very substantial citizens indeed. And this affects their attitude in at least two ways. They seem bent on expiating the real or imaginary sins of German bourgeois society—of *"der Establishment,"* to use the English word that has been so regrettably naturalised in Germany. And this makes them feel that they ought to reach out to and find sympathy in the working class rather like the Russian *narodniki* intellectuals who "went to the people" in the 1870s, and with equally unproductive results. The affluent society has clearly made the German working class itself far more establishment-oriented than ever before. There is thus a sense of isolation and of a lack of connection with any ordinary forms of political activity which is unusual among the students of mature democracies.

Finally, the expansion of the Universities in Germany as elsewhere has been a very uneven process. The natural sciences have lagged. The social sciences have shot ahead. In the last ten years, the number of students of political science in Germany has grown tenfold; the number of those in sociology and psychology has grown

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fourfold. Graduate unemployment on a rather massive scale seems inevitable if the new output of the Universities insists on trying to find outlets appropriate to graduates in the now fashionable disciplines.

The question of the content of a university training as well as of its organisational framework is relevant to the principal demand of the students where the Universities themselves are concerned, namely "representation." For the purpose of such representation on Senates and other University councils and committees is not connected (as it largely has been in this country) with questions of amenities or discipline but with a wish to say *what* should actually be taught and *how*. The Universities are to become not repositories of learning on the old German model but active instruments of social change.

THE DEMAND FOR CHANGE in syllabus and methods of teaching is not of course confined to Germany; it has come to the fore in France and in a less marked degree but increasingly in Britain. In Germany, however, the unstructured nature of the University courses on the arts and social science side, the surviving practice of study at more than one University, the absence of a clear distinction between undergraduate and graduate study, all make the atmosphere within which these matters are discussed very unfamiliar from the point of view of British Universities, with their planned three-year or four-year syllabus directed at a particular intake of students, who will normally be shepherded through every hurdle by a staff which is very numerous by comparison with Germany or indeed other European countries.

Again, the old spirit of hierarchy in German Universities—the dominance of the *ordinarius*—is very different from the British series of gradations between professor and assistant-lecturer within departments which may operate in a relatively democratic fashion. The young German scholar waiting for a post is at the beck and call of his Professor who will be concerned to get him to take what part of the work-load he can do so as to get on with his own research or writing. Only in India have I seen the same thing. This has helped to make the junior staff of Universities a more radical element than in Britain—and with better reason.

Yet although improvements in organisational and indeed in social relations are conceivable, the main demand is one that cannot be met if Universities are to remain Universities. In Germany as elsewhere the young scientists, technologists and medical students remain largely aloof from the protest movement because they are aware that there is a body of material that they must master and that ordered study, periodic examinations, and so on are a pre-condition of their ability to follow their chosen profession in the future. The argument is seemingly that in the arts and social sciences no such body of material does exist, or that if it does, it is not that which figures in the traditional courses. So that those who regard the University as an instrument for social change are not getting what they want.

One can, if one admits that this approach to a University curriculum is a possible one, see that there is some possible force in this line of argument. The further step—namely that students should decide what is to be taught and how—is much more specious. Before they have done any study of a field what is their basis of selection to be? But the question does provide a battle-ground useful in that no decision is possible and this is why pressure for "representation" is so acute in the German case.

IT IS THIS ASPECT of the matter which best explains perhaps, the discontent of the student activists despite what appear to be major concessions on this front. For instance, the new University law in Baden-Württemburg (which now has nine universities for its less than eight-and-a-half million inhabitants) obliges each University to offer student representation amounting to a quarter of the membership of all University bodies (as well as making provision for representation of the junior staff). Yet the law was described in the student paper as "A University Law against the Students" and the attempt to implement it has run up against stiff student opposition. In Hesse's Marburg University student representation is now one fifth of the bodies affected, and the principle of representation would seem almost universally accepted.

What is difficult to know, as so often in such cases, is whether the surviving dissatisfaction is very widely felt or whether the students are being manipulated by quite small factions. The activists do indeed seem to be very few in actual numbers. The largest of their organisations—the *SDS* (*Sozialistiche Deutsche Studentenbund*)—of which Mr. Rudi Dutschke and his friends

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A Word to the Restless Berlin Students:

"FORCE"—la violence, die Gewalt—*all form part of the classical concept of revolution. The existing order is "overturned" by methods that are forbidden by law. But in relation to mature industrial societies the classical concept of revolution is out of date (and Tocqueville foresaw it 130 years ago). Naturally social changes are constantly taking place; in the last twenty years West European society has changed far more deeply than it did through the violent revolution of 1830. But without force, and within the framework of the existing order.*

Because the law cannot provide for its own abrogation, revolutionary force is never "permitted." A State which possesses sufficient power and self-confidence to do so will always defend itself against force. Thus the question of the legality of revolutionary force is meaningless. The only questions that can be asked are those concerning its historical possibility and its moral justification.

The German Federal Republic is not the France of 1792, nor the Russia of 1917 nor the Viet Nam of 1968. It is not even the America of 1968, for it is neither waging war in Viet Nam, nor does it have Negro ghettos. It is a closely organised, functioning State which in many fields has had its successes. Nine-tenths of its inhabitants back the State, especially when it is a question of defending it against force. Therefore revolutionary force is historically impossible in the Federal Republic; so much so, that the second question, that of its moral justification, need not even be posed.

A small minority which—whether out of idealism (which is doubtless present), or out of boredom, high spirits, a sheer impulse to go-and-do-likewise (which may also be present)—engaged in a head-on clash with the State would end up in prison. But at the same time it would strengthen those very elements which it finds most repulsive, the fusty reactionaries. Both results would be a disaster.

The distinction between "violence against people" (Gewalt gegen Menschen) and "violence against objects" (Gewalt gegen Sachen) makes no sense, for objects are defended by people. It cannot be maintained in the long run. Whether the distinction proved feasible during Germany's Easter days as an answer to the attempted Rudi Dutschke murder, and as a reaction against the corrupting and intolerable concentration of power in the hands of Axel Springer, is a matter of personal feeling and judgment. I should say that it did prove feasible, or would have done so if, contrary to all intention, people had not died in the process. In any case it cannot be repeated.

From the SDS *came the pronouncement that there was no need to display sentimental emotion over the death of Klaus Frings. I consider this to be a pretence on the part of those who wish to pose as tough revolutionaries, which they are not in the least. If the left-wing students felt sure that, by virtue of "revolutionary force," they could kill even ten men with impunity, they wouldn't do it, because they are far too decent....*

DON'T ACT *the part of someone you're not! Stop playing at Lenin! Lenin doesn't fit into present-day Germany; in any case he wasn't so noble a figure as you imagine (read what your friend Bertrand Russell has written about him); and you are no Lenins. By talking about "revolutionary violence," which you don't really want at all, you have handed your opponents—from the police through Springer to the Federal Government—a perfect excuse for brutality, for harassment, for schoolmasterly indignation.*

The demand that the expansion of the Springer empire should be halted and reversed, or that democratic controls should be built into it, is legitimate. Therefore ever-new forms of protest against Springer ought to be thought up—and this calls for imagination and wit—protest that continues to take effect until the law-givers tackle the problem. But the protests must not lead to gaol, that is to say they can no longer be violent. No one goes to gaol for helping American deserters; yet this is, I believe, an effective means of protest against the Viet Nam war.

Whoever wishes to achieve anything politically has to set himself possible goals and look for allies. His opposition may be "extra-parliamentary," but it must operate within the system. Why? Because the German political and social system fills the whole arena and fills it very

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. . . "Stop Playing at Lenin"

densely. There is no way of escaping from it, except by going to Cuba or some other place that appeals to one more, and then one cannot be politically effective in Germany. Reforms are only possible within the system; but in a few decades reforms can radically alter the system.

Here we come to the question of what the left-wing students really want. Do they want peace in Viet Nam for the sake of peace? Do they want a reduction in Springer's power for the sake of intellectual liberty? Do they want to prevent the so-called Emergency Laws (Notstandsgesetze) for the sake of legal security? Or do they want all these things merely for the sake of unrest, in order, by fighting against something which fundamentally doesn't interest them in the least, to unhinge the "system"? In the first case they will be able to find allies and achieve something. In the second, they are politically lost. In the first case they might even find allies in Parliament itself. Even in this much-despised Bundestag *there still sit, alongside Herr Franz Josef Strauss, men of open mind and independent outlook. They merely have to be looked for.*

ONLY THE LEGISLATORS *can "dispossess Springer," that is to say, bring him under control. Anyone who wants something from a lawgiver must pay him a minimum of respect, or he achieves nothing and wants to achieve nothing. As to the* Räte, *the "councils" of workers, employees, students and schoolchildren proposed for Berlin, it must be said that while schoolchildren have a right to share in the running of their own school affairs, they are not entitled to a say in the politics of adults until they themselves are adults; and the students would have disappointing experiences with the workers and employees.*

America has provided an example of the way in which an extra-parliamentary opposition can be effective politically and parliamentarily. President Johnson's resignation (if it is genuine) and his new readiness for negotiations in Viet Nam (if it is genuine) are directly linked with Eugene McCarthy's triumph in the New Hampshire primaries. The left-wing students worked lustily for McCarthy's breakthrough; they were the best helpers of a man who is part and parcel of the "system," a United States senator. The Democratic Party machine, the most gigantic, the stuffiest and the most obtuse in the world, has been thrown by this success into creative disorder. So at times, not always, despite the apparent hopelessness, it works. But one has to want it to work.

Another example of opposition that operated outside parliament and yet within the system and was finally successful has come from the universities of Czechoslovakia. And the old government apparatus in Prague was incomparably more malignant than the one in Bonn.

MAX WEBER *once wrote that "Politics means a forceful, slow boring of hard planks with both passion and a sense of proportion. . . ." Anyone who goes in for politics must take it seriously. He must take the country seriously in which he is practising politics. A man may consider West Germany's Federal Republic narrow, provincial, uninteresting, but then he cannot be politically active in it.*

Anyone who further believes that what happens in Germany is fundamentally without importance to world politics, because Germany is peripheral, and who nevertheless wants to be politically active in Germany, is acting on the basis of a double error. For firstly, no one can predict what sort of disaster the rise of the NPD, *for example, might inflict upon Europe; one shouldn't be too sure about that. The last few weeks have shown in Baden-Württemburg what an impetus the left-wing students' revolt may have given the* NPD. *Now we shall see what effect the* NPD's *sensational success will have not only in Western Europe, but also in Prague. And in heaven's name at least the students ought to care about Prague! But secondly, if Germany really were powerless and of no interest to world politics, then there would also be no reason to get excited about emergency laws or the non-recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontiers: as the* SDS *vigorously does, and in my opinion rightly does.*

MY CONCLUSION? *After their Easter offensive the German students ought to cry "Cease fire" and assess their forces. They ought to rid themselves of such of their leaders as want to play at Viet Nam or Bolivia in Europe. That won't do here; the basic conditions are missing. They should make up their minds to practise politics.*

Golo Mann

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form the radical or anarchist wing as opposed to the more orthodox Marxists—is only 2,500 strong. The next biggest group is the Social Democratic Students which has about 1,500; the Christian Democrats about 1,000; and lesser political groupings less than a thousand between them. All in all, only 3 per cent of all German students belong to any political organisation whereas 15 per cent belong to the revived "corporations"—the old duelling and beer-quaffing societies of a semi-secret kind. And while it is true that there appears to be no student element in the Neo-Nazi and other extreme right-wing political groups, and although the attempt to build up resistance to left-wing extremism at present takes the form of trying to found a new "moderate" organisation, one cannot be certain that the *Korporationen* will not one day become again the vehicle of reaction.

For German politics—as the Baden-Württemburg elections help to show—is liable to be, in the most literal sense, the politics of reaction. There is a danger that student activity of a violent kind such as has been seen especially in Berlin will, in the long run, simply have the result of encouraging elements whose slogan is "order." The trouble is that the leaders of the Left do not seem to care; rather the contrary. Just as the Communists encouraged violence before 1933 (and even co-operated with the Nazis) to help destroy the structure of the Weimar Republic in the belief that this was the road to power, so the advocacy of political violence by a section of the *SDS* is symbolic of the fact that its leaders have deliberately rejected the view that anything can be got out of the political process at all.[1]

The claim is justified by the existence in Bonn of the "Grand Coalition" and by what they regard as the surrender of the German Social Democrats of any independent critical position. It is true that a Party campaigning on the slogan that the German Mark is "the hardest currency in the world" cannot be thought very well fitted to inspire rebellious or idealistic youth, and that there is legitimate ground in the light of history for some worry about the proposed emergency legislation. But the kind of remedies suggested, with their mixture of early Marxism, Bakuninism, and echoes of Ché Guevara, and Ho Chi Minh, hardly make up an alternative programme for a modern industrial society. It is perhaps significant that no student interest has been shown in the new Leftist party in Baden-Württemburg which is basically orthodox-Marxist and Soviet-inclined. It is clear that the left-wing student movement cannot be regarded as in any sense a tool of the DDR, though this does not mean either that it will not make a united front with the SED, as in Berlin's May Day march, or that it could not be exploited by Pankow in the interests of destroying the credibility of West German democracy. Similarly, although the concentration of the power of the press in the hands of Herr Axel Springer has obvious dangers, even his so-called monopoly in a country where radio and television and an independent press are all available is not at all comparable with that enjoyed by the State or the monopolistic ruling Party in countries that the students profess to find more to their liking.

Again, the protests against the Shah of Persia, the war in Viet Nam, and so on (which have little to do with the German Coalition and the absence of a German opposition) are not dissimilar in origin or accent from similar movements in other European countries. The "third world" is the arena where the *jeunesse dorée* of the wealthier countries seeks to work off its frustrations. The ugly side of this is the antipathy generated through these issues towards the Americans—an antipathy which plays directly into the hands of the German Nationalist Right. It is not so much that Dutschke and his friends are sinister in their intentions as that what I can only call their extreme political illiteracy is, in Germany of all countries, itself a danger. The fomenting of extra-parliamentary opposition is not the way to a greater democratisation of German society.

Nevertheless it is understandable also that in the German context, the student element should seem less tainted with undemocratic leanings

[1] Statistics from the German Emnid-Institut appear to indicate that the recent student riots had very little direct influence on these elections which resulted in a significant growth of the "semi-neo-Nazi" NPD. If anything, these right-wing elements had more sympathy than the other political groups for "the welcome fresh wind" of youthful unrest: 35 per cent of the NPD, as against 30 per cent CDU! Conversely, fewer NPD supporters were for "dealing energetically with the demonstrators." As the sociologist Professor E. K. Scheuch has remarked, "the students—who are fighting against the 'growing fascism in the Bundesrepublik'—may well wonder that they are relatively so favourably esteemed by NPD-voters. . . ."

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than other sections of society. The preliminary results have recently been released of an inquiry conducted by Professor Rudolf Wildenmann of the University of Mannheim among a national sample of 3,000 students and 1,000 members of youth clubs, and 2,000 individuals from the population at large. In all the questions asked the student group showed the strongest adhesion to democratic ideas. Thus 80 per cent of students were hostile to dictatorship compared with only 50 per cent of the non-student youth. Ninety-one per cent of students answered *"No"* to the question as to whether National-Socialism had been a good idea and only badly carried out compared with 50 per cent of *"Noes"* from the general population and 57 per cent from the other non-student youth group. Only 4 per cent of students thought Germany needed ruling with a stronger hand compared with 14 per cent of other young people and 25 per cent of the population at large. Other questions relating to the role of opposition, the coalition government and so on, showed the same general disparities of response.

But adherence to democracy is not enough when it is expressed in negatives. Germany seems to require after a period of concentration upon survival and material reconstruction some new ideal for its young people to work for. A decade ago, the European idea still filled this need; and some students still desperately cling to it. But as de Gaulle robs the European idea of its ideological content and as he goes on with his task of restoring respectability to nationalism, it is idle to believe that Germany can be left untouched. The tale of the sorcerer's apprentice is familiar enough to Germans; *absit omen*.

The Battle of Columbia

By Arnold Beichman

IT WAS THE SECOND WEEK of the occupation of Columbia University which on 23 April 1968 had the honour of becoming the first American private university to have been captured by a student revolution. It was a warm afternoon in that second week, and a lazy spring sun bathed the campus.

Spread in clumps over grassy fields and lawns were groups of students and professors holding what were called "liberation" classes. They were boycotting the university classrooms. Student pickets paraded before each building. At the Alma Mater statue in front of Seth Low Memorial Library (once the site of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane and now a favourite platform for speakers) stood a young man with flowing, grenadier moustaches. Armed with a bull-horn, the student was denouncing the University authorities to several hundred students and daring the authorities to stop him from speaking. Nearby a score of angry, restless young men, students opposed to the revolution, jeered the speaker and threatened to beat him up if only he and his radical band would attack them *first*. Some fifty yards away on the playing field a phonograph loudspeaker was blaring lilting, rhythmic Bulgarian folk-songs while several dozen students—male and female—arms encircling each other's shoulders as they faced front in a long weaving line, walked and skipped right and left and around under the choreographic direction of a professor of folk-dancing. Far off in another corner of the field a "group"—two electric guitars and a vocalist—throbbed folk rock before an ecstatic audience of students. The wife of a senior professor stared incredulously at this extraordinary *fête champêtre* and whispered: "My God, it's right out of *Marat/Sade*. . . ."

Actually it was not; it just looked that way to the passer-by. A powerful, prestigious, patrician American university had in ten days been shaken to its knees by several hundred revolutionary students who disdained to conceal their aims and views. Their triumph demonstrated how ill-equipped are America's leading universities—private and public—to deal with

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what obviously has become a crisis in values for many university students in this, to use Brzezinski's phrase, the technotronic age. I say "many," not a majority, because the Columbia Revolution—whether its vitality can be maintained long enough to change the University's power structure irrevocably remains to be seen—was led by a minority of students (by now they deserve the title of professional revolutionaries) in a Columbia population of some 17,000. After a belated and therefore useless display of police power and, worse, indefensible police brutality, the minority increased dramatically; whether to a majority we shall never know since a revolution and a referendum do not take place simultaneously.

Describing these events as a revolution will, I know, offend some leading Columbia faculty members, whether pro- or anti-student radicalism, because it sounds apocalyptic, brazen, exaggerated.[1] Unfortunately, there is no other word—what *is* a successful insurrection? surely not a revolt—to describe and summarise student-inspired actions such as these:

Seizing five university buildings, thus effectively barring students and professors—without their vote or consent—from using classrooms or offices until the police were called six days later.

Breaking in and living for six days in the offices of the President of Columbia University, ransacking and photographing his confidential files and then making the copies public.

Violating rules against indoor demonstrations in university buildings, day after day, and taunting the University to do something about it, which the University never did.

Maintaining the insurrection long enough to legitimise the insurrection and illegitimise the use of counterforce.

Holding a college dean prisoner in his own office for 26 consecutive hours and calling him to his face, as one excited student did before an assemblage of 300 undergraduates and some faculty, a "mother-fucker."

Exploiting the politics of escalation, a technique whereby an opponent at bay—in this case, the University—is forced to grant concessions which then become the basis of new demands to force further concessions, etc., etc.

Winning much of the faculty to the side of the radicalised students thus driving a permanent wedge between faculty and politically insensitive university authorities.[2]

Forcing the university to close the dozen or more entrances to the campus from public streets except for two, lest the revolutionaries bring in reinforcements from other parts of the city. Sudents, faculty, and staff had to show identification cards in order to be admitted to the grounds through the two entrances. This unprecedented procedure irritated most people, as they queued, not against the revolutionaries but against the "status quo."

Deployment of 1,000 City police to clear out the university buildings in a post-midnight raid with Mayor Lindsay's reluctant approval. For days thereafter, several hundred police were assigned to patrol the campus and its public approaches.

Burning the offices of three professors who had been unsympathetic to the "strike." One professor lost ten years of research notes in early French history. There may have been more acts of such sabotage but faculty members refuse to speak. A professor's office is no longer a sanctuary.

Compelling the University to consider moving, either in whole or in part, from its present location nine blocks from Harlem's exploding and explosive population of 400,000.

Corrupting the grading system so that virtually all undergraduates were given a *"P"* (for pass) without the need for final examinations or submission of a term essay or whatever happened to be the normal university requirements.

Using Negro students as a shield in one of the seized or "liberated" buildings to protect the white students in the four other "liberated" buildings.

Forcing a ruling group with hitherto accepted legitimacy to negotiate under duress with insurgents whose legitimacy increased daily with the insurgency's continued existence.

NOT ALL OF THESE examples are necessarily to be found in the annals of the French or Bolshevik Revolutions or the Paris Commune. After all, each generation makes its own revolution and sets up its own standards for success and failure. By the most important test of all—was the University Administration sovereign and accepted as sovereign by itself, by students and by faculty, after 3 p.m., 23 April 1968?—legitimate authority had crumbled under

[1] "In the most general sense revolution represents a breakdown in societal consensus... the broad agreement within society upon ends and means. When consensus breaks down, the society is dissolved into greater or lesser numbers of contending elements that must eventually create a new consensus." (James H. McRandle, *The Track of the Wolf* [Northwestern University Press, 1965], page 36.)

[2] A high University academician told me in a wearied tone several days after the revolution started, "Believe me, the faculty are worse than the students." At a meeting of the senior Columbia faculty some days later, President Grayson Kirk and Vice-President David Truman were booed and hissed when some applause was heard as they entered. As Malraux has written in *Man's Hope*, "The path that leads from moral reasoning to political action is strewn with our dead selves...."

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"guerrilla" assault. Did sovereign authority, then, rest in the hands of the Columbia faculty or any one group of the faculty? It did not. And if power—"the effective influence upon the conduct of others," as Richard Neustadt had written—lay neither with the Administration nor the lay Board of Trustees, nor with the faculty—where was it? Anarchy à la Bakunin or Proudhon? Nihilism? Not at all. Payrolls were being met; the commons were serving meals; the library, after being closed for almost a week, was checking books in and out; sweepers were sweeping. But the effective, visible tangible power was in the hands of a student Strike Steering Committee under a system of "participatory democracy." In late May, as the University year ended, this committee was supported, or at least was not seriously opposed, by large bodies of students. A split finally did occur in the Committee, but too late to be meaningful.

Insurrectionist power was enormous because other potential foci of power were merely reacting to what the revolutionary students did or said they would do.[3] Even more confirmatory of this student power was a statement to me by one of the highest University officials that he could not guarantee a normal semester next fall. In fact, he couldn't even guarantee there would be the annual commencement in early June. Some two weeks before the scheduled 4 June ceremony the University finally announced that the ceremony would be held, but with this significant change—indoors in the neighbouring Cathedral of St. John the Divine instead of the customary outdoor exercises on the University campus in the sunshine. In the past, the Cathedral was only used in case of inclement weather; today, inclement weather also includes the probability of disruptive student demonstrations.

The "ideology" which drove this thrust for power was hatred of Capitalism—I hope this sounds as simple as I mean it to be without a made-in-Moscow echo—of American "Imperialism" and Established Authority, a hatred arising from an extraordinary sense of relationship to Marx and to a revolutionary martyr like Ché Guevara, to writers like Frantz Fanon and Albert Camus, to words fragrant with social science jargon like "restructuring the University," and to a religiosity about the Negro.

A revealing answer was given to me by one of the young leaders of Students for a Democratic Society, the burning spearhead of this revolution, when I asked on the first day of the revolution what the SDS programme was. One building had been liberated, the Dean was already imprisoned in his office, hundreds of students were milling around outside the "liberated" building. The short, moustached grinning youth looked at me and waved his hand toward the throng: "Programme! Do you think we could get a crowd out here like this if we had a programme? Programmes are divisive. What we have are demands, not programmes."[4]

The leader of the Columbia Revolution is a 20-year-old upperclassman (junior) named Mark Rudd[5] who comes from a suburban community in New Jersey. Indeed, most of his peers come from what Americans used to call nice middle-

[3] For example, early in the afternoon of 7 May, rumours flooded the campus that a confrontation would occur at 6.30 p.m. between the student rebels, the University and the City police over the need to show identity cards. Even worse was the report that the rebels would be supported by hundreds of marching Negroes from Harlem. An army of police surrounded the campus within two hours. Police on motor-bikes, police on horses, police in autos, police on foot, high-ranking officers, representatives of City Hall, reporters, photographers, TV cinematographers with shoulder supports, crowds of students, onlookers on the public streets, radio reporters with portable microphones—everybody waited for H-hour. It came and went. Nothing happened: no Harlem invasion, no confrontation. By 8 p.m. the police had been dispersed. It was estimated that the rumours had cost the City treasury—in police overtime and regular salaries—$50,000. And all because the revolutionary cabal of students had let slip a rumour, whether by design or by accident.

[4] A university student striker in Rome was asked what he and his rebels wanted. He replied: "No demands, no delegations, no deals, no dialogue. The occupation continues. The battle has no objective, it is the objective." (*Reporter* Magazine, "Ma-Ma-Maoisti Close Italian Universities," by Claire Sterling, 2 May 1968, p. 22.) The *New York Times* reported from Paris (12 May 1968): "What do you intend to prove by throwing rocks at the police? a reporter asked a 19-year-old philosophy student. 'To prove that we're just as powerful as they are.'..."

[5] Rudd, president of the university's chapter of Students for a Democratic Society, wrote an open letter to Columbia President Grayson Kirk in which he said: "If we win, we will take control of your world, your corporation, your university and attempt to mould a world in which we and other people can live as human beings. Your power is directly threatened, since we will have to destroy that power before we take over."

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class homes. It might well be called *le revolte nobiliare*. And given their political (or apolitical) opinions, the temptation grows to refer to the Columbia seizure as a revolt of the Ruddites. But, obviously, power in a society and in an institution is always political. When it shifts dramatically and explosively as it has at Columbia, there is a reason, not merely an anabaptist passion for the pre-industrial past.

What we have seen at Columbia is a "guerrilla" strategy which worked magnificently and "revolutionary probe" tactics which, incredibly,

America's Young Radicals (1922) . . .

When I was a college professor, I sometimes wondered why there was no socialism among the sophomores. Now that I am not there to welcome it, the thing seems to have come.

I say to welcome it, because although I am a high Tory in my sympathies, I recognise that different hearts must be set on different things, and I like young people who have hearts, and who set them on something. It is a great pity if, for lack of self-knowledge or a congenial environment, they set them on the wrong thing, and miss their possible happiness, or miss even the noble martyrdom of knowing why they are unhappy. But they will not have set their hearts on the wrong thing simply because that thing may be indifferent or disagreeable to me. My personal feelings have nothing to do with the genuineness of their ideals, or with the worth of their happiness, if they are able to attain it. At most, my experience may make me suspect that these ideals may be unattainable, or that in choosing them these young men, in some cases, may have misunderstood their own nature, and may be pursuing something which, if they got it, would make them very sick. When that is so, a word of warning from an outsider may not be entirely useless.

The reason why it is easy to mistake the demands of one's own nature is that human instincts are very complex and confused, and that they mature at different times, or are suppressed or disguised altogether; whereas the fancy is peopled only by the shallow image of such things as we happen to have come upon in our experience. We cannot love, nor warmly imagine, what we have never seen; even when we hate things as we find them (as every fresh soul must in a great measure) our capacity to conceive better things is limited to such hints as actual things have vouchsafed us. We may therefore have no idea at all of what would really satisfy us; even if it were described to us in words, we should not recognise it as our ideal of happiness. It would seem cold, exotic, irrelevant, because nothing of that sort had as yet entered our experience, or lay in the path immediately open before us.

I was accordingly not at all surprised that the life of the ancients, although alone truly human and addressed to a possible happiness, should not appeal to young America. It is too remote, too simple; it presupposes the absence of this vast modern mechanical momentum, this rushing tide of instrumentalities on which young America is borne along so merrily. What surprised me a little was that everybody seemed content to go on swimming and swimming: for even when a man grumbled and worried about his difficulties or mishaps—athletic training, college clubs, family friction, dubious prospects, unrequited love—he yet seemed to be entirely at peace with the general plan of existence as he found it; not at all oppressed by the sense of any surrounding ugliness, vulgarity, vanity, servitude, or emptiness. Was there in these youths, I used to ask myself, so engaging often in their personal ardour, no human soul at all, but rather the soul of some working ant or unquestioning bee, eager to run on its predetermined errands, store its traditional honey, and build its geometrical cell, for the queen of the hive, the future Mrs. Ant or Mrs. Bee, to lay her eggs in? I am far from regarding romantic man as necessarily the best of animals, or a success at all, so far; and I am quite willing he should be superseded, if nature, in America or elsewhere, can evolve a superior species to take his place; but this sudden extinction of human passion seemed a little strange, and I doubted whether perfect happiness in mechanism was as yet possible even for the healthiest, busiest,

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This essay *was first published in* The Forum (*New York*) *for May 1922. When it was recently reprinted in a volume entitled* George Santayana's America (*ed. James Ballowe, University of Illinois Press*), *an editor of* The New Republic *welcomed the collection as an analysis of American culture which was "as pertinent today as ever"—but dismissed this particular essay as "now useless." Is it as irrelevant as all that?*

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never seemed to backfire against the revolutionaries. It is difficult to believe that a group of young men in their early 20s could have dominated so successfully a group of administrators and faculty, many of them steeped in political theory, sociology, the social sciences. If there is an *éminence grise* who masterminded all this, neither I nor anyone else can come up with his name. The strategy, however, was there. It was outlined in rather startling fashion in the *New Republic* (11 May). The writers, who were highly sympathetic to the rebellion, said:

. . . Déjà Vu?

most athletic, most domestic, and most conventional American. Might not the great American panacea for human wretchedness, Work, be not so much a cure as an anaesthetic?

AND NOW, APPARENTLY, *the awakening has come, at least to a few, and the sophomores (who are many of them out of college) have discovered the necessity of socialism. I call it socialism for short, although they are not all advocates of socialism in a technical sense, but style themselves liberals, radicals, or (modestly) the Intelligentsia. The point is that they all proclaim their disgust at the present state of things in America, they denounce the Constitution of the United States, the churches, the government, the colleges, the press, the theatres, and above all they denounce the spirit that vivifies and unifies all these things, the spirit of Business. Here is disaffection breaking out in which seemed the most unanimous, the most satisfied of nations: here are Americans impatient with America.*

Is it simply impatience? Is it the measles, and by the time these sophomores are reverend seniors will it have passed away? Or is it a tragic atavism in individuals, such as must appear sporadically in all ages and nations, an inopportune sport of nature, hatching a bird of paradise in the arctic regions? Even in this case, pathetic as it is, nothing can be done except to wait for the unhappy creatures to come to a fluttering end, for lack of sunshine and appropriate worms. Untoward genius must die in a corner. I am ready to believe that these young radicals are geniuses and birds of paradise, as they evidently feel themselves to be; if so, their plaints ought to make a beautiful elegy; but it would still be a dying song. Or is it possible, on the contrary, that they are prophets of something attainable, boy-scouts with a real army behind them, and a definite future?

I have made a severe effort to discover, as well as I may from a distance, what these rebels want. I see what they are against*—they are against everything—but what are they* for? *I have not been able to discover it. This may be due to my lack of understanding or to their incapacity to express themselves clearly, for their style is something appalling. But perhaps their scandalous failure in expression, when expression is what they yearn for and demand at all costs, may be a symptom of something deeper: of a radical mistake they have made in the direction of their efforts and aspirations. They think they need more freedom, more room, a chance to be more spontaneous: I suspect that they have had too much freedom, too much empty space, too much practice in being spontaneous when there was nothing in them to bubble out. Their style is a sign of this: it is not merely that they have no mastery of the English language as hitherto spoken, no clear sense of the value of words, and no simplicity; that they are without the vocabulary or the idiom of cultivated people.*

THAT MIGHT ALL BE *healthy evolution, even if a little disconcerting to us old fogies, who can't keep up with the progress of slang. America has a right to a language of its own, and to the largest share in forming that pigeon-English which is to be the "world-language" of the future. But it is not comparatively only that the style of the young radicals is bad, nor in view of traditional standards: it is bad intrinsically; it is muddy, abstract, cumbrous, contorted, joyless, obscure. If their thoughts were clear, if the images in their minds were definite and fondly cherished, if their principles and allegiances were firm, we should soon learn to read their language and feel it to be pure and limpid, however novel its forms. Dante wrote in a new dialect, provincial and popular; yet how all his words shine like dew on a sunny morning! But Dante had looked long and intently; he had loved silently; he knew what he felt and what he believed. No: it is not more freedom that young America needs in order to be happy: it needs more discipline.*

George Santayana

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> Months before, at an SDS conference in Maryland, the decision had been reached to take physical control of a major American university this spring. Columbia was chosen because of its liberal reputation, its situation in New York and the fact that it was an Ivy League school. SDS felt it was important at this time to disrupt a private, prestige, tactically vulnerable university.

The three demands raised by SDS—halting construction of a gymnasium unused on park-land in lower Harlem abutting the University, an amnesty for fractious students, and an end to the university's affiliation with the Institute for Defense Analysis (a 12-university consortium which does military research)—were, in the words of the *New Republic* writers, "pretexts."

> The point of the game was power. And in the broadest sense, to the most radical members of the SDS Steering Committee Columbia itself was not the issue. It was revolution, and if it could be shown that a great university could literally be taken over in a matter of days by a well-organised group of students then no university was secure. Everywhere the purpose was to destroy institutions of the American Establishment, in the hope that out of the chaos a better America would emerge.

Let me say here that nothing is easier, as we have now seen, than for a group of determined students—white or black and preferably a mixture of both—to take over a university which has no military or police force of its own to repel invasion and whose only sanction—expulsion—it dares not use. In a real sense, universities do not rule, they half-rule; in the words of Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, Book I, lines 89–93):

> Golden was that first age, which, with no one to compel, without a law, of its own will, kept faith and did the right. (*Aurea prima sata est aetas, quae vindicae nullo, sponte sua, sine lege fidem rectumque colebat.*)

Thus the take-overs of the Sorbonne, Rome, and of other American colleges and universities were no more difficult than robbing a blind man. The grievances are always there. The very concept of student is a grievance against a society which demands so much, which presses so hard and which offers such great rewards. The shock for the older generations was that the rewards are apparently not great enough or meaningful enough.

ONE IS TEMPTED into a global view of what is unquestionably a student nationalism, a 20th-century version of the Servile Wars, which by virtue of the tremendous communications network throughout the world has turned student revolutionary disaffection into an international movement with cross-cutting ideological cleavages—Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Indonesia, South Korea, South Viet Nam, Czechoslovakia, Latin America, Poland, Japan. So un-monolithic is the ideology that one of the New Left leaders recently suggested a united front with what he called the "independent New Right." Each of these student uprisings in the rest of the world has had its own instant reason. None of these reasons seem to apply to Columbia or even to what had been hitherto regarded as "probably the most militant series of student demonstrations in American campus history" (Professor Seymour Martin Lipset's description of the 1964 uprising at University of California in Berkeley).

Columbia is *sui generis*. The University of Chicago had something of a neighbourhood racial problem on its doorstep but under strong University leadership seems to have solved the problem. Columbia is a Harlem borderland, and that makes all the difference. The black population in Harlem, Mayor Lindsay, the entire New York metropolis live in fear of (as the euphemism goes) "a long, hot summer." A few additional details:

The first building, Hamilton, was seized by white students. After several hours of occupation, the Negro students (the preferred word today is Black rather than Negro) asked the white students politely to go "liberate" another building and to leave Hamilton to them. They quickly renamed Hamilton NAT TURNER HALL OF MALCOLM X UNIVERSITY, as a sign over the barricaded doors announced. There is so understandable a fear in City Hall about anything which could spark a black riot that the University Administration which might have bestirred itself to act quickly after the initial Hamilton Hall occupation was dissuaded by Mayor Lindsay from calling for police assistance. When the police were finally called in a week later, the black students submitted to arrest meekly while some of the white students resisted. Where they didn't resist, they were treated by the police as if they were resisters—with clubs and saps, boots and fists. Almost 600 students and a few faculty members suffered injuries, minor but bloody.

The black problem has an even more fascinating twist. The strike committee and the

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picket-lines were without black students. The graduate student groups working on curricula revisions and plans to "restructure" the University were without blacks. Most blacks, affiliated to the campus Student Afro-American Society, are "black power" advocates which means they do not work *with* but only alongside white students.

It is the Harlem pressure and the Black Power drive in a city sensitised to the race problem which has raised the question among some Columbia people as to whether the University can survive much longer in New York City. Or would it be preferable to sell the 30 acres and the 40 buildings comprising the University to a government body which would then transform it into an All-Black university and educational complex for black citizens?

Should such an hegira occur—I am not suggesting it is inevitable; what is inevitable is that half the Columbia faculty will never again trust the other half—it would have the profoundest political effects nationally. A public opinion specialist has pointed out privately that the 1968 presidential election will be decided by an electorate, the majority of whom are "un-black, un-poor, and un-young." What he was hinting at was what some opinion pollsters are watching for: the "white backlash" which never materialised in 1964 may show up in November 1968. A close associate of Richard M. Nixon, the probable Republican nominee, told me when the Columbia Revolution was but a few days old that Nixon believed that "one more Columbia and he won't have to worry who his opponent is." It has been noted that both Nixon and Vice-President Humphrey have openly criticised the Columbia revolutionaries, while Senator Robert F. Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy have been circling around the Columbia issue nervously.

COLUMBIA BEGAN ITS corporate existence in 1754 with a charter from King George II. After the American Revolution it changed its name to Columbia. Columbia's life in New York was never happy until it moved to Morningside Heights in 1894. There life was sweeter and its strong-man president, Nicholas Murray Butler, could refer to the university and other institutions in the area as the "Acropolis of the West." Now the Acropolis was crumbling; *la belle époque* was over. The fate of the defeated, the dethroned in a revolution, is—with luck—exile and perhaps the beginning a new life.

When the present University Administration changes or at least President Kirk retires for age in less than a year, it will be a long time before another President is found.[6] And when he is found, he will probably be dragged to his post reluctantly, like Mr. Speaker, except the Columbia President's reluctance will be real, not feigned (even with a more-than-$50,000 annual salary plus a beautiful stone mansion overlooking Morningside Park). A student revolution in New York has broken the President of Columbia University as a peasant revolution in Viet Nam broke the President of the United States, all in the space of a single month.

[6] According to a recent survey by the American Council on Education, more than 300 colleges and universities are without a president. More than 1,000 deanships are going begging as colleges open up at the rate of 150 *a year*. The U.S. Office of Education estimates that one-third of top-level jobs in American institutions of higher learning are unfilled. Professor Bernard Barber's study of university administrators today indicated that they lack prestige, decent salaries, leisure and vacations and, above all, status.

Why French Students Rebel

Letter from Paris — By RICHARD MAYNE

SHORTLY before the students' revolt that initiated France's recent paroxysm, a young Gaullist official was drinking coffee with a friend at *La Coupole*. "What are your main worries just now?" the friend asked. "Oh, artichokes and milk prices," said his companion. "We're having a lot of trouble with the Common Market people about agriculture." "What about the student problem?" "That's no problem here," said the official: "They'll soon be busy taking their exams, and then they'll be off home. . . ."

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His answer typified the unexpectedness of the near-revolution that was soon to shake the capital, the country, and the régime itself; it also betrayed the smugness against which the students and the workers were to rebel. How was it that a bright, intelligent civil servant could so miscalculate the mood of resentment that later exploded into violence? What were, in fact, the reasons that transformed frustration into something approaching civil war?

The future historian, unhypnotised by vivid detail or personal recollection, and able to treat a multiplicity of individuals as if they were abstract "forces," "factors," and "elements," may come to see the events of the later 1960s as one of those huge and seemingly irrational upheavals that periodically disrupt Western society—a recrudescence of the same impulses that inspired Peter the Hermit, the Children's Crusade, the Cathari, Savonarola, the Reformation, or the nineteenth-century evangelical movement. From time to time, the lid of society seems to be lifted by the simmering of deep disgust, generosity, puritanism, renovating fervour, or other-worldly zeal. History has seen innumerable "cultural revolutions," often expressing the best aspirations of the most energetic and active people, often carrying headlong into practice the ideals of a previous generation, often associated with demographic changes, usually ending in disappointment, compromise, or repression, but necessary, just, and healthy within their limits and at the time. moments in which Frenchmen periodically exchange their favourite role of passive political To those who take the lordly long view, France's recent turmoil has affinities with the French Revolution: it is one of those passionate commentators for that of desperate activists, fighting the results of their previous practical inertia.

To behaviourist psychologists, similarly, the student revolt may seem simply the intensification of a pattern to be expected at the transition from adolescence to adulthood. In life's early years, the social unit tends to be the primary group—a "village" of individuals known personally to the child, with recognised and accepted authorities, a mixture of rules and affection, familiar and understood. Then comes the transfer to the secondary group, larger, more anonymous and impersonal—a psychological "city" in which the individual feels lost. Affection is more diffuse and distant, and the rules are changed and more complex. Responsibility begins to be called on, but not totally: a new world has to be made. Sudden disorientation leads to conflict; and in the case of students this is peculiarly intense. In some ways, students are adults; in others, they continue to be treated as children, studying, learning, being taught, passing or failing exams. If they move from a local school to a metropolitan university, physical conditions echo and reinforce their psychological alienation—all the more so if they find themselves in a "soul-less" student hostel "miles from anywhere" or in the atomised non-society of the Latin Quarter in Paris. Seeking new roles, resenting authority but longing for guidance, taught to criticise but forbidden to promote fundamental change, eager to try out new models of behaviour yet anxious to belong to a clan of their peers, they quite naturally seem provocative and disconcerting, as resentful of tolerance as they are of repression, rebelling against their elders under their elders' own slogans, and affirming their individuality through the rigid conformism common to international youth.

So MUCH FOR the God's-eye (or Prof's-eye) explanations. Some of them may be true. But all such hypotheses share the one fault of which students themselves accuse them: none, fundamentally, takes the protesters seriously on their own terms. All, in this respect, are basically conservative: all share a deep pessimism (or is it, in their view, optimism?) about the possibility of transforming the society in which we live. Perhaps the pessimism is justified: greed and technology together perhaps condemn us all to industrialism, urbanisation, gadgetry, and inequality—perhaps even to war. But to share, and even to understand, the strength of feelings that made heroes and martyrs of those who fought the riot police in Paris in May 1968, it's necessary to climb out of the clichés that enmesh so much of the discussion—including the clichés mouthed by many of the students themselves. Mao, Ho, Ché Guevara; "eccentric" clothing; pseudo- (or authentic) sociological jargon; references to Herbert Marcuse and Frantz Fanon; sit-ins and teach-ins; long hair and guitars and all the rest of it—these are in some sort the folklore of the movement: but what count are its facts and ideas. At the heart of them are two apparently simple propositions. The first is that a university should be in constant critical dialogue with society. The second is that both

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should be organised by and for their members, not ruled autocratically from on high. When the police were called on to French university premises, the two demands fused into revolutionary violence. The results were to be far-reaching; but the causes lay deep in French university tradition, and they reflected a similar situation in French public life.

A NAPOLEONIC decree of March 17, 1808, laid down that "No school, no establishment of any kind, may be set up outside the University and without the authority of its head." Although subsequently modified to permit the establishment of Church schools and private institutes, this centralising principle, so characteristic of France, has never wholly been abandoned. Even independent institutions have been obliged to prepare their pupils for the state exams. "The University"—more truly a collection of Faculties—has remained an appendage of the state. Professors are still in a sense state functionaries, with a salary somewhat over £4,000 a year, and a guaranteed pension. The rector of a University—such as the 67-year-old Jean Roche of the Sorbonne, who called in the police and closed the Faculty of Letters—is even more an official, and is in some respects an outsider. As Etienne Gilson once put it, "one can only become the rector of a French University by leaving it." The only point on which, in this traditional system, there was academic freedom was the system of appointments, largely based on co-option: only the professors, in other words, were free. "Administrative rigidity and anarchic liberty within a framework set by the rules," wrote Raymond Aron: "this combination, typical of France, is also typical of the University."

The rigidity to which Aron referred was clearest of all in the examination system. Here there were two great hurdles—the *baccalauréat* (*bac* or *bachot*) and the *agrégation*. The former, roughly equivalent to "O"- and "A"-level School Certificates, admitted the pupils from state secondary schools to the University: anyone with his *bachot* could sign on. The *agrégation*, formally a selection exam for secondary teachers, was and is a passport to high office in many spheres, except the University, where to become a professor requires the successful submission of a lengthy and laborious *doctorat d'état*. Around these obstacles stood innumerable further qualifying examinations: the path of the promising student was bestrewn with tests. A difference of a few points in any one of them might determine his whole future: in this sense, the man was the slave of the child. In theory, France was thus a meritocracy. But social mobility was generally a matter of at least two generations, if not three. The son of a workman, with luck, talent, and intense application, might work his way into the senior class of a secondary school and pass his *bachot*; but he was unlikely to be able to afford the time to take his *agrégation*. In most cases, all that he could aspire to was the *licence*, permitting him to teach in a primary school. His own children, in turn, might have a better start on the academic assault-course. One of them might well become an *agrégé*; he might even take a *doctorat d'état*. Essentially, in other words, the path of advancement was slow and highly academic: teaching was almost always one of the stages on the way towards the top.

Teaching, moreover, was not always education. Even in the schools, the programme was comparatively rigid: it used to be said that at any given hour of any given day a French Minister of Education could tell exactly what every little French boy or girl would be studying. Very often it would be some elderly textbook full of strict categories and tiny print. Sport was regarded as a distraction; social education was inadequate; the whole bias of formal instruction was magisterial and rhetorical. At the University, except in rare instances, the seminar system was unheard-of, and *ex cathedra* lectures, uninspiringly delivered, to a crowded unquestioning hall, with a purely literary artistry polished by year-long repetition, were the staple food to be swallowed in capsules ready to be regurgitated in exams. Copies of lectures, essential to slow note-takers, were circulated in mimeographed form by a private monopoly. The end-product of the whole system was a brilliant training of the memory, and the ability—so envied by non-French diplomats—to make a coherent case, subtly and plausibly, out of a paucity of relevant fact. Research, originality, social ability, and extra-curricular activities—all were sacrificed to the production of lucid, sophisticated grown-up versions of that traditional school-boy figure, the *fort-en-thème* (or swot), with his spindly legs in brief French shorts, his bulging briefcase, and his large head with spectacles and pale, thin-drawn face.

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I PUT MOST OF THE foregoing in the past tense, for a fairly obvious reason. France is changing rapidly, was changing even before the student riots; and even French education is changing too. One reason is demographic and social. The other is political and results from ill-judged but well-meant governmental efforts at reform. Both, paradoxically, have played their part in triggering off the revolt that in some respects attacks the same targets as they.

Demographic and social change is the most

After the Barricades:

AN OLD PROFESSOR, *who has greatly loved his vocation, cannot comment on the recent events in Paris without hesitation or sadness. During the critical days, I refrained from writing anything, from fear of adding to the mounting confusion created by the manoeuvres and deceptions carried out by one side or the other. The government made repeated mistakes, but to my eyes that did not make of M. Cohn-Bendit, whom the press and the radio have elaborated into a historic figure, a renovator of French universities.*

When the police brutally suppress demonstrations, everyone's sympathy naturally goes out to the students. (When the demonstrators belong to the working class, do the students' parents always feel the same way?) In one sense, the young, by definition, cannot help being in the right; they will have the last word, and by their words and even more their actions, they express their feelings about the world and about the men in power.

But when, last January, I met the angry students of Berlin, I could not help remembering the angry students of 1930 and 1931, whom I met at a moment when I had just crossed to the other side of the barricades. They too, as they told me at the time, were necessarily in the right because they represented the future (it bore the name of Hitler). Even then, Professor Marcuse, the grand-père *of today's angry young men, categorically rejected the existing régime (at that time, the Weimar Republic). In what will the student revolt end—that is to say, if it ends in anything at all?*

How was it that the troubles at Nanterre, apparently limited and transitory, should in eight days have spread to the point of shaking the government, and of restoring within the university a kind of unanimity (even though it was an illusory, not to say hypocritical one) which could never survive a confrontation with the real problems?

The press has said many times, and there can be no doubt about the fact, that the "liberal" teachers, who wished to reform their own institutions, exercised a dominating influence at Nanterre. In the two most disturbed faculties, of psychology and sociology, they had formed joint teacher-student committees in which they conducted the kind of dialogue which everyone demanded. But, under the direction of one whom L'Humanité *has described as an* "anarchiste allemand," *the dialogue degenerated into permanent agitation, and sometimes into intolerable affronts.*

On the day when the rector, who commands everyone's respect, finally decided to suspend the courses, many professors regretted that he had delayed so long before taking action; no one accused him of acting precipitately or dictatorially. Ten days later, teachers and students, shoulder to shoulder, rose together against the authorities. The trade unions declared a general strike. What had happened?

THE STARTING POINT *of a crazy week was the entry of the police into the courtyard of the Sorbonne and the closing of the university. Would the two groups of students who, on that Wednesday (May 3) were lined up against each other, have come to blows if the police had not intervened? I am surprised at the number of people, either ignorant of the facts or very poorly acquainted with them, who are able to give a categorical answer to this question.*

I have talked to two colleagues who were on the spot during those days; both are men of the left in their political opinions, and the honesty of both is above suspicion. One tells me there was no urgency and everything would have ended quietly. The other, with equal certainty, says the exact opposite. So I refuse to give judgment on this historical question, not because I shrink from the responsibility, but as a confession of ignorance.

Whether the decision was a mistake or whether it was inevitable, it transformed the situation in a flash. Most of the teachers, whether traditionalists or extremists, conservative or liberal, forgot their quarrels, were united

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obvious detonator of French student disorders. In 1945, there were 123,313 students at French Universities; this year the total was 514,000, of whom 160,000 are at the Sorbonne. The "bulge" which has already crowded the schools—fifty to sixty in a primary class, and thirty in a secondary class are not uncommon numbers—has now reached the universities, and the results have become increasingly chaotic. The Sorbonne lecture halls are perpetually overcrowded. Many students listen outside on the steps or in the corridors, through a loudspeaker system; others

French Reflections

by a shared emotion, and made common cause. Rejuvenated and indignant, they rejoiced to find themselves on the side of the students (who only yesterday were denouncing them) in condemning the Powers-that-be. The almost unbelievable brutality reported by many witnesses, the arbitrary arrests of demonstrators and lookers-on, of students or pseudo-students, did the rest. Ubu-esque episodes, like the arrest of a confectioner for carrying a pastry knife, brought the "défenseurs de l'ordre" into ridicule. Passion fed on passion. The opposition parties, including the Communists who at first had been hostile, took command of a mass movement, which thousands of students joined spontaneously, even though others manipulated them from the shadows.

In the course of the night of Friday/Saturday, the rejection of the students' three demands (by which Minister? by the President of the Republic?), the dispersal by the police of students entrenched behind barricades, provoked conflicts which were tragic, savage, and absurd.

It required the return of M. Pompidou before the government had the courage to capitulate—which they should have done four days before. The students or pseudo-students, arrested or convicted, had been picked at random. What point was there in imprisoning them? Whatever one's ultimate opinion, it was necessary to put an end to the saturnalia which was beginning to turn into a revolution.

Les "groupuscules," the "mini-groups," had succeeded in mobilising their comrades, their teachers, and even the Communist party. Since February 1848, no French government had succeeded in giving such a demonstration of the art of combining, together and in turn, weakness with brutality. As for the demonstrators, they had shown once again that great battles do not require great causes.

STUDENT REVOLT *breaks out under Capitalism as under Socialism, under liberal as under authoritarian régimes. Most observers therefore conclude that the phenomenon has profound roots: in the conflict between the generations, or in the nature of the social order which even in a democracy remains repressive and anonymous. One can take one's pick among such explanations, according to one's personal taste—the exhaustion of ideologies, the defeat of socialism, the mediocrity of a "consumer society," poverty in the midst of plenty, black ghettos in the richest country in the world, the meaninglessness of universities if they are detached from society or only attached to a society which itself has no meaning, etc.*

But does one have to confound all the revolts? —those of Spanish students deprived of rights which French students enjoy, of American students denouncing the war in Viet Nam, or Czech and Polish students demanding liberties which in Paris and Berlin are never questioned except by the most ardent of those who "question" the established order itself? I know very well what the students will answer: liberty or no liberty makes no difference to their condition or to their "alienation" or to that of the whole of society.

Perhaps indeed that is what those young people, who for the most part belong to the middle classes, think or rather feel. In so far as they do, it is useless for the government or for their teachers to look for a solution. These students, unhappy in their "university factories," are like the workers in the first factories at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The workers wrecked the machines. The students smash tables and chairs, the instruments which are the symbols of their work and their servitude.

It does not matter how much or how little truth there is in such an interpretation. In either case, a teacher who cares more for his vocation than a crusade without a cross or a struggle without an objective, should patiently and modestly strive to solve, within the limits of the possible, problems which in spite of certain characteristic features take a special form in each country.

Raymond Aron

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have to rely on "Radio Sorbonne" broadcasts or mimeographed copies; some even attend the lectures preceding the one that interests them, in order to be sure of a seat. With 32,000 people eager to use it, the library accommodates 500: others have to work in cafés or in other libraries, such as that of the American Cultural Centre nearby. Accommodation has always been a problem; but today even a maid's room in the Latin Quarter can cost up to £20 or £30 a month. At the same time, although the percentage of working-people's children going on to the *grandes écoles* (described by Alfred Grosser in last month's ENCOUNTER) remains infinitesimal, the *bachot* system has opened the way, in the past, to many talented children of poorer families who can hardly afford to pay for a prolonged—still less a leisurely—student life. Of those at present at University, some 50% are helped by their parents; 22% have scholarships; 10% have a state grant on condition that they subsequently teach for five years. But 30% are obliged to take outside work to support themselves, and part-time jobs are not easy to find; their presence has changed the character of the University—in many ways for the better. But with a 70% drop-out and failure rate, and a curriculum ill-adapted to middle-range careers, even in technology, economic worry is seldom absent from students' preoccupations, and it gives an added bite to their criticism of society as a whole.

To be fair, the French Government—and many (but by no means all) French academics —have long been aware of these problems; but their efforts to solve them have often proved dysfunctional, at the very least. Seven new universities have been founded, four of them not far from Paris; and of new halls of residence, the most celebrated—at Nanterre, in the Paris suburbs—has now become the most notorious. Its intentions were in some ways admirable—to relieve the Sorbonne overcrowding, to provide comfortable quarters for students, and eventually to supply a campus-like complex of other facilities. As it stands at present, however, Nanterre resembles a series of austere and authoritarian apartment blocks with only a swimming-pool, a restaurant, and a half-finished library, set down in the mud and squalor of a building-lot with 11,000 students marooned in the *bled*. Small wonder that the rebellion first broke out here: alienation has seldom been more visibly made concrete.

Similar mishaps attended other efforts at reform, including the not unreasonable Fouchet proposals of 1966. Misunderstood and in part rescinded, the various changes proposed by successive Ministers of Education have seldom been consistent: the *bachot,* for example, has been reformed five times in as many years. Part of the trouble, it is true, has been professorial resistance—although at Nanterre, as at the Sorbonne itself, some professors as well as lecturers have been behind the student revolt. But whether or not it might have been possible to carry the academic establishment with the Government in attempts to bring French university tradition closer to that of Britain and America—and closer to the needs of French society—the question has remained almost totally hypothetical. The Gaullist government, true not only to the French educational tradition but also to its record and predilections in other fields, has simply issued administrative ukases, sometimes even in asides delivered in televised interviews. As so often, the assumptions of Gaullist government have given as much offence as its content; and here the anti-Gaullist grievances of the students resemble those of French workers, and of Frenchmen, Europeans, and even Britons in general.

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Anna Kavan

Five More Days to Countdown

THE SITUATION is rather dodgy. We may get away with it. But I wish I could persuade Esmerelda to leave now, in case things get worse. Does she, or does she not, really mean to come away with me finally to some lost antipodean island? It's hard to tell.

She's a strange woman. People are perplexed by her stark nordic strangeness and Lorelei hair, and by her eyes which have the remote blue glitter of the Skaggerak. It's not how they expect the founder and principal of an important college to look. I point out to them, whenever a suitable opening occurs, that a brilliant, unorthodox superwoman, the inventor of a revolutionary system of education, isn't likely to conform to ordinary standards, in her appearance or anything else.

Meanwhile, the students have got out of hand. Impossible to keep them inside our walls. They're all over the town, the streets are full of them. Shoulder to shoulder, they march about, singing their rude fraternity songs and carrying banners with subversive slogans. No one's quite sure what they want, or why they are demonstrating. Yesterday they closed ranks and barricaded the market place and the main street for hours. The townspeople are indignant. They can't do their shopping, and Christmas is only five days ahead. A deputation of shopkeepers has just been to the college, demanding immediate action. Esmerelda was experimenting with a new snow-wheat hair piece, so I got rid of them, with considerable difficulty. They didn't want to go without seeing her, and left reluctantly, muttering, shaking their fists at me, threatening to ask for government protection unless we get the students under control at once. If they do that, we're sunk.

"It will be fatal if they ask for protection," I told Esmerelda. "The authorities will take over and we'll be kicked out."

"They'd never dare get rid of *me*." Her eyes flashed, she stuck out her chin, asserting herself as a superwoman. Asserting herself some more, she went on: "Don't forget I invented this revolutionary educational system."

"Which they now see breaking down. You'd much better come away with me while the going's good."

A dedicated idealist if ever there was one, she insisted that it was her duty to stay. "And yours too. Especially as things are." She looked at me coldly out of her northern eyes, which are sometimes so blue they are almost purple.

She certainly is a strange woman. In a century which has exalted war to unprecedented heights, regarding it as the finest flower of human endeavour and scientific progress, subordinating everything else in life to it as a matter of course, she sees the all-powerful giant mushroom-shape menacing us as a mere bogey, to be eliminated simply by depriving children of war-like toys.

ANNA KAVAN *was born in France, educated in Europe and England, married in Burma. Several of her novels*—Eagles' Nest (*1957*), A Bright Green Field (*1958*) *and* Ice (*1967*) *have been published by Peter Owen, who will bring out a new collection of her stories.*

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"Teach the kids of all nations together," she says. "Instead of telling them they're Aryans, Asians, Africans, or whatever, call them all humans, and bring them all up the same way. Then they'll take their different coloured skins for granted. There'll be no more colour problem and no more war." The superb simplicity of the concept is staggering. At first, I was absolutely carried away by her extraordinary vision, by her enthusiasm, and by the enormous grants and awards she extracted from pacifist organisations. Now I sometimes wonder if she's not incredibly naïve; except that such naïveté passes belief. The success of her theory depends on segregating the students; but it's proved impossible to isolate them completely from the world outside. Outsiders, of course, are responsible for the present trouble: war is their god and their religion, and they've infected our lot with their pernicious beliefs.

THE POSITION is becoming more dangerous. The students are now out in force, and we can do nothing with them. Only the children in the junior section still keep to their usual routine. "Those blessed innocents remain uncontaminated," said Esmerelda. "They won't let me down." I hoped she was right, thought it wiser to say nothing. She's crazy about the juniors, teaches them herself. In one lesson she teaches them about the galaxies, Kubla Khan, and dimensional limitations. Those kids' heads must be whizzing round. Who can guess what's going on inside them?

Student riots have reduced the town to a state of chaos. "Public indignation is rising," I told her. "Things look pretty grim." "Well, why don't you do something about it?" she snapped back at me. "Don't just stand there. . . ." It wasn't like her, she doesn't snap as a rule. I saw that she was wearing a new pair of Chapal tiger-patterned kid knee-high boots, and guessed they were hurting her—she will buy them a size too small. I organised the staff into patrols, issued arm-bands, and sent them out to do what they could to restore order. Regrettably, some of them failed to return, and were said to have joined the rebels.

DISREGARDING a sensational rumour that student orgies with drink, psychedelic drugs and naked girls coated in aspic were taking place, I drove round, searching for the leaders. I was waiting for the traffic lights to change colour, when a metal object shattered the window beside me and flashed past my head. My face was cut by the broken glass, blood ran into my eyes, I saw a six-foot lance neatly transfixing the width of the car, but could only catch a brief glimpse of a running figure covered in mathematical symbols before it vanished. I started off in pursuit, but was again held up by the traffic. Seeing another man with a lance at the ready waiting at the next corner, I whipped round, raced back to college and telephoned the police.

It is reported that communists have approached the students, who, instead of repulsing them, are letting themselves be trained and organised into smooth-functioning units, equipped with Lugers, an enlarged vocabulary, aerosols, and slinky stretch-pants in glittery fabric. I passed a lot of our girls clustered together, suspected them of concealing communists in their midst. But the glitter was too bright, I was dazzled and could see nothing; in the end I was forced to avert my eyes. In the hope of luring them back to normal, I set out supplies of heroin and cocaine in the classrooms, off-duty silk shirts and luxuriant eyelashes; decorated the walls with make-up artists of top sex-appeal. The results, frankly, were disappointing.

Esmerelda opened the door of my room, looking every inch a superwoman in patent cavalier shoes with detachable buckles of red lizard and silver, and holding a pretty but useless wicker fly-swatter in one hand. "What's happened to your face?" I told her. She spoke of an emblem worn by taxi drivers in Jamiltepec to ward off the evil eye. "How is the situation?" she asked. In my straightforward, manly way, I replied: "Bad. The government places a sinister interpretation on

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the student-communist axis. It would be wise to leave while the way is open." Her cold eyes withered me, she hit the side of my head twice with the fly-swatter, breaking it, and then left the room. Frankly, I was puzzled by her reactions.

I decided to prepare for the worst. In the dead of night, without telling anyone, I secreted my helicopter among dense bushes in the shrubbery at the back of the main building. There it will remain, from now on, ready for us, in case we have to make a quick getaway. Nobody ever goes there at this time of year, it's perfectly safe, hidden behind the pendulous branches of thick evergreens.

SHOUTS, SCREAMS, a mounting crescendo of threatening noise from the town, sent me hurrying across the grounds. *Ya-hoo-hee! Ya-hoo-hee!* Closer shrieks came from a crawly horror in a red catsuit with insignia in four colours. Scores of pygmies closed in; each had on a steel helmet decorated with this splendid four-colour-job mushroom, each pointed a pistol at me. "Stick your hands up!" howled a khaki character (communist?) on the all-kill wavelength, who appeared to be in command. "And keep them up there—my gun has real bullets in it!" The pygmy ambush took me by surprise, preoccupied as I was with events in town, but it was easily dealt with. I asked what they wanted, promised careful consideration of reasonable demands, which were to be made in writing.

A sack of mail, directed to Santa, was delivered later. Sifting through the contents, through the requests for definitive trendy kaftans, *avant garde* night caps, exciting fab fun-fur hoods, and switched-on gear of all kinds, I found the more basic items. Junior practical fighting techniques. Guerrilla warfare for the under-sixteens, including training in hand-to-hand combat. Do-it-yourself weapons for schools: simple construction of mortars, flame throwers, ballistic missiles. How to construct an ambush, a booby trap. Useful tips on terrorism, napalm, nuclear devices; with sections on robbery with violence, blackmail, piracy on the high seas, arson, karate.

I saw Esmerelda walking across the lawn beside the gymnasium and went out to meet her. On one wall of the gym, an immature hand had daubed in white paint: GIVE US GUNS NOT GAMES AT YULE OR YOU'LL GO EZZIE. It was blasphemy. I wondered how they had dared.... "Bad news." I prepared her gravely. "The juniors are defecting, ganging up with the others against us." I couldn't keep it from her, she had to know. "I don't believe it." Her eyes were arctic. I pointed silently to the painted message. "Oh, no..." she moaned, stricken. I put my hand on her arm, looked at her with my kind, understanding expression. "You see? It's hopeless. Why don't you face the facts? Your dream is over. Come with me while we're still free to find peace and security."

Ya-hoo-hee! *Ya-hoo-hee!* *Ya-hoo-hee!* A sudden chorus of blood-curdling yells split the air. I gripped her hand, pulled her along with me towards the main portico at the end of the lawn. "Come on—we must run for it!" Hordes of stampeding pygmies pursued us with terrifying war cries. I heard twanging bows, cried, "Faster, faster!" as their arrows showered round us. She gasped: "I can't... my shoes...." "Take them off. Those arrows are tipped in curare." On we flew, she in her stockinged feet. There wasn't a moment to lose. Their feet pounded behind us, their Indian clubs thundered on the grass. Not a moment too soon, we reached the shelter of the portico. I dragged her inside the building and locked the door. It had been a near thing.

I said: "A near thing." She was smiling her strange smile. She had her shoes in her hand, now she put them on, while I regarded her with admiration. In her study, I read out some of the juniors' war-like demands. She interrupted me, snatched the paper, tore it up, threw the fragments away. "They've disappointed me. I thought better of them." I made an attempt to explain: "Kids need these things nowadays. You can't put the clock back."

Not a moment too soon, I swung her away

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from the window. Seven bullets pierced it, leaving seven round holes in the glass in the shape of The Plough. Outside, pygmy figures in khaki and battle helmets danced up and down, chanting: "*The youngest generation demands the right to participate in the war against criminal aggression.*" Pointing their guns, they rasped *Kill! Kill! Kill!* We stole away through the shadows, over the broken glass.

RIOTING STUDENTS have brought the life of the town to a standstill. Our secret informant reports that the mayor has sent an urgent request for military aid, government forces are on the way, an attack can be expected on Christmas Day. On Esmerelda's orders, I sent radio messages to the rebels. "The government will crush you and the communists together. You don't stand an earthly chance, so surrender to us." I told her that they refused to listen. She said: "Then I shall speak to them myself. Everything must be back to normal when these government people arrive." She *is* a strange woman—she was smiling again. "Just watch their faces when they find us carrying on as usual. I'll show that old fool of a mayor what's what and who's really on top!" I said: "It will take some arm-twisting to get the students back." She drew herself up to her full height, at least seven foot without shoes. "They must respond to my magic. I've mesmerised them for years." You can't help admiring her confidence. All the same, I was nervous; suppose they'd had enough of her magic? "It's too dangerous—you can't trust them." I tried to dissuade her. "They are desperate and will stop at nothing. For the love of God, Esmerelda, belt up! The whole town is seething. You need rest, my love. Far better pack it in now and come with me to some unexplored island or far-off plateau in the high mountains, far from drug-crazed teenagers and delinquent subteens." Her glance was straight from the polar regions, her eyebrow movements were withering. "They'll be here tonight," she said, walking past me.

Later, announcing triumphantly that the magic had worked, she ordered a buffet supper to be laid out in the dining hall. "They'll never be able to resist the food, and once they start eating they'll be easy to handle." Ten minutes before the time set for the meeting, the staff assembled in that large lofty apartment with black and red Aztec designs on the walls and ambiguous paintings. I felt gloomy, I feared a trap. Esmerelda sat in the centre with some of the elder professors; the rest of us remained standing. Would the students come? I surveyed the surrounding faces; everybody was getting anxious to say the least. Only Esmerelda looked perfectly calm, relaxed, self-assured, insulated by a shock of sheer electricity, clear-cut by Christian Dior, lean leggy acid-blue tights sparked with golden paillettes, a pair of translucent gold shoes under her chair. She had just slipped the shoes off to demonstrate to us how thoroughly she was at ease. There are moments when I absolutely adore that woman. The physics professor beside her had also kicked off his shoes; but I noticed his toes were twitching—a sure sign of nerves.

The clock struck. Zero hour. Still no students. Thought waves pulsated between the walls, sound waves were audible as a collective sigh all over the room, which was bursting with tension, bombarded by particles of *angst*, spiralling at high velocity round the magnetic field. The stillness was eerie. We were all motionless, locked in the silence of our suspense. Far off in the arctic starlight, the wind was afraid to breathe. Suddenly I remembered rumours of a top secret discovery in the government labs, where scientists were said to have perfected an alarming technique enabling anyone to assume the identity of another person. At the same moment, I heard a crowd approaching on booted feet: they flung the doors open and flooded in. But who were they? Students? Communists? Or the others? They looked like our students, dressed in these boring tight jeans and sweat shirts covered with stupid cars and top-pop titles. But how could one know that they hadn't just assumed student-identity?

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ESMERELDA (if she *was* Esmerelda) started talking to them. The girls' glittery legs moved like running water, and I wondered what acts of violence would be perpetrated when things got going. The curtains had not been drawn, the big windows divided the walls into a series of black arcades. I saw a mysterious movement in the dark, and stepped out to investigate, suspecting treachery of some kind. Sure enough, hostile figures were everywhere, we were surrounded by strategically placed mortars trained on the college. Rushing back, I reentered the dining hall just as people were starting to help themselves to the food.

"Break it up! The party's over!" I cried. "Those fish fingers are poisoned."

All over the room, forks clattered on plates, excited, angry or frightened voices shouted questions which I ignored. Grabbing Esmerelda's arm, I muttered into her ear: "Come quickly! We've been tricked. We're encircled by irregular troops." She held back, groping about on the floor for her shoes. "Come on! We must fly," I insisted, seeing her suspended above the rooftops on wide superwoman-wings. With more than my usual force and determination (was it somebody else's?), I propelled her through an inconspicuous door at the back, directly opposite the concealed helicopter. Hand in hand, we sprinted across the snow, as a howling mob burst out of the building we'd left and came tearing after us. In the nick of time, I heaved her into the machine, climbed up myself. Shots exploded, everybody was yelling, flares lit distorted unrecognisable faces, searchlights pursued us into the black unknown.

Up, up, up we soared, far above questionable students, leaving the noisy commotion far behind us. The whirly-bird whirled us away on our search for peace. I looked at my winged superwoman, saw no Skaggerak glint in her eyes, which were ringed by romantic lashes and painted black all round.

What a strange woman she is. Her strangeness is a sort of charisma, a special spiritual grace. She's been invited to the palace to lunch with the Queen. Her picture is on the cover of *Vogue*. And then she's so talented and intelligent. (But is she Esmerelda?)

In my gold and purple, with my robes and rings, I feel worthy to be her companion. (But who the hell am I supposed to be?) The situation this yuletide is somewhat obscure. I assume, however, that we are all involved with the same old concerns. (The war in Asia. This love thing.) Esmerelda and I are swinging high over the world, conveyed through a sky full of snow by eight big polar bears with jingling bells.

Gosh, I never expected a happy ending.

Jamaicans in Manchester

When evenings are fine, in Runcorn Square,
Not in the pub but underneath the trees,
The dark Jamaicans stand and chat at ease,
Their laughs like sunflowers in the grimy air;
We who have lost such laughter coldly stare,
As if they'd stolen and shipped it overseas;
—"they live like animals"; "and breed like fleas";
What! has our schooling taught us to forget
Who bred like vermin here, a hundred years
Ago; Dad's aunts and Granddad in one bed,
Near which they staled, on which they sat, and ate;
And what hell's-laughter greeted Engels' ears
On Ducie Bridge; and what that alien said?

Christopher Scaife

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Column

AT THE MOMENT of writing, General de Gaulle still preserves a frail authority in France, but only as a shadow of the man he once was. By the time these lines appear in print, the result of his struggle to defend it will be known, but what that result will be no one at this moment could reasonably guess. One finds oneself, with feelings that are a familiar combination of exhilaration and apprehension, at one of those rare moments in a lifetime when everything, almost without warning, becomes provisional, precarious and obscure, when all things seem built on shifting sands. No doubt in a month's time things will look different, but certainly they will not look anything like what they looked like only a few weeks ago.

A month ago, who could have predicted that, at this moment, the United States and North Viet Nam would be discussing peace terms in a Paris paralysed by riot and disorder, drowning in garbage and degraded by police brutality, while a vain, obstinate, great old man tried desperately to rescue his régime and himself from the disaster which had so suddenly overtaken them? Such a picture would have been dismissed as a kind of fantasy, a Utopia or a nightmare of the wildest kind; during the May days it became a reality almost overnight, and it is still difficult to believe in it.

Should we welcome or deplore the political *nouvelle vague* which has so suddenly inundated France, changing everything in the twinkling of an eye, like a transformation scene in a pantomime? One's answer would depend very largely on whether one thought events in France were only an isolated episode, or an extreme case of changes that are taking place throughout the world. Certainly the May days in Paris have made many people suddenly aware of the weakness that lies behind the strength of many régimes that once seemed almost monolithically firm. In the United States, we have had the almost unprecedented spectacle of a President abdicating from leadership at a moment when his country faces one of its greatest crises. The Soviet Union strives clumsily to come to terms with a desire for a new growth of freedom both at home and among the satellites. China dissolves into chaos. In Germany, the apparent solidarity of the Grand Coalition is profoundly shaken by the students' revolt and the growth of an extra-parliamentary opposition. As for ourselves, we at this moment enjoy the weakest, most discredited, and most unpopular government and Prime Minister of modern times.

IT IS PERHAPS THE SENSE of the weakness hidden behind the self-confident public face of authority which has begun to make many people wonder whether the example of France will, as so often before, prove contagious. In this country, reactions to the May days in Paris have been characteristically mixed. In some quarters there has been a perfectly spontaneous outburst of malicious glee, of undiluted *Schadenfreude*, at the damage done to General de Gaulle and the authority of his government. This feeling has been most evident among those who oppose Britain's entry into the Common Market. What has Britain to gain from closer association with a tottering régime, and would not entry into the Market expose Great Britain to the danger of infection by anarchy from France?

Dare we face machine-guns in our streets? cries Douglas Jay in the *Sunday Express*, as if this had become a permanent institution of the Common Market and Danny *le Rouge* were a signatory of the Treaty of Rome. In the *Sunday Telegraph*, however, he is able to assure us that the danger is remote, because of the superiority of British parliamentary institutions, but only so long as they remain uncontaminated by the noxious influences which, since 1789, have been responsible for the ruin of France.

Mr. Wedgwood Benn, now responsible for restoring the morale of the Labour Party, like a cheer leader in an empty stadium, thinks otherwise. *It can happen here*, he assures us, and precisely because of the decay of British parliamentary institutions, which are no longer adequate to the new age inaugurated on the day when Mr. Benn joined the Ministry of Technology. Unless they are reformed, and quickly, the barricades will be up here, just as they are in Paris.

It is difficult to take either Mr. Jay's or Mr. Benn's speculations very seriously. They seem on the whole to be bred by bad history out of political *parti pris*. So far as the May days in Paris have any direct relevance to our own particular problems, which are hardly less than those which face General de Gaulle, it seems possible that in the long run they will help to make France a more rather than a less acceptable political associate. Whether or not they lead to the fall of General de Gaulle, they are likely to lead to reforms which will weaken the strength of precisely those criticisms, of authoritarianism, of bureaucracy, or inegali-

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tarianism, which Mr. Jay himself has directed against France; though one fears that for him, *hélas!* a Frenchman can never be anything more than a foreigner. As for any direct lessons to be learned from the streets of Paris, one is perhaps the dangers which may arise when constitutions and legal forms make it possible for a government to survive long after it has ceased to understand the feelings of its people.

*

I DERIVED great pleasure recently from attending a press conference at the Institute of Contemporary Arts to which I was invited by a body with the charming name of *Pavilions in the Parks*. Perhaps it was the name alone which took me there, for I do not normally find press conferences of any kind very attractive. Airy visions of leafy pleasure domes, Gothic, French, Chinese, floated in my mind as I descended the steps to Carlton House Terrace, new Vauxhalls and Ranelaghs and Crystal Palaces, haunts of pleasure, dissipation and love, all embowered in the beautiful greenery of London's parks. I wondered what enlightened statesman or philanthropist, in these dark days when pleasure is at a discount, could have decided to endow so happy an idea. Mr. Wedgwood Benn, reviving our morale? Lord Goodman, without whom nothing can be done these days? Mr. Roy Jenkins, eager for the *chasse au bonheur*? None of them seemed very likely.

Alas, such ideas were not quite what the press conference has in mind. The pavilions in question are to be small, ultra-light weight, dismountable hexagons, if possible with inflatable plastic domes, and they will, if the scheme succeeds, be sited in all the major London parks as show-rooms in which artists can exhibit and perform their works. Between August and September of this year there will be a pilot scheme on a site on the Albert Bridge Embankment, provided by Messrs. Wates, for which Keith Critchlow and Polyhedral Developments, in association with Tri-Wall containers, will supply three hexagonal buildings; with luck, an Air-structure company will endow the scheme with some inflatable buildings, and if it is successful it is hoped to persuade the Greater London Council to adopt the scheme as its own.

I realise that these bald facts do less than justice to *Pavilions in the Parks*, though even as they stand they may seem to some to have an agreeable aura of fantasy. The fundamental idea which inspires the scheme is that at present the highly commercialised and institutionalised arrangements for the exhibition and performance of works of art divide the artist from the public. On the one side are innumerable frustrated artists, eager for the opportunity to show their work; on the other, an art-hungry public, too shy and diffident to visit museums, galleries, and concert halls. What could be better, and more sensible, than to bring them directly together in inflatable air-structures in the London Parks?

I MUST CONFESS that I myself do not find the idea as immediately convincing as the six young artists who are immediately responsible for *Pavilions in the Parks*. But I must pay them the compliment of saying that they have thought very hard about their plan, and that they answered the questions put to them at the conference with so much simplicity and charm, and so much patience with the stupidity of a slightly baffled Press, that they lent the plan a persuasiveness which it may appear to lack at first sight. Perhaps the following will illustrate something of the dialogue that went forward between them and their audience:

Q. Who would be responsible for selecting the works of art to be exhibited and performed?

A. No one. The artists would select themselves. Applications would be invited from anyone who was interested and the successful names would be drawn out of a hat, or perhaps some more sophisticated machine, like ERNIE.

Q. Mightn't there be some reason for doubt about the quality of what was to be shown or performed?

A. None at all. Quality is not the point. What is important, is, for the artist, the fact of exhibiting, and, for the public, the fact of being exhibited to.

Q. But then, what kind *of works would you expect to be shown under these conditions?*

A. Any kind. No kind. In fact they mightn't be *works* at all. The artist might simply want to exhibit *himself*. It's not so much a work that's important; it's the *Gesture*.

Q. But what kind of a gesture?

A. (kindly and patiently). Well, a gesture could be Anything. After all, a gesture could be a Happening, couldn't it?—like a tea-party.

Q. Wouldn't there be a great deal of organisational work to be done?

A. None at all. That's the beauty of the whole thing. The artist would do it himself. If his

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name came out of the hat, he would be assigned a pavilion and left to get on with the job.

Q. But what if nothing happened at all?

A. Well, that would be a kind of happening too, wouldn't it?

There was a kind of youthful and optimistic zaniness about all this which was very refreshing; even so, I don't think everyone was entirely persuaded. I hope the six young people will not think I am approaching their plan in any spirit of frivolity; and I must apologise if, as a result of a certain amount of intellectual confusion, I have in any way misreported them. As for myself, I feel that there may be much in *Pavilions in the Parks* which is highly educative, interesting, even very enjoyable; but I don't believe it has anything at all to do with art. On the other hand I shall certainly hurry to the pilot scheme when it opens at Albert Bridge Embankment.

*

THE CHARM of the press conference was that its young sponsors said what they had to say with great modesty and unpretentiousness. This is not always true about their elders when they speak or write, about modern art.

I have been reading *Innovations: Essays in Art and Ideas*, edited by Bernard Bergonzi.[1] It is a collection of essays, first published in various British, American and Canadian magazines (including ENCOUNTER) between 1963 and 1967, which are all concerned with what Frank Kermode, in his own contribution, calls "Neo-modernism" in the arts, as opposed to the "Paleo-modernism" of the period between 1900 and 1930.

Nearly all the contributors to the book hold academic posts of some kind, mostly in departments of English and, as Mr. Bergonzi intended, their essays might be taken as a kind of representative cross-section of academic criticism as applied to contemporary artistic movements. I say "movements" because nearly all the essays range widely and freely over all the arts, but in fact what they are concerned with is one movement, in whatever art form it manifests itself.

This in itself makes me slightly sceptical about their value. I am not sure that one can assimilate developments in one art to those in another, and in any case do not believe that they advance in parallel, like well-drilled soldiers obeying a single word of command. But even if this was not so, I am sure that there are very few critics indeed competent to deal with authority about all of them; living or dead, they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The authors of these essays are, after all, mostly scholars and perhaps one ought to remember Housman's remark that it is only by the most improbable of coincidences that a good scholar is ever a good literary critic. Perhaps the authors would reply that they are not scholars and do not pretend to be, but are something else which is at the same time rather less and rather more; one would not disagree.

But if indeed they are rather more, they lay claim to authority in a quite astonishingly wide variety of fields. They are all polymaths of a rather peculiar kind, for it is not merely all Art that they take as their province but all Life as well. Their knowledge, or their opinions (and sometimes it is hard to believe that they are anything but the most shallow-founded of opinions) extends far beyond the limits of their own subject to include philosophy (even if it is only the philosophy of Morse Peckham), psychology (the neo-Freudianism of Norman O. Brown), electronics (as expounded by Marshall McLuhan), sociology (Herbert Marcuse), chemistry (as exhibited in the works of William Burroughs), musicology (the silent music of John Cage), and anti-teleological sex. Yet this enormous universe of discourse is deployed about an extraordinarily limited range of artists, or pseudo-artists; the repetitiveness with which their names occur makes one suspect that what one is reading is neither genuine learning nor genuine criticism but a guide to cultural *chic*, a more sophisticated version of those charts of intellectual fashion which appear in the Sunday supplements. It is as if the whole of human knowledge were brought to bear upon a world in which the only novelist was Burroughs, the only musician Cage, and the only poetry Concrete.

Consider, for instance, Mr. Bergonzi's introduction to this volume. In a few pages he touches, more or less lightly, on the distinction between paleo- and neo-modernism, on "the socio-psychic attitude and behaviour of young people in western societies," on Cage's music, on "non-functional stylistic dynamism," on McLuhan as an "informational technological determinist," or "the generalised sexuality of the infant" as opposed to the "linear, tension-orgasm-release patterns of genital sexuality," and on a good many other kindred subjects in which, as a lecturer in English, he is equally at home (in this world all subjects are kin, and electronics comes as easily to the critic as to any engineer).

Now I am sure that Mr. Bergonzi is an excellent teacher of English, and I am sure that

[1] Macmillan, 45s.

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he is thoroughly equipped in all the disciplines required to profess that subject, which are themselves not a few. But I confess that I do not have quite the same confidence in his competence in all those other fields in which he so confidently wanders. After all, psychology, philosophy, political science, chemistry, electronics, psychiatry are all perfectly reputable branches of knowledge which need to be mastered before they can be usefully discussed and most of all when, as here, what is under discussion is their application to the profoundest roots both of art and human behaviour as a whole.

Perhaps Mr. Bergonzi might reply that I take him, and these essays, too seriously; that they are not intended as exercises either in learning or in criticism, but should be taken, like those generalisations of McLuhan's which Mr. Bergonzi defends, as "probes," which I take to mean forms of words which are neither propositions nor questions but provocations. And perhaps this also is a defensive position, but I think it is a dangerous one for any academic critic to adopt, and likely perhaps to evoke the immortal cry of the student quoted by Leslie Fiedler in his own essay in this volume: *The Professor's a Fink!*

R

Any Complaints?

Lawrence—not the bearded one—the one
Who dressed up as a wog and crashed his bike
Doing a ton, if those old jobs could make it then,
Lawrence said something about courage: Courage is like
A bank account; you keep on writing cheques
Until the day comes when there's nothing there,
No more to draw. You're broke. What next?
They tie you to a gunwheel in the lashing air
Or blind you with a bandage and lead you out
As target for small-arms.
If you are very rich,
Got plenty in that bank, you'll probably get hit
But by the other lot; wind up in a different ditch
But just as dead. With extraordinary luck
You might survive and get back home quite safe.
What happens if you've all your days been broke,
Never owned a cheque-book in your life,
Nothing in the bank at all? You go to jail
Or try to bluff it out, let others pay your way.
It's not an easy game, and if you fail,
Are shown up as a fraud, no matter what you say
You'll get the gunwheel or the firing-squad.
It isn't fair? All right, but don't tell me.
The Company Commander is the man to see
Or, better still, complain direct to God.

Vernon Scannell

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FILM

Notes from the Underground

By John Weightman

PERHAPS we are all suckers for what seems to come from under the counter. At any rate, the National Film Theatre was sold out for the recent season of American Underground films—even for the marathon eight-hour sessions—as if the English public were hoping for revelations from the 300 or so independent directors (the figure was given to us by their travelling representative) who treat cinema purely as a creative medium and, by making their films with virtually no money at all, can disregard the shibboleths of the commercial world. Here would be boldness and originality, one thought; here the pure milk of artistic innovation. I may add that I had read Susan Sontag's enthusiastic appreciation of Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures* in her book of essays, *Against Interpretation*, and I was keen to see this reputedly strange and rhapsodic work.

It appears that these film-makers do not like the term "Underground" and prefer their work to be known as "New American Cinema." Yet there is no doubt that the films, to a large extent, are expressive of a sort of underground mentality. Commercial cinema has made us familiar with the notion of an underworld of crime; this is the non-criminal underworld of opters-out, homosexuals, transvestites, and drug-addicts—a Jean Genet world without the thieving, or the world of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* without the specific social realism and the "jobs" done by the boys. There is nothing strikingly new or refreshing about it; on the contrary, it is in the direct line of descent from the 19th-century literary "decadents" and some of it is even surprisingly *fin de siècle*. If the cinema had existed in Huysmans' day, his famous decadent novel, *A Rebours*, would very probably have contained a chapter in which the hero, Des Esseintes, made, or took part in, some film such as Kenneth Anger's *The Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* or Andy Warhol's *Harlot*.

To be accurate, what I am saying is not true of all these underground films. Some of them are just home movies or holiday films slightly jazzed up. Taylor Read's *European Diaries* was fifty minutes of documentary material, without rhyme or reason, delivered at such a speed as to blind the spectator or make his stomach heave with sea-sickness. Some are traditional art films, which derive unusual or poetic effects from interwoven views of bridges or trains or moving hands or human features. Others are bits of kinetic Op-art, which alternately madden or soothe the spectator with their flickering dots or swirling colours. Others again are slightly sinister joke-films, like the X-ray sequence of the human head talking and swallowing, or the careful study of the differences between naked, moving human posteriors. In this kind of film, a number of the old Surrealist tricks continue to be used: a melon is cut open, for instance, and animal intestines pour from its inside, or the camera goes out of focus in order to distort the human face or form.

If there is any general impression to be drawn from such films as do not strictly belong to the "underworld," it is that their makers have discovered no way of achieving a significant combination of the images they use, or are not interested in attempting a combination. They see the world in a chaotic sequence of flashes; scenes of war and racial violence alternate with pictures of the atomic mushroom or beautiful landscapes or naked bodies or anything else under the sun. One can distinguish between the various film-makers only by their ability to find telling individual images rather than less telling ones. Carl Linder, for instance, has a naturalistic erotic sense, which leads him to intersperse his films with rather splendid nudes. However, even his films are no more than a jumble of effects. It is impossible to exaggerate the formlessness, the untidiness or the messiness of these works as sequences of images. Occasionally, the sound track carries a strong form in the shape of a piece of classical music or a good popular song, but even then it is impossible to tell whether Vivaldi, say, or the song are meant to stand in ironic contrast to the incoherent pictures, or whether they are intended to give an auditory contour to something which has no visual pattern. Nor is it usually clear why the speed of the film has been accelerated or slowed down; one is left to assume that the "normal" speed is simply too ordinary to be used by people who do not think themselves ordinary.

IF THESE FILMS are more or less improvised "happenings," as I think they are, they are just further examples of the contemporary cult of mindlessness. I agree that the incoherent is perhaps less depressing than the well-organised, commercial bad; at least it has the slight charm

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of the given, but this charm is at times almost imperceptible. In fact, many of these films are acutely boring—every bit as boring as the worst commercial products—because the apparently random has in reality been chosen by uninteresting and self-indulgent minds. I was presumably not alone in thinking this, because the audience, long-haired and bearded and bead-bedecked as some of it was, tended to ebb out of the auditorium at the more excruciating moments.

In all this material, I can see only one or two fertile possibilities and, as it happens, they are all connected with the naturalistic or "absurd" representation of the human body. By putting together the nudes, the X-ray sequence and the posterior analytics, one might arrive at something quite remarkable. I imagine a symphonic film which would express, in turn, the beauty of the body, its grotesqueness and the scientific wonder it can arouse; for instance, the same love-scene might be photographed with complete naturalness, then with emphasis on its absurdity, then as an X-ray sequence with a different order of beauty or grotesqueness, and these changes of level would correspond to the various categories in which the modern mind must inevitably work. Such a film could have artistic coherence at the same time as it expressed what one might call the gear-changes of the psyche.

As for the underground films proper, they have a definite character and so one can arrange them in an order of preference. I saw four main ones, in addition to a lot of snippets, and I would put them in the following ascending sequence: Kenneth Anger's *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*, Ron Ryce's *Chumlum*, Andy Warhol's *Harlot*, and Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*.

The first is just rather preposterous camp *kitsch*, which is helped at the start by a reading of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. Images of hermaphroditic or vampirish creatures in ornate dress come and go with hieratic movements, as if one were watching a dramatised version of some old Book of Spells. The action warms up a little when a blonde youth seems to be defending his virginity against a forest of female arms, but the expression on his face would indicate that he dislikes them more because they are female than because they are arms. Although the film is redeemed slightly by touches of self-parody, I cannot help feeling that Coleridge's oneiric masterpiece should not be mixed up with such shoddiness. *Chumlum*, or love-in-hammocks, is rather better—a rhythmical rough-and-tumble in which bodies bathed in a lurid, sunset glow, roll around indistinctly in a highly festooned interior, as if some unknown Delacroix painting of an Algerian brothel had been set in motion. The effect is beautiful, as far as it goes, but entirely repetitive, and also decadent, because the swooning vagueness is more like a drug-induced fuzz than a genuine erotic experience.

Flaming Creatures is the same kind of collective orgy treated more realistically and ironically. With its languidly erectile sea-anemones and dark clumps of moss, it goes further towards total candour than any other film I have seen, and its obscenity has a curious marginal poetry. Floating in and out of draperies that are rather like old lace curtains, the weird characters go through a variety of scrabbling motions, as if they were pursuing sex with their minds vaguely fixed on some other subject. Perhaps they too are in a drugged stupor, or perhaps they are just too old, ugly, exhausted and perverted to bring anything to a precise conclusion. I am sure Miss Sontag exaggerates the pagan joyfulness of this film; I see it rather as a touching, broken little work, in which extreme decadence proclaims itself tragi-comically as such.

Warhol, by comparison, is defiant and aggressive. In *Harlot* the camera remains fixed for forty minutes on exactly the same scene, a splendidly sinister group of four people, two men standing behind a sofa and a woman with a cat and a female impersonator sitting on it. We don't know what they are waiting for, and their pregnant silence has the intensity of a group portrait by some painter, such as Goya, with a sense of the macabre. While, on the sound-track, Warhol's voice carries on a more or less irrelevant conversation with an unknown individual who appears to be one of his boy-friends, the female impersonator eats several bananas with voluptuous and exasperating slowness, and finally makes the gesture of masturbating with a whole banana. Those bourgeois who could stand the monotony were no doubt well and truly *épatés* before they got to the bitter end. The film would have been worthwhile, I suppose, had the remorselessly unchanging image been accompanied by a brilliant dialogue which wove an intellectual and emotional pattern around it; however, Mr. Warhol and his friend just sounded slightly high on pot or whatever, and in a mood to enjoy their own feeble puns. If that is the level of conversation in the advanced homosexual underground, one might even prefer Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Stalin on Sterling

Are the Economists to Blame? — By PETER WILES

THE AXES we grind are built in to us. Among ENCOUNTER's controversialists,[1] Professor Michael Postan is an economic historian wondering why his subject is so little helped by economic theory. Mr. Michael Stewart is a decent, right-thinking Keynesian with—and it does him honour—practical responsibilities. Professor Max Beloff is a professional wild man, who also wants more room in the PPE syllabus for his own subject: a subject, unlike Postan's, as yet untouched by mathematical reasoning. Professor Harry Johnson has his Chicago provenance—a veritable battle-axe that grinds itself. His virtually unalloyed belief in *laissez-faire*, however, is so heavily muted by the concerns of a parochial professionalism that one might not notice it was his main prescription. The present writer, on the other hand, is—a Sovietologist from the moon.

Beloff may be quickly dealt with, though he is neither unimportant nor negligible. On the contrary he is the authentic "bald-headed man at the back of the bus" whose negative opinions inspired Postan to write in the first place. All his own success is based on commonsense and untechnical hard work, so he judges economists the way a non-plumber judges his lavatory: when you pull the chain, does the water flow? The trouble with post-war Britain is that the water has not flowed, but as any plumber would point out, there are several possible reasons for this, and the theory of hydraulics does not *have* to be wrong on this evidence alone.

For one thing, we might examine other lavatories that operate on the same principles:

Rates of Growth of Real National Income per Head per Annum

PRE-KEYNESIAN	(1880–1914)	1·7%
KEYNESIAN	(1951–1961)	3·5%
U.K.	(1951–1961)	2·2%

The "PRE-KEYNESIAN" figure is for U.S.A. in both periods, plus U.K. and twelve other advanced countries. The "KEYNESIAN" figure considers the other twelve countries alone. The comparison would be still more staggering if we included the 1920s and '30s. Beloff opines that "all in all (Keynes) was probably never so harmlessly occupied as when. . . ." But I am so old-fashioned about sheer vulgarity that I had even rather be called a prude than finish the quotation. What I must question, however, is the ignorance and ingratitude. If the West European economies had not behaved as well as they have—almost keeping pace with Communist performance—where would the Iron Curtain run today? How comfortable a seat would be the Gladstone Chair of Government and Public Administration? Must we not rejoice in the success and prosperity of Japanese and even Frenchmen?

This revolution in world affairs is due to economists. But there is no one-to-one relation between what economists say and what happens. First, they are often wrong, and secondly, few listen to them. Indeed Zauberman's First Law says that the intellectual level of economists varies inversely with the rate of growth of the economy—a radical *samokritika* indeed. This law, by the way, is empirical and is based on Poland, U.K., U.S.A. and India *versus* France, Yugoslavia, U.S.S.R. and West Germany. But the First Law takes too little account of the differences of opinion among economists in each of these eight countries, and I personally prefer Zauberman's Second Law, to which I shall refer below.

To return to Keynes, when we contemplate his grandiose achievement, his undeniable incapacity to control mere inflation is very small beer. Any economist who has a hundredth part of his good effect is a public benefactor indeed. The trouble is that something has gone wrong specifically in Britain. Beloff gets much closer to an uncomfortable truth in his first paragraph: it is difficult to believe that British governments in particular have had the best specific advice, even allowing for their failure to act on it. Moreover, economists should not be above

[1] ENCOUNTER, January, March and May 1968.

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public personal criticism—whether they are academics or civil servants. It is appropriate, after due inquiry, to name them (if we keep it above the belt). Beloff does right to judge them by results. Their academic, as well as their governmental, status should depend far more on these results. No man is a great economist who causes an economic disaster—any more than he can be a great Chancellor of the Exchequer. Admiral Byng, we may remember, was named, and the consequences were drawn—*pour encourager les autres*.

Specifically—and here I stick out my own neck in turn, nor is anyone worth listening to who does not—*we have erred, just as Postan implies, in seeking Keynesian solutions to the balance of payments problem*. That this problem was recognised at all after the war is due to economists, by the way. It was wholly neglected by governments and public opinion, and the profession need certainly not blush for failure in its role of watchdog. But we failed to propose the proper remedies. Fiscal and monetary policy, *i.e.*, budgetary surpluses or deficits and changes in interest rates, were rightly recommended by Keynes as cures for straightforward inflation or deflation in a closed economy. The world is a closed economy, and in so far as it has learned this lesson as a whole it has benefited enormously. Nay more, specific countries without balance of payments problems have been able to function as if they were closed economies. They have applied the lesson, with still greater benefit, to themselves alone. But Keynes' native country had special problems; his lesson did not apply to it in unadulterated form; and he grievously erred—we may say with unfair hindsight—in not seeing this.

IT IS, OF COURSE, possible to reduce an external deficit by deflation. Take enough money away from everybody—whether by fiscal or by monetary policy—and you do indeed reduce imports, while setting free exportable goods. Along these lines, indeed, you are *sure* to correct the deficit. Other general measures—devaluation, uniform tariffs, uniform export subsidies—are merely helpful. For the most part they diminish but do not remove the need for sheer deflation. Thus our present devaluation is of little use, as any gnome will tell you, without the subsequent squeeze, which the government must apply as a separate act of policy. For without this squeeze prices would rise rapidly in all sectors, and wholly offset the devaluation. But a really big squeeze, applied betimes, would have made devaluation unnecessary.

Thus in our strong and perpetual balance of payments crisis the measures of uniform protection and exchange rate manipulation, which Keynes rather gave us to understand would ordinarily be enough, turn out to be merely auxiliary. And deflation through monetary and fiscal policy (which he recommended for other eventualities) turns out to be basic. But all these measures alike suffer from the same Keynesian defect: they are general; they do not discriminate; they assume that the market will *rapidly* move resources into exports and import substitutes.

KEYNES assumed a perfectly efficient market, the general climate of which it was enough to alter. But no market is so efficient, and the more difficult the rearrangement, the greater must be the deflation, and so the unemployment and loss of production, that brings it about. Mr. Stewart is most oblique on this point. He praises devaluation, and all his high-minded realistic economist friends who have so long recommended devaluation to the cowardly unpractical politicians; but he skates over the deflationary measures that both sides knew must be introduced in order to make devaluation work. It is, indeed, now time to ask him whether he thinks devaluation *is* working.

To put it concretely, there has to be some less wasteful way of reducing imports and increasing exports than the stoppage of, say, school construction. Neither bricks nor labour are directly imported; the excuse is that brickmakers and bricklayers use their profits and wages to import. And so they do; at least deflation does work, it stops the school going up and so stops this mere fraction of its cost being spent indirectly on imports.[2]

Note that *the new economics is here essentially the same as the old economics*. If protectionism used to be frowned on and devaluation was the abomination of desolation, the main weapon before and after Keynes was the same: deflation, lower output, and unemployment. It is to Keynes' credit that he objected to all this waste; and to his discredit that he proposed no workable alternative.

SO LONG AS there is free trade in money there is no alternative. Anybody with money in his pocket can spend money on imports; indeed if he has stocks or bonds he can sell them too and buy foreign ones. It is difficult to set upper bounds to the amount of sterling that might suddenly go a-whoring after dollars if there were no controls. Definite reductions in the

[2] My colleagues must note that the multiplier is not instantaneous, so that within our limited planning horizon the induced imports are indeed but a fraction of the initial sum. Moreover, saving sets an upper limit to these indirect imports in the longest of long runs.

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demand for imports and foreign currency can only be obtained by sharp reductions in general demand. Making it hard to buy at all, we make it hard to buy imports. The essential nature of a market economy, in which free trade in money is allowed, confines the government to this blunderbuss technique. "The remedies," in Postan's words, "being systemic . . . failed to act at the points of the body economic which ailed most."

Needless to say the "systemic" attitude is not the only mistake. It is also necessary to liquidate the sterling area, and abolish the status of sterling as a reserve currency, and find some of our short-term external debt: measures easier to recommend than to apply, since they mean we must earn a sizeable external surplus wherewith they may be financed. I hesitate to venture so far beyond my competence, but shall stick to the institutional or particularist measures which should supplement, if not replace, the general, "blunderbuss" measures used hitherto.

WHAT LIGHT, then, does Stalin throw upon sterling? The Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade has a monopoly of all exports, which it procures internally for rubles and sells abroad on its own account, and of all imports, which it buys abroad with the proceeds and sells internally for rubles. In this way the Ministry possesses foreign currency but no foreigner, not even a *bona fide* trader, has rubles. No gnomes, then, can be even conceived of.

The balance of payments can still go much awry, say through a bad harvest. But here again is an advantage: general deflation is perfectly unnecessary to correct it. Specific orders are given to specific enterprises to export more, import less, produce import-substitutes. The economist is forced, somewhat in the way Postan had in mind, to interest himself in details again; indeed it is no accident that Soviet economists do have much more specialised knowledge of particular branches. These measures have few general effects, most of the economy is left alone. The squeezing out of extra exports, and the cutting off of imports, spread inflation; but this cannot, even if uncorrected, react upon the balance of payments since the Ministry of Foreign Trade with its strict plan stands guard at the gate.

There are tremendous disadvantages in thus cutting the link between world trade and the national economy. Prices get ludicrously out of line, the wrong goods are imported and exported, client and producer cannot get together, etc., etc. Many of these defects are now being remedied in Eastern Europe, without impairing the essence of the system. The reforms—except in Yugoslavia, with its pipe-dream of a convertible dinar—aim at producing the *effects* of free trade in goods without the *actuality* of free trade in money; *i.e.* export and imports are to be chosen competitively and rationally, but hot money flows are excluded by the essentially "Stalinist" set-up of heretofore. Even so I am not recommending a direct copy of anything so foreign to our traditions and prejudices. I merely ask that our institutions be much more radically examined, and I blame my colleagues for not having thought at all in institutional terms.

FOR MY COLLEAGUES certainly illustrate Zauberman's Second Law: the more primitive the level of economic thought the more probable are large institutional changes. We may think on the one side of underdeveloped countries, of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, U.S.S.R. until 1965, and above all of China; on the other, of Poland or any capitalist country. Lack of space forbids us to discuss cause and effect here; one can only point out that as a pure functional relationship the law is hard to shake. What concerns us is that primitivism may be good: the sophisticated prefer means that are merely clever, when more than cleverness is needed. Mr. Graham Hallett has the root of the matter in him when he calls [Letters, p. 94] our utility theory and cost curves an educational barbarism. The prestige of that kind of abstract approach rests on singularly little positive achievement, yet it freezes the mind and often actually prevents us from seeing what is important.

For we have very little institutional flexibility compared with Communist countries, yet are not obviously in less need of it. Only our wildest wild men on the extreme Left think of new institutions, men whom it would be unwise—*experto credite*—to entrust with a tea party. Moreover, they neglect the institutional change most necessary for Britain, namely the liquidation of its restrictive trade unions, and press for a nationalisation that they would be unable to use for our benefit. Nevertheless my partial agreement with them is undeniable. Let me single out in particular the proposal that the government purchase, compulsorily, for sterling our most easily liquidated foreign assets; not for immediate sale abroad, but to add to our reserves. In Communist countries, on the other hand, everyone regards institutions as flexible, and innovatory, nay radical, policies are often put forward by very "responsible" elements. Thus, as Harry Johnson points out, we have still many sacred cows to shoot, though he and I would differ extremely as to which they are. But it is unlikely that the social and cultural

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attitudes he criticises could be changed, any more than in Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia (or China), without some *institutional* shock.

BEING "responsible" also myself, I shall not prescribe the politically impossible. We have not a central command economy, nor are its great vices obviously smaller than its great virtues. But we have many ways of being more selective, within our administrative and economic traditions, that we do exploit but not candidly or thoroughly enough. It is possible to vary the Selective Employment tax and the purchase tax; both granting rebates to exports and, in the first place, taxing most heavily the home consumption of those goods that are exported. It should be possible to apply hire purchase controls and the new wage freeze in a similar way. The government has also considerable influence over mergers, and should judge them by foreign trade criteria. And none of this happens to be contrary to those many international treaty obligations, by which we have so foolishly bound ourselves over the years to complete free trade. Nor do these obligations bind our banking system: banks should be compelled to favour exports and import-substitutes over other production.

Even, alas, we must Back Britain by buying British. It pains me to have to say this, since I might appear to countenance Mr. Frank Cousins, who ran away from the original Surbiton Stakhanovism, the attack on restrictive practices that was the essence of Backing Britain, and showed his patriotism in less painful fashion by rejecting foreign nail-scissors. He could have helped us more by doing his duty as a trade union leader, but at least he has stopped importing. It should be clearly stated, by the way, that the merely Stakhanovite element in Backing Britain is also excellent. It is profoundly depressing to watch the sophisticated natives at their clever satire while our Czech, Jewish and Canadian citizens preach to them the Gods of the Copybook Headings. Computers, Carnaby Street, and the End of Empire have not buried those gods.

To return to external finance, another weapon is exchange control: residents are subject to rationing of foreign money, they may buy it at the existing rate but only with the central bank's permission. Note that this is not so foolproof as the admirable Soviet system, in which no one exchanges money so there is no control. But it is still entirely workable. Indeed capital and tourist transactions are at present subject to exchange control. It may well be necessary to apply it also to imports. The right to ration foreign currency in emergency is another of the few we have not signed away under some treaty, such as EFTA or GATT; we must exercise it vigorously. We have much experience of this system, which we operated well enough up to 1958–59. I never did understand its virtual abandonment at that time.

Once exchange control is back in operation the City of London—a few branches of which are a *minor* export industry, to which absurdly too much else has been sacrificed—must be allowed to operate outside it, just as it did before 1958–59. The City lives by just that free international trade in money which is my *bête noire*. But it is efficient and prestigious, so should be encouraged to use a special convertible sterling for its own purposes; and of course conversion by residents into that kind of sterling must go through the formal exchange control. Where the Russians have Moscow Narodny and the Chinese permit Hong Kong, why should we not have our free port of money—*outside* our borders? (If not geographically, then at least monetarily.)

It would then also be possible for the Bank of England to have two bank rates: one for convertible sterling, geared to our balance of payments, and one for domestic sterling, geared to the level of employment and prices at home.

BUREAUCRACY? Arbitrary distinctions? Allocative inefficiency? Black markets (especially between the depreciating domestic sterling and the hard convertible sterling)? Further inroads into Johnson's "modest pretence to the preservation of personal freedom and liberty of choice"? Certainly all of these. If we had no outstanding foreign debt, if we had a different kind of trade unionism, if we had refrained from a residual imperialism beyond our powers (including sterling's world role), we should not need such medicine. The Swedes and the Germans, for instance, can grow rapidly in a freer market than our own, and do not know the meaning of the words "balance of payments crisis."

But we are who we are, and we must dree our weird. We are cursed with such a structure, situation, and institutions as will only permit *unforced* external balance at low levels of aggregate production and demand. So we must have a forced external balance. We must invest and tax so as always to export more and import less, at all levels of demand. We can achieve such a structural change on simon-pure market principles, fairly and rationally and slowly and with preserved entrepreneurial freedom, at the expense of a general deflation; or unfairly and irrationally and quickly and with little interruption to the growth of output.

There is no perfect way, there are only hard choices. The best is the enemy of the good.

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Notes of a Not-Watson

By F.R.S.

I TOO HAVE a dream. To conceive of a class of transcendental numbers which when added in some n-dimensional space yield more than their natural sum ($a+b=a+b+x$). To be elected Savilian or Lucasian professor of mathematics and give my inaugural in total silence, simply writing out on a series of blackboards set in semilune around the lecture hall, a proof for Fermat's so-called last/lost theorem: that it is impossible to find whole numbers, x, y, z, which satisfy the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ when n is an integer greater than 2. Which, until this day, has defied all attempts at complete solution.

Or, on one of those still hot afternoons at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton when von Neumann's ghost walks (his was probably the most powerful intelligence in our century), give a proof for Goldbach's conjecture that every even number, *every* last one to the curved bounds of the universe, is the sum of two primes. Or have a space named after me like Banach—not a malodorous little street or tawdry square, but a *space*. After which I would go to some region of high clean mountains, hiding my world fame, but publishing, now and again, in the *Acta Mathematica* or the Göttingen *Annalen* a very short paper. Short but of a terrible beauty: like Goedel's "On Formally Undecidable Propositions" of 1931—compared to whose sheer comeliness, sheer coiled spring of intellect and sensibility the sum of 20th-century art and what passes for literature since Valéry is very poor stuff—or the brief statement, brief but rich as trapped plasma, of Steiner's problem and its complex generalisation (the finding of the shortest straight line connection between a set of fixed points). My papers would appear unsigned, sent to the journals in a nondescript manilla envelope from some October village in the Ticino, but each would be instantaneously identified. For the total rigour of theorem and lemma, for its proud concision of proof. After posting the thing, knowing that generations of mathematicians, logicians, physicists will pore over it as they do over the jottings of Gallois or the notebooks of Euler, I would have myself a woman. A clean, simple being totally unaware of my fame.

Because I have this dream, who am a mediocre algebraist, who am a perfectly solid but unexciting scientist (there are more than four hundred in the Royal Society, too many chosen by friendship or *via* that subtle mechanism of flattery which makes a man promote his imitators and lesser colleagues), because I have this dream and, on occasion, surrender to its appalling precision of detail—I can, in my *beta* mind literally *hear* the crinkle of the envelope as I open the telegram from Stockholm, I can *smell* the leather and velvet scent of the blue box in which the Nobel medal lies—because I am no more than I am and less than I hoped to be, I think hard, long of those who are the real thing, whose names will last in the household of the mind. I read about them, avidly. I imagine myself in their skin of glory—because that is what it is, a skin inside which their lives have changed and become luminous. (Does a man remember, remember exactly, the five minutes, the two and one half minutes, *before* that phone rang, before the operator or journalist shouted *"Stockholm calling"* into the receiver?) I have heard that phone ring in an office next to mine, and seen the door flung open.

So I HAVE READ Jim Watson's *The Double Helix*.[1] And re-read it. To try and feel my way into the nervous system of a man who, aged twenty-four, helped pull off one of the master strokes of human intelligence, of exact inventive perception. To whom fame has come at one blinding gust not only in the obvious ways (there are, after all, six or more Nobels every December) but in a rare absolute sense. The Watson-Crick paper on the structure of DNA sent to *Nature* on 2 April 1953 is of a very small class.

[1] *The Double Helix*. By JAMES D. WATSON. London; Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 35s.: New York; Atheneum Publishers, $5.95.

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Which class includes, say, Galileo to Paolo Sarpi of 16 October 1604 on the law of falling bodies, Einstein's papers of 1905, Dirac's theory of the electron, Yang/Lee on violations of parity in so-called weak interactions (though I'm not sure on that last one: not too much has come of it since). Anyway, a fantastically restricted class of scientific proposals which solve not only some problem of major importance but do so in a manner at once exhaustive and "open."

That paradoxical congruence is the breath of genius. Watson-Crick had managed to build a model of the DNA molecule which model met all the requisite chemical conditions and was of itself a thing of beauty and harmonious complexity. But the famous opening and closing sentences of their nine-hundred-word article (how many loud, empty, wasted words are there in this season's "great novel" or in Pound's *Cantos* or in the thunder and molasses of literary critics?) point to far more.

> This structure has novel features which are of considerable biological interest.

Which modest proposal grows exultant in Crick's "It has not escaped our notice that the specific pairing we have postulated immediately suggests a possible copying mechanism for the genetic material." There are not very many sentences like that in our grubby history. One thinks of Giordano Bruno's quiet *con la terra dunque si muovano tutte le cose, che si trovano in terra* (with its formidable implications of celestial infinity) or Freud to Fliess in the late summer of 1897: "I have found that in my case also love for the mother and envy of the father...." Sentences which mark an alteration in the structure of anthropoid reality, which close doors suddenly small, familiar, *déjà vu*, and open new, far greater windows. What does it feel like to have written such a sentence and obtain for it—at a speed and in a blaze of homage greater than in the previous history of science, because of the mass media, because of the drive of post-romantic culture to personalise —recognition by one's peers and the world at large? With the whimsical impertinence that marks his manner, Watson closes his book thus:

> Now I was alone, looking at the long-haired girls near St. Germain-des-Prés and knowing they were not for me. I was twenty-five and too old to be unusual.

One of the great "camp" lines in modern prose. But so false. He could never be alone again. Something of molecular biology is his each day and much of the new bio-chemistry of genetics. When Watson enters a room... or sees a student, or glances through the index of any

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history of twentieth-century science... I have insinuated my dreams inside his realities, or tried to.

THIS IS A difficult exercise. First because I am a *not*-Watson. A *not*-Watson is a perfectly distinct binomial notation meaning a normally endowed member of the species among or betwixt the 10^{10} electro-chemical hook-ups of whose brain no manifold re-connection has occurred, no quantum jump of genuinely new model-building. Second, because Professor James D. Watson is a very intricate person. A lemming of a being, with luminous yet strangely evasive eyes and lemming's ears. Watson's shyness, his arch withdrawal from most interlocutors, do not shut *him* out; they shut out those who bore him (you & I, Sir), whose plod of spirit or lack of elegance fail the test of his fastidious *hauteur*. He is a collector of modern paintings, sombre, fluid canvases; not very good, perhaps, but a mirror of his veiled intensity. He is a name-dropper, this unraveller of deoxyribonucleic acid: "a garden party at Sans Souci, the country home of the Baroness Edmond de Rothschild;" a wine tasting at Matthews' "one of Cambridge's better wine merchants... meant acceptance by a more fashionable and amusing part of Cambridge." A decisive Christmas—decisive because the tensed, darting pursuit of DNA had reached one of those bleak dead-ends which, so often, in major science precede a break-through—is spent on the Mull of Kintyre, at Carradale, home of the Mitchisons.

Here is one of the links with Francis Crick. Crick is a lambent troll of a man, with a fascinating, at moments delicately feminised swagger. His panache is very exactly dated, as is his fine-beaked profile; it belongs to *la belle époque*. His wispy yet wide-flung flourishes of hand and torso are vintage 1905. The voice is pitched high but incisive and the mind moves, with an obvious, bewildering celerity, behind a fusillade of rather campy laughter. It is the kind of voice one goes grouse-shooting with. Crick is a dandy in the precise, strong sense. There is aptness in the rumour, very probably a *canard*, that he was enmeshed during the War in the design of a torpedo so lethal that it could not be released lest it be turned *against* the Royal Navy. "Don't rock the boat, Crick," puffs Sir Lawrence Bragg, the bad fairy stepmother of the whole tale, "we were getting on quite well before." The dandyism is a link. Crick's elegance is more assured than Watson's. No American in England ever gets it *quite* right, however attentive he may be to the intonations, to the including or ostracising gestures of our Byzantium. Crick would take no particular or aggrieved note of the fact that "the white-mustached figure of Bragg now spent most of its days sitting in London clubs like the Athenaeum." (And what other clubs in London, pray tell, *are* like the Athenaeum?)

But in both men there is a deep bias for style, for truth and shape that are, at the radical level, stylish. Nothing is more difficult to convey to the layman than this notion of root-comeliness. Of the elegance, of the refusal of waste motion, that makes the Dedekind cut (the division of *all* rational numbers into two classes) more than a very powerful mathematical tool, that makes it a thing of deep, gay beauty. Of the kind of economy of perfect rightness which leads Bach, in the XVIIIth of the Goldberg variations, a canon in the sixth, to abandon the device of inversion and come up with a piece of textbook polyphony—textbook, but not as you or I would conduct it; playful, new with the original bass stated not only by the lowest but also by the canonic parts. The dandyism (true dandyism = power, even brutal power, conveyed with an absolute minimum of stress) of Nimzovich's P-K4 in the sixty-first move of his 1914 St. Petersburg tie-match game against the young Alekhine—P-K4 on the *sixty-first* move of a French Defence!! Both Watson and Crick possess it supremely, that eye for the deep, gay conjunction of truth and beauty, a conjunction ultimately mathematical, be it in women or dinghies or in the structure of amino-acids.

> By the time I had cycled back to college and climbed over the back gate, I had decided to build two-chain models. Francis would have to agree. Even though he was a physicist, he knew that important biological objects come in pairs.

Why? Because reality, or the sensory-cerebral mechanism by which we perceive it, are dialectic, says Hegel; because they are binomial, says Lévi-Strauss; because there is no voice sans echo, says the Korean proverb. The exhilaration of the *pas de deux* lies all in the chemical detail:

> I became aware that an adenine-thymine pair held together by two hydrogen bonds was identical in shape to a guanine-cytosine pair held together by at least two hydrogen bonds. All the hydrogen bonds seemed to form naturally; no fudging was required to make the two types of base pairs identical in shape.... Given the base sequence of one chain, that of its partner was automatically determined.

Caro lettore: do you see the *beauty* of these sentences, the lithe economy of the *moto spirituale*, dance-like, arrow-like, as Dante said when he meant supple directness? Or Willie Yeats seeking to tell the dancer from the dance?

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But the elective affinity between Watson and Crick is also one of differences, of creative collision. No doubt Crick was ambitious (so are they all; all honourable men). Ambitious and, in a way, at loose ends, looking here and there with a catholicity of interest at once impressive and maddening to a cellular scientific-academic hive. Watson's ambition seems of another species, almost feverish in its open, cold vehemence:

> I was afraid that Lederberg might soon see the same light....
>
> Francis and I went over to the Eagle. The moment its doors opened for the evening we were there to drink a toast to the Pauling failure. Instead of sherry, I let Francis buy me a whiskey....
>
> I explained how I was racing Peter's father for the Nobel Prize.

An American ambition: University of Chicago—late 1940s-brand. A focus on success so steady that it concentrates all the stray impulses of a very talented sensibility into ordered, imaginatively live monomania. Not an English trait; nothing about it of the lazy ironies, the fastidious mask of the seeming amateur that is Cambridge. Crick's stance, his declaratory sweep has something of the radar dish turning and scanning; Watson bore in like a laser. In their relationship, complex and multivalent as any chemical bond, lay the key.

And in the presence at their backs of Linus Pauling: who is a Leonardo figure, fantastically gifted, currently on his way to what may be a *third* Nobel Prize (the one in medicine). But also vulnerable because essentially instinctive, susceptible to great rushes of feeling and indiscriminate certitude. Pauling has at times orated generous nonsense about politics and nuclear radiation; he failed to resolve the true structure of DNA by committing an elementary blunder. "If a student had made a similar mistake, he would be thought unfit to benefit from Cal Tech's chemistry faculty." But Pauling's blooper and the role Pauling played in Watson's image of the "great race" to fame, to the elixir of life, were essential. For at his back he always heard Great Linus' chariot hurrying toward. The climax came long before Stockholm. It had the chivalric tension of Velasquez's "*Surrender at Breda*." Linus comes to the lab:

> All the right cards were in our hands and so, gracefully, he gave his opinion that we had the answer.

I try to imagine that moment. In which a man knows that his name will live with Copernicus' and Darwin's. ("Our Cavendish typist was not on hand, and the brief job was

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given to my sister ... we told her that she was participating in perhaps the most famous event in biology since Darwin's book.") I can't, or only at the level of gross obviousness. Five minutes after knowing himself "since Darwin" a man may go to the lavatory. Where nothing much has changed, or has it? Keats wondered how Shakespeare *sat* when he wrote these words in *Hamlet* or those in *Lear*. Not an idle question. There was dinner "with the Cricks at Portugal Place ... we drank a fair amount of burgundy ... and the party was over at midnight." Not, one supposes, for Francis Crick whose contentment in fame is unworried, who is also an impresario to others (to Sidney Brenner, for example, today, as it were, almost vaulting over intermediary stretches of molecular biology, of laborious syntheses yet to be achieved, in order to ask just *how* the genetic code programmes a rudimentary nervous system). Crick, in Watson's handsome terms, "returned to Cambridge to work on the nature and operation of the genetic code, a field of which he has been the acknowledged world leader for the past decade."

Was the party over for the old man of twenty-five? There have been hints to that effect, filaments of gossip suggesting that the work at Harvard has not been all that happy; rumours of an interest in the whole bio-chemical matter of cancer, but of an interest not focused, not monomaniacal as was the pursuit of the double helix. Quiz-kids—and Watson was one of that mutant pack—can be very bored at thirty. This, surely, is the Jamesian *donnée*—Professor J. D. Watson *since*: the years after: inside the cocoon of immense celebrity. And what of the relationship to Crick? How do they think of each other now, their names and faces close-woven in history as are the two chains of the model itself?

The memoir gives no hint. The inflection is one of nostalgia, of a remembrance. *This* is its uniqueness. *Pace* the blurb there have been, there are other, comparably brilliant records of scientific work: Poincaré's famous lecture to the Psychological Society of Paris, G. H. Hardy's *Apology*, the autobiographical notice of Max Planck, Schroedinger's letters reporting the step-by-step development of wave mechanics, Niels Bohr's Rutherford lecture and memoir of the Solvay meetings. But we have no other book which is simultaneously a personal record of a very major scientific discovery—a record often rigorously technical—and a threnody, often deliberately Proustian, over the past, over golden lads and *au-pair* lasses gone to dust, over Cambridge twilights softer and early mornings leaner, more bracing under those vast quick skies, than any since. And it is nostalgia, the grace of heart that comes with time lapsed,

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which underwrites the cleanest passage in the book: Watson's posthumous tribute to Rosalind Franklin, the Rosy whose rivalry, whose occasional scorn and damaging secrecy intrude on the story of the helix. To others, very probably to Francis Crick, the vertiginous events of the winter and spring of 1953 have signified an almost limitless tomorrow.

> The Watson-Crick hypothesis of 1953 has now become the great turning-point of biology and, in fact, of general science [writes J. D. Bernal]. Its implications for the origin of life are obvious, but they have not yet been fully appreciated, even by its originators.

To Watson these moments seem to have a strange "pastness." For all its fierce energy of mind, for all the candid humorous arrogance of its *obiter dicta*, this is a curiously sad book. It ends on the word "death." *O Du armer Jim, das gibts nur einmal, das kommt nicht wieder:* to "belong to the ages," as the bearded men in the oleograph put it, on one's twenty-fifth birthday. I am an old man in a very dry month and grateful.

MARGINALIA. On Cambridge, with which waspish and parochial spot, Jim Watson has a love affair, finding its shapes, its tricks of light and stone (rightly) of almost unbearable beauty. A *multi*-versity in the strict and worrying sense: a number of whose faculties are beyond sarcasm, in the mediocrity of their teaching, in the spinsterish dislikes that mark personal relations, but where lightning has struck again, as it did in the Cavendish in the 1920s and '30s. Has struck in two key places: radio astronomy and molecular biology, setting an East Anglian market-town at the literal and emblematic frontiers of man. At the far edge of celestial space and in the core of life. An institution so petty, so bilious over talent in some quarters; so free and exultant in others. Crick, Watson, Kendrew, Perutz, Brenner in/out of those few square miles of leaf and light; Ryle, Sciama, Hewish, Hoyle near their great dishes a few miles away or in their Institute of Astrophysics. A marvellous duality: the macrocosm and the microcosm as the Renaissance would have it. (Just where *is* Oxford in this league? Asks Bacon of Newton, asks Newton of Darwin, asks Darwin of Russell and of Dirac and of Littlewood.)

ON THE QUEER, lunatic time-scale of our politics. In man's history, or more precisely, in the history of man regarded as a biological species whose essential function is the evolutionary development of certain remarkable electrochemical potentialities in the cortex, the last

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week of March 1953 is one of *the* weeks. What newspaper took note? I don't remember what wars were raging that week, what famines, what political and economic crises were upon a threatened society. Certainly half a dozen matters were "grave," "irreparable," "fraught with dire consequence" be it in Timbuctoo or Woking. All trivia. Pretentious trivia inflated by a madly specialised literacy: we *read* time as if its natural divisions were political, as if our daily history was the co-ordinate of real meaning. Awkward questions: what does a massacre weigh against the insight that "a given chain could contain both purines and pyrimidines"? And what is there really in all the passionate cant about human equality, about "the infinite worth of each individual human being"? Can you visualise an "infinite worth," *hypocrite lecteur*? Let's try and visualise something much simpler first, how it is that three strong hydrogen bonds can be drawn between guanine and cytosine. Which latter vision, and what it may verifiably entail, advances *homo sapiens* on the slow, hideously difficult road to becoming what he can be less/ as much as/ far more than, say, a race relations bill, or the raising of the school-leaving age or any *hors-d'oeuvre* to utopia? I don't know. Does Crick or Watson? Should they? Or care? (As if so rare a two-headed heraldic creature could be produced by any improvement in the democratic process.)

"Those who figure in the book must read it in a very forgiving spirit." Thus Sir Lawrence Bragg, who *does* figure, and who *has* seen Stockholm in the white sheen of December. I don't figure. When I travel in winter it is at my own expense. Under *allowance*, a sharp, unsparing word. I too had a dream. This book has made it a little more vivid, a lot more remote.

And yet. *If they were wrong*. If their model, like Ptolemy's. . . .

Dogs and Chinese

China and the West. By WOLFGANG FRANKE. Translated by R. A. Wilson. *Blackwell*, 21s.
Chinese Looking Glass. By DENNIS BLOODWORTH. *Secker & Warburg*, 36s.

WITH SINOLOGY, as with Chinese food, there are two *kinds*, Chinese and Western, and the twain meet rarely and never on equal terms, it seems. Chinese sinologists contend that Western sinology is simply a different activity, a popularisation for the benefit of the West of something which the populariser, however well-meaning, hasn't quite understood because (to put it politely) he cannot be intimate enough with the language or the thought-and-feeling processes. At the same time the Chinese sinologist will cheerfully admit that, while he is in possession of the sinological truth, he cannot communicate it to the West because he is insufficiently intimate with Western languages. Cheerfully—perhaps because he doesn't really see much point in striving to convey Chinese truths into Western minds.

One Chinese scholar of Chinese with whom I discussed this impasse remarked that the only possible agent of communication would be a person who was at home in two tongues. He smiled as he said this, for of course he was making a joke. It is axiomatic that nobody can achieve anything like real proficiency in both Chinese and (say) English. As the agent's ability in English grows so will his inwardness with Chinese decay, and by the time he is good enough at English to write in that language he will no longer have any Chinese truths of much subtlety or moment to express. One nail drives out another. Incidentally, and speaking politically, this phenomenon endows the teaching of English to Overseas Chinese, the Chinese of the diaspora, with a peculiar usefulness: it serves to desinosise them. Throw a foreign spanner into their Chinese and you loosen the grip of Mao as well as Confucius, so it seems.

BUT IN OTHER respects this state of affairs can only be deplored. For whatever manages to travel the road from China to the West—the Chinese, it must be admitted, are less concerned for the fate of the traffic in the opposite direction—is inevitably misunderstanding of a greater or lesser degree of completeness. Yet perhaps there is another possible solution. Intermarriage. Not in the sense of "if you can't beat them, join them," of course, but in a truer spirit of partnership. And it happens that the authors of both of these recent books are Europeans with Chinese wives. Otherwise they have little in common, since Dennis Bloodworth is English and an *Observer* correspondent, while Wolfgang Franke is German and a University Professor of Chinese. Both pay seemly tribute to their wives. Mrs. Bloodworth—"Apprehensive Ice" by name, but quite obviously neither one nor the other by nature—features more vividly in her husband's book. She confirms that Westerners do indeed smell strong to the Chinese, but she is kind enough to allow that her husband smells no worse than a dog—a particular Alsatian to which she is attached. (With a twinge of uneasiness one recalls that park in Shanghai which as late as the 1920s was for-

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bidden to "DOGS AND CHINESE." But surely no Englishman was responsible for barring the dogs?) Professor Franke does not reveal his wife's views on this matter. But then, he is a scholar. What he says about the activities of foreign powers in China during the second half of the 19th century accounts, however, for the way the West as a whole stinks in Chinese nostrils.

Relations between China and the West went wrong from the start—or, for we must allow Marco Polo and the Italian Jesuit, Matteo Ricci, to have been successes in their different modes, almost from the start. And unhappily they went wrong entirely in China. The situation is neatly epitomised in Professor Franke's reference to the Jardine Matheson ship, sailing north of Amoy in 1843, with a well-known missionary (of whom more is told in Arthur Waley's *The Opium War Through Chinese Eyes*) on board as interpreter.

> From one side of the ship, Dr. Gützlaff distributed Christian tracts to the Chinese, while opium was unloaded from the other side.

Western governments were of considerable assistance to missionaries in China in procuring special privileges for them, and in return the missionaries were of considerable use to Western governments by getting themselves killed from time to time and thus providing those governments with a pretext for further aggression within China. Professor Franke's short and cool section on the behaviour in China of Western governments and their citizens—including the Japanese, who were already featuring as honorary whites—is sufficiently hair-raising. More piquantly, Mr. Bloodworth quotes his wife:

> We Chinese say about trade in those days: Chinese send tea to England to make you into gentlemen; England send opium to China to make us into slaves.

In fact the primary object of the opium trade was to finance the Indian Empire: the white man's burden was already weighing heavily, and the advantage of China was that there you could reap without the expense of sowing.

Given the contemptuousness of the foreigners and the arrogance of the Chinese (who regarded Westerners as barbarians by definition, and had the deplorable pleasure of seeing their views amply confirmed), given the short memory of the West and the long memory of the East, it is not surprising that today things should be as they are. As Mr. Bloodworth, speaking in a larger context, puts it—to know what the face was like is to understand the face-lift.

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DIFFERENT THOUGH THEY ARE in style and procedure, Professor Franke and Mr. Bloodworth occasionally coincide. In suggesting that many Chinese converts became Christians out of admiration for a particular missionary, Professor Franke remarks that "the Chinese often tend to regard one's personality as being of greater importance than the view one represents." Here he is near to Mr. Bloodworth, who stresses the Chinese preference for what is to be read between the lines, for intuitive perception over rational analysis. It must be granted, though, that the Chinese show a pronounced taste for ideological encapsulations, for the aphoristic epiphany, the politico-ethical "poem." How seriously they take these encapsulations is another matter, and difficult to be sure about. The well-expressed utterances of Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore, on the theme of "the rugged society" have had an immense success among people who appear to have little relish for ruggedness itself or the means whereby it is attained.

China and the West is a spare, pithy and tight-lipped monograph. Mr. Bloodworth's canvas is larger, his colours are much brighter, and he puns with a cheery persistence—"the tael wags the dog," "a land fit for Neros"—which might sorely discompose the Professor and Director of the Institute of Chinese Language and Culture in the University of Hamburg. His subject is national character, and given the size of the nation and the length of its history, it is no wonder that he ends with a series of paradoxes. The Chinese will put up with almost anything, and they will rise and fight to the death. They will haggle for hours over a penny, and gamble away a pound in a second. They are great "joiners" (family, guild, clan, locality, race), and they are notable individualists, instinctively preferring boxing to football. They are strong conservatives (the earth revolves around China), and ingenious innovators (they invented the compass). They are born extremists—and extremely moderate. *Chinese Looking Glass* is packed with telling stories drawn from ancient documents and modern newspapers, from art and from life, and it is only natural that they should tell many diverse tales. These anecdotes are like proverbs —contradictory and yet all true. However "colourful" or "strange" or horrific, everything related here is comprehensible. "If you prick us. . . ." Nothing here is truly incredible. If any part of it seems so to the Western reader, then it is because he is the anomaly—a person without superstitions or beliefs or reasons for staying alive.

My only objection is to Mr. Bloodworth's unkind-seeming remark that he has not been writing about westernised Chinese and that "there is no point in explaining westernised Chinese to the West: someone should write a book that explains them, rather, to the Chinese." In the course of his book, for instance in describing the Chinese behaviour of a boy adopted by a foreign family as a baby, he appears to contradict himself, and it is only poetic justice that some of the more expert of his reviewers should have charged him with being unduly influenced by the Overseas Chinese (particularly those of Singapore, where he lives), who are unrepresentative both in being "expatriate" and in deriving mainly from the same two or three provinces of China. Though totally unqualified to adjudicate here, I suspect that this charge is much less weighty than it appears. However various "Chineseness" may be, and in whatever setting it finds itself, it is not all that easily rubbed off.

One other complaint—if it is a complaint—might be that, far from the *amuse-gueule* which the author calls it, this book resembles a Chinese feast: everything is tasty or nourishing or both, but there is a little too much of it, one is regretfully replete before the end is reached. It would be good to know that some Chinese writer was serving up a comparable Western banquet for Chinese readers! While plainly Mr. Bloodworth is fascinated and to some extent captivated by his subject, he will not satisfy those who patronise the Chinese most inaptly by making out that, unlike other races, they possess no faults and commit no errors or crimes. Nor of course will he please that other section, who consider the Chinese a set of deceivers, hypocrites, torturers, murderers—and now, to cap it all, Communists. But for anyone genuinely interested in things Chinese at practically any level, *Chinese Looking Glass* is a handy compendium of *loci classici*, a splendid book for looting in the future.

While neither is a propagandist, both Mr. Bloodworth and Professor Franke are explicitly pleading for a better understanding between China and the West. This is hardly a novel desideratum, and lots of people will say that it is impossible of achievement—but many of these, I would guess, really believe that it is not necessary. Wrong in the latter assumption, they may be wrong in the former too. We must hope so.

D. J. Enright

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Voznesensky, Elizabeth Bishop, Thom Gunn

Recent Poetry — By RONALD HAYMAN

VOZNESENSKY'S "Oza" must be one of the most important long poems to be written in any language during the '60s. Herbert Marshall's selection of his verse gave only a short excerpt but now the whole sequence can be found in a bargain paperback selection translated by W. H. Auden, Richard Wilbur, William Jay Smith, Stanley Kunitz and others.[1]

Like Yevtushenko, Voznesensky seems to be writing too fast, spurred on perhaps by the thought of the large hungry audiences at his public readings, but unlike Yevtushenko's, the poems on the page nearly always manage to suggest the firm tones of an individual voice, even in translation. He is liable to be sentimental about girls weeping in telephone boxes or about women having to live without men and his moralising often seems facile, but he largely redeems himself by the speed of his gear-changes and the rich mixture of scenes and images. Technically he is very canny, swathing rough subject matter in smooth prosody (as in "Ballad of a Skull") and using his almost metaphysical wit to make the dreariest of objects into springboards for his energetic imagination.

Several of the earlier poems prefigure the ambiguities of "Oza" and use the same bantering tone to talk about confusion and catastrophe. In "Foggy Street," objects, identities and even centuries get nightmarishly muddled up.

> *Your hat-check, sir?*
> *Musn't walk off with the wrong head, you know.*

In "Striptease," the dancer takes her clothes off

> *As one would slowly peel an orange*

and the description of the jazz and the drunks watching makes it sound as though everything is disintegrating.

In "Oza," the poet isn't even sure of the name of the girl he loves. Is she Oza or Zoya? In Russian the two names are anagrammatic and Zoya is derived from the Greek *Zoe* (=life). Her identity is also threatened by the cyclotron, a machine the scientists have invented to take people apart and rearrange the pieces.

> They came out transformed. One had an ear screwed to his forehead, with a hole in the middle, like a doctor's mirror. "Lucky devil," people consoled him, "very convenient for keyholes: you can look and hear at the same time."

But ambivalent as he is about scientific progress, Voznesensky is unreservedly hostile to "that foolish cosmic egoist, that drill-sergeant Goethe," who said, "Stop moment, you are beautiful."

> *Why hobble life, as a horsethief will*
> *A horse: our lives are mutually*
> *Interactive, but immortality*
> *Is halted motion: a film-still.*

The verse in "Oza" keeps getting interrupted by passages of prose which combine scathing—and very brave—satire with surreal comedy.

> The speaker stuck his chest out. But his head, like a celluloid doll's, was back to front. "Forward to the Art of the Future!" Everybody agreed with him. But which way was forward?
>
> An arrow (pointing perhaps to the toilet or else to the Art of the Future) was sloping upwards like a minute hand at ten to three. People continued to walk along purposefully, Indian file, in the direction indicated, as though they were climbing an invisible stairway.

The prose is every bit as concentrated as the verse. Another passage plays a clever game with time as the two lovers, walking towards each other on a beach as if towards their mirror images, come to personify the past and the future.

> For you the past is something still to come about and subject to change. "Napoleon," I say, for instance, "won the battle of Austerlitz," and you reply: "We shall see."
>
> ... I try to shield you from the past with my body so that you will never see Majdanek and the Inquisition.

[1] *Antiworlds. Poems by Andrei Voznesensky.* Oxford Paperbacks, 7s. 6d.

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He plays a similar game with space in the next section—a scene set in Moscow's Hotel Berlin, which has a mirror on the ceiling. The guests seem to be hanging from it and the toastmaster swings like a pendulum. Asking himself what this reality is, that it reflects, the poet (who is invisible) gives himself away by eating a sandwich (which isn't).

When he finally tries to put everything—including the poem and himself—into perspective, Voznesensky sounds a bit like one of Chekhov's characters speculating about what the world will be like without them and what difference, if any, their lives will have made. But, saying goodbye to Zoya-Oza-Life, the predominant feeling is positive because it was so well worth while knowing her, even if the struggle to keep her was bound to end in defeat.

A GOOD NEW ANTHOLOGY of modern Russian verse[2] provides some useful views of the background against which Voznesensky has been writing and, alongside the Pasternak influence, he appears to have been affected by Mayakovsky, Blok and Khlebnikov, while his "Ballad of a Skull" may owe something to Voloshin's "The Head of Madame de Lamballe."

The anthology is badly needed. Apart from Pasternak, Yevtushenko has been the only poet to get much individual attention from the translators. Three new books of his verse have now come out[3] but he looks very flimsy in comparison with Voznesensky, or with Annensky, Blok, Kuzmin, Mandelstamm, Khlebnikov, Voloshin, Esenin or Vinokurov—to mention only those who come over reasonably well in Merrill Sparks' translations. Balmont, Bryusov, Hippius, Sologub, Akhmatova and Khodasevich do not, but this may well be because of Mr. Sparks' weakness for self-consciously "poetic" effects and soporifically regular rhythms. The editors' intention was "to reproduce the metrics, diction and syntax of the original poem whenever humanly possible." But it's not at all easy to write English equivalents of Russian metres, which are predominantly trochaic and dactyllic, and the translation of Annensky's "Black Spring," for instance, is much weaker than Robert Lowell's "imitation" of it, which departs from the metre, lengthening the line and dispensing with rhyme altogether.

With blare of brass a funeral
Procession slowly walks . . .
A wax-like nose sticks gruesomely
Up from the coffin-box.

Did he only want some more air . . .
Inside his empty chest?
The latest snow was dingy white;
The crumbed road rough—at best.

(SPARKS)

A half-holiday for the burial. Of course they punish
the provincial copper bells for hours;
terribly the nose tilts up like a tallow candle
from the coffin. Does it wish to draw breath
from its torso in a mourning suit? The last snow
fell sombrely—white, then the roads were bread-crumbed with pebbles.

(LOWELL)

But the freer the verse in the Russian originals and the less they depend on rhyme, the better the translations succeed. It's a pity that Vladimir Markov, the compiler, did not have more than one poet working with him from his literal translations and prosodic models. The general level of translation is inevitably lower than in the Voznesensky selection and though I doubt whether any translation could make me agree with Mr. Markov that Mandelstamm can be mentioned in the same breath as Rilke and T. S. Eliot or that Ivanov belongs to the company of Dante and Goethe, they are certainly well worth reading. Blok leaps easily over the language barrier with a lyricism that depends not just on melody but on moods created by the movement from image to image, and I enjoyed Kuzmin's stylish celebrations of sexuality. Mayakovsky comes over surprisingly well, but

[2] *Modern Russian Poetry.* Edited by Vladimir Markov and Merrill Sparks. MacGibbon and Kee, £5 5s.

[3] *The Bratsk Station and other poems.* By Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Translated by Tina Tupikina-Glaessner, Geoffrey Dutton and Igor Mezhakoff-Koriakin. Rupert Hart-Davis, 36s. *Yevtushenko Poems.* Translation by Herbert Marshall. Pergamon, 35s. *The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko.* Selected, edited and translated by George Reavey. Calder and Boyars. Hardback 42s., paperback 17s. 6d.

CHIRIMO

A thrice yearly Review of International & Rhodesian (Shona, Ndebele, English) Poetry. First issue out mid-June 1968. Contributions invited. Payment=£Rhod.1.1s. per poem, plus free copy CHIRIMO, made on publication. Poems published in all languages with English translations. Subscriptions welcomed: $US 2.91 per annum; $1 for single issue. U.K. Stockists: Better Books Ltd., 92-94 Charing Cross Road, London W.C.2. The Editors: P.O. Box A 294, Avondale, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

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the biggest surprise for me was Voloshin, who faces up to the violence of the Revolution with violent rushes of impasto images, brutally objective, like Babel.

Along the roads in winter the cadavers
(People and horses) lay. And packs of dogs
Were eating at their bellies, tearing flesh.
The east wind howled within the shattered windows,
And down below the sill machine-guns rattled,
Whistling like a whip on flesh of naked
Male and female bodies. The spring came
Hungry and sick and sinister.

THERE'S NO COMPARISON between this and Elizabeth Bishop's quiet, loving observations of intricate landscapes.[1] Her poems often resemble short stories both in the way that she weds action to visual detail, and in the way she makes characters emerge clearly from very few details. She creates people out of scraps of their conversation, pointing it affectionately and ironically with her rhythms.

I say, "Le Roy, just how much are we owing?
Something I can't comprehend,
the more we get the more we spend. . . ."
He only anwers, "Let's get going."
Le Roy, you're earning too much money now.

These forty-four poems show how much she has developed in the twenty-five years they cover. The lines tend to get shorter as she becomes more economical with her adjectives and in "At the Fishhouses" she starts moving out from the immediate experience—an encounter with an old fisherman—to more general questions. A comparison of the sea with knowledge, which sounds trite enough, becomes interesting in her hands.

It is like what we imagine knowledge to be:
dark, salt, clear, moving, utterly free,
drawn from the cold hard mouth
of the world, derived from the rocky breasts
forever, flowing and drawn, and since
our knowledge is historical, flowing and flown.

In the later poems, her canvases get bigger and the interrelationships between characters and their physical environments subtler. In the Mexican poems, the sound is no more resonant than before, but the meaning is. Her analyses go deeper and she comes more to evaluate experiences at the moment of describing them, sometimes, as in "Questions of Travel" by the simple expedient of asking what she'd have missed if she hadn't had them.

[1] *Selected Poems.* By ELIZABETH BISHOP. Chatto & Windus, 21s.

GEORGE BALL

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A Background Book

BODLEY HEAD

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THERE IS ALSO a great deal of landscape painting in Thom Gunn's new collection,[5] but it succumbs to a disappointingly muddy impressionism with only occasional flashes of vividness. *Touch* represents an advance on *My Sad Captains* but he is still failing to crystallise his subject matter into anything like the hard clarity he achieved in *Fighting Terms* (1954) and *A Sense of Movement* (1957). His rhythms and verse forms are looser than ever before but instead of leading to new subtleties, the new freedom only leads to new vagueness. Comparing the title poem in *Touch* with the early "Carnal Knowledge"—they are both about lovers in bed together—we find that the short lines in "Touch" produce stresses which don't help at all, whereas the muscular iambics did a lot towards defining the attitude—vigorously anti-romantic and wry.

You turn and
hold me tightly, do
you know who
I am or am I
your mother or
the nearest human being to
hold on to in a
dreamed pogrom.
(TOUCH)

Even in bed I pose: desire may grow
More circumstantial and less circumspect
Each night, but an acute girl would suspect
That my self is not like my body, bare.
I wonder if you know or knowing care?
You know I know you know I know you know.
(CARNAL KNOWLEDGE)

The old toughness was more likeable than the new tenderness. Sometimes, like Empson's, his lines used to get clotted and elliptical, but now he strings out too many words over too many lines. If the early poems seemed to have been worked over almost too thoroughly, many of these read like early drafts.

Some of his best effects have been accomplished by taking an image or situation and swinging rapidly between the particular and the general to make it paradigmatic of the human condition. He did this with his boys on motorbikes, his mod seducers and with the old women praying in the dark in Santa Maria del Popolo. Sometimes these effects depended too much on simplification to be ultimately satisfying but at least they left marks on the mind as nothing does in the new collection except "Confessions of the Life Artist," which makes its impact in a new way—using a persona and putting the whole poem in inverted commas, but coming close towards dispensing with story or situation in order to talk to us directly. This obviates the problem of focus which bedevils the long sequence "Misanthropos": it hovers uncertainly between the God's-eye view of the character and the character's view of himself. But perhaps Thom Gunn will now cultivate the direct approach and find his way back to his old incisiveness.

David Holbrook's *Object Relations*[6] is a pleasing collection of unaffected poems which read rather like excerpts from a diary in verse. But the lines grow robustly on a strong metrical trellis which helps to give public meaning to the private experience.

At twenty-four, Alan Bold[7] is sometimes naïvely didactic but he has a great deal to say, a wide range and a power which bid fair to win him a growing audience.

[5] *Touch*. By THOM GUNN. Faber and Faber, 15s.
[6] *Object Relations*. By DAVID HOLBROOK. Methuen, 21s.
[7] *To Find the New*. By ALAN BOLD. Chatto & Windus with the Hogarth Press, 18s.

On from Murdoch

The Game. By A. S. BYATT. *Chatto and Windus*, 25s.

A FEMALE WRITER whose books are novels of sensibility reaching toward metaphysics and abstraction, and who has written a (very good) study of Iris Murdoch, is bound to come in for an obvious comparison; and in fact to set Mrs. Byatt and Miss Murdoch side by side is a profitable way of raising a question of real interest, the fortunes of the novel of sensibility in our time. This kind of novel is usually the preserve of women novelists, and it has had a curious career in this century. The primary enclave of this kind of writing was surely Bloomsbury and the threads that led out of it in the direction of Anglo-Catholicism, Oxford and Cambridge, and of the whole case for personal relations, sensitivity and the realm of spirit that Forster looked for beyond King's Cross station.

The novelist who perhaps dominates our sense of the twentieth-century possibilities of this kind of novel is Virginia Woolf; though her reputation has always been a curious one, since she has probably held her status with critics more because of her avant-gardism than because of her sensitivity and her rather obvious Paterian inheritance. In fact it would seem true to say that her sensitivity as such, her faith in the

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domestic emotions of women as a kind of ultimate impressionism, is not a highly prized virtue these days. We see ourselves as living in an unrepressed age, but there are clearly whole bodies of emotion that we have repressed, for reasons as much to do with the history of class as the history of feeling; and so a number of novelists who had many of Virgina Woolf's qualities but not her technique—writers like Elizabeth Bowen, Rose Macaulay, or Antonia White—seem to have dropped from public attention in a rather disconcerting way. The newer women novelists who do seem to catch something we value are tougher performers—Muriel Spark, Edna O'Brien, Brigid Brophy. Iris Murdoch herself is clearly among these. Her décor may be the novel of sensibility; the world of upper-middle-class personal relationships, very much Bloomsbury-flavoured, into which she puts *A Severed Head*, or the nineteenth-century governess-romance world that she uses for *The Unicorn*, for instance. But her commanding distance and irony, her way of cutting away sensitive or sexual emotions from their personal and social meanings and giving them anthropological ones, the *bravura* of her fantasy and surrealism, all these put the ostensible matter at a distance and bring the species of selfhood and feeling with which she deals face to face with contemporary philosophical necessities.

Mrs. Byatt's *The Game*, her second novel and a deep and able book, is the sensibility romance in its more traditional guise. It not only uses but is deeply sympathetic to those sensitive personal relations, those desires for romantic redemption and for the connection of the prose and the passion, which have been part of its modern stock. The domestic-familial is the root experience, the gropings of the female spirit in adolescence the essential source of character, the search for right faith with right feeling the main line of attack. The day-to-day is there, but must be transcended. The freedom the characters seek is the freedom of imagination, but an imagination still in touch with reality; the moral risks are too much passion or too much prose.

> "We want [says one character] the watching creature to be given over, we want—as much as we fear—pure feeling, complete feeling. I suppose it's a myth, this complete experience. But you and I suffer from it."

The fictional locale for this is indeed romance, and its intellectual locale is English romanticism—here, almost specifically, the inheritance of Wordsworth and Coleridge through the Brontës. The characters are all drawn as, so to speak, Artists in Nature, hunting for redemptive excess. So, like the novels of Iris Murdoch, the book operates between the real and the abstract, and

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does so in the interests of creating a structure of meaning beyond that afforded directly by day-to-day reality. But it does so without a unifying surreal, a fully imagined transcendence—instead, all the characters make gestures toward it, as does the novelist herself, by creating a muted figurativeness that gives a supra-structure to the real. Everything is done, much more than with Iris Murdoch, within the compass of sensitivity and sensibility; at the same time these passions themselves are minutely analysed for motive, the book being textured for moral evaluation and ending on a moral crime.

THE TWO CENTRAL CHARACTERS are Cassandra and Julia, sisters and competitors, who have grown up in an isolated Quaker household in Northumberland and fed their young imaginations with the game of the title—a shared romantic mythology that is very exactly compared with the Brontëan childhood legends of Angria and Zamorna. For the three Brontë sisters their subsequent creative lives were a controlling and domesticating of these myths; and it is that sort of action that forms the basis of Mrs. Byatt's novel. Cassandra and Julia work through the comparative claims of nature and art, reality and the imagination, life as lived and life as created, the world of pure objects and the world of vision, by taking separate but interconnecting paths. Cassandra becomes a don at Oxford, a mediaevalist, a modernised Dorothy Sayers character, held in the world of imagination until the ducal figure of her earlier life, a young man who is now a television naturalist, returns to draw her back. Julia, married, outgoing, writes domestic novels until, in a whirl of destructiveness, she is drawn toward closer contact with Cassandra and copes with this by writing about it in a new kind of novel.

Mrs. Byatt covers this complex material with a muted figurativeness, holding closely on to the relationships involved to draw out and illustrate motives and passions with a clear exactness. For her creativity is a species of living, and the way in which individuals compose themselves to meet the situations that demand or test this creativity is of the essence. The characters are thus under perpetual pressure and in perpetual growth, and if at times the literariness of the novel makes it lumpish, she is also capable of real and intense achievement of these scenes. In particular, the enormity of Julia's moral clumsiness within this world takes on a remarkable force.

And yet, without wanting to enforce with too much hardness the test of history, there is a curious way in which this kind of latter-day romanticism seems to serve lost passions, lost species of romantic conduct. There seems, throughout, a mild dissonance between what is called up from the familiar world, the television nature series and the television arts programme, the world of book-publishing and of OXFAM, and the spiritual lives of the characters. That, of course, is part of the point, and in one sense the triumph of Julia is the triumph of this world. Yet the senior common room world of Oxford, and even the world of the television studio, enforce all sorts of sentiments, emotions, and life-styles that the book can't be allowed to reach into; it touches even the day-to-day with an unwonted unreality, which is far from being what is meant. Even so, the book remains a *tour de force*, and the impressive exactness of its detailing of sensibility shows a remarkable resource in a young novelist.

Malcolm Bradbury

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

One Hundred Days

from Moscow to the Moldau

A Reporter's Notebook

Moscow in January

THE TRIAL has begun. It is bitter cold, and before the week is out it will sink 15° below zero Fahrenheit. We must arrive at the court-house before 9.30 a.m., because that is when the defendants' families come. After 5 p.m., we stand outside on the frozen pavement, waiting for their departure—sometimes till 6, usually till 7, the last night till 9.

They have become familiar figures. The most familiar is wizened little Ludmilla Ginsburg, a grey-haired retired economist, whose son Alex, 31, compiled the "White Book" on the trial of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel two years ago. Some of us have met Mrs. Ginsburg in her delapidated room on the ground floor of a pre-revolutionary town house. It recalled scenes from *Poor Folk* and *The Lower Depths*—except for the paintings, from floor to ceiling, by some of Russia's greatest modern, mostly unrecognised masters. ("My friends," she said.)

At her flat, we have also met the tall, pale, fair-haired beauty with her classic Slavic face, like some daughter of Rurik, with her broken ankle in a plaster cast. She is Olga Timofeyeva, whose husband, Yuri Galanskov, 28, once published an underground magazine called *Phoenix 61*, later staged a personal demonstration outside the U.S. Embassy to protest at American intervention in the Dominican Republic, and is now on trial for publishing another magazine, *Phoenix 66*, which proclaimed "a battle for democracy in Russia."

The first two days of the trial, one can talk briefly with Olga Galanskova as her friends help her in and out of taxis or lift her over the icy court-house steps. Then the plainclothes men and the *druzhinniki* move in to break up any conversation. So we must seek the "friends," and they are not hard to find—outside morning and night, inside during the five long days.

"Inside" is not the courtroom itself; there, only special people (including seven relatives in all) are admitted by special pass. "Inside" for us, and the friends, is a tawdry-looking corridor at the other end of the court-house from, and a floor below, the room in which Ginsburg, Galanskov, Alexei Dobrovolsky and the typist Vera Lashkova are being tried. Our waiting room is blocked off by uniformed militia, and filled with alert young eavesdroppers who identify themselves as *druzhinniki* or Komsomol volunteers but whom we choose to call "candidate members of the KGB." The first day, they remove the corridor's feeble light-bulbs and put in stronger wattage, so they can photograph everyone. Some of us photograph some of them in return. They laugh.

IT IS A STRANGE assembly: Western journalists, Russian heretics, and the young toughs. Alien to one another at first, after the shared experience of five days' waiting we acquire a peculiar intimacy—so that by mid-week the *druzhinniki* ask to identify reporters who have been quoted by the Voice of America, and by the end of the week they wish to know what is being said in the various petitions from Moscow intellectuals denouncing the trial. ("Why do they say it isn't fair?" "How do they know that?")

The friends of the defendants are mostly nameless, of both sexes and various ages, united only by a certain solidarity which is somehow visible and tangible. But not all are nameless. There is the vivid, bright-eyed man with the well-trimmed black beard who insists on speaking French even to those who know Russian. This is Alexander Yessenin-Volpin, mathematician and poet, son of the great poet Sergei Yessenin (suicide, 1925), clapped into mental homes under Khrushchev but in these days eminently lucid and civilised. In the fatigue jacket, with a bristly, unshaven "Cuban" beard, there is Pavel Yakir, son of the Red Army hero and general executed by Stalin in 1937, himself then sent (aged 14) to seventeen years at forced labour. The ramrod-straight, balding man with the cane is Petr Grigorenko, former Soviet Army major-general, veteran of the Civil War

ANATOLE SHUB, *a frequent contributor, has been reporting from Central and Eastern Europe for the past five years. Since May 1967, he has been the Moscow correspondent of the* Washington Post.

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and World War II, professor at the Frunze Military Academy until 1964. At that time, he was stripped of his rank, deprived of his pension and sent to a mental hospital for "anti-Soviet speeches." Some say his offence was to pester Khrushchev with letters, and his superiors with lectures, charging discrimination against Jewish officers.

The tall, handsome young man in the brown leather, fur-trimmed coat is Pavel Litvinov, 30, grandson of the Old Bolshevik and Foreign Minister. He has already (we learn later) lost his lectureship in physics at the Institute of Precision Chemical Technology, for having published abroad the final defiant plea of his friend Vladimir Bukovsky in a trial last September and the details of his own subsequent interrogation by the KGB. The Litvinov family manifests solidarity throughout: Pavel's aunt Tatyana (daughter of Maxim) is with him when the trial begins. Afterwards her mother and the old Foreign Minister's widow, the famous Ivy Low, declares that she "fully supports" her grandson's protests; that young Alex Ginsburg (whom she had been teaching English before his arrest) is a "wonderful boy"; and that she could not believe he had had any contact with foreign intelligence or espionage organisations.

Finally, on the third day, there came the woman in the blue cloth coat, with the thin silk scarf around her head, who could not restrain her shivering as night fell and whose friends had to press against her to keep her warm. She is quiet, soft-spoken, simple and direct in manner, not at all conventionally handsome; yet through her wan face and deep-set eyes shine qualities of the last century, of the martyr-women of the *Narodnaya Volya*. This is Larissa Daniel, and when a Swedish correspondent asks why she is here, when her husband Yuli is already in a forced-labour camp and she is risking the same, she answers quietly: "I cannot do otherwise."

As for the trial itself, both the scant, tardy official accounts and the detailed recollections of the relatives make it plain it is in an old tradition of Moscow trials. Not the tradition of confessing Old Bolsheviks, doing the Party a last service, but the tradition of unrepentant non-Communists from the Socialist Revolutionaries (1922) to Sinyavsky and Daniel (1966). The KGB, which has festively celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by keeping the defendants in jail nearly a year while entertaining the world with "Comrade Kim" Philby, has linked the young writers with the old bogey of the NTS (*Narodno Trudovoi Soyuz*, or Popular Labour Alliance)—an *émigré* group originally monarchist, later partly drawn into the service of the Third Reich, still later partly financed by the Central Intelligence Agency, but long known to be as accessible to the KGB itself as the American Communist Party is to the FBI.

The plot, as the KGB tell it, is fantastic. There are secret agents "Heinrich" and "Nadya." There are large (by Soviet press standards) sums of money, 2,000 roubles and 300 dollars, and intricate currency speculations. There is a secret duplicating machine and a "Shapirograph" or invisible writing kit. Later, there is the star mystery "witness," Nicholas Brocks Sokolov, a 21-year-old student of Russian extraction, German birth and Venezuelan citizenship, whose arrest by the KGB was publicly announced in December on his arrival in Moscow from the University of Grenoble. He cannot claim ever to have seen any of the defendants, but he has brought with him—in addition to $3,000 and the inevitable Shapirograph —"very incriminating" photographs of "so-called writers" whom the NTS supposedly wishes to defend. A KGB spokesman outside the courthouse tells us there were five photographs: Ginsburg, Galanskov, Dobrovolsky, *Sinyavsky and Daniel*. But when *Izvestia* finally gets around to the case a week later, there are still five photographs, but only three names: in the wave of protests reverberating through the Moscow intellectual community, it is no longer prudent to mention Sinyavsky and Daniel.

The protests started before the trial, with a petition from 31 writers, artists, and scientists (among them: novelist Vassily Aksyonov, poet Bella Akhmadulina and Lenin-Prize mathematician Igor Shafarevich), demanding an open trial and testifying that "all of us who know Alex Ginsburg personally do not doubt his honesty and decency." The petitions and letters continue day after day, through the trial and beyond it, and ultimately involve such respected figures as Konstantin Paustovsky, the 72-year-old poet Pavel Antokolsky (Stalin-Prize winner in 1946), novelists Venyamin Kaverin and Yuri Kazakov, and half-a-dozen Lenin-Prize scientists.

The most important protest, because it sums up what the relatives saw and heard inside the courtroom, is signed by Pavel Litvinov and Larissa Daniel. On the last morning of the trial, they brand it a "witch trial... no better than the celebrated trials of the 1930s which involved us in so much shame and blood that we still have not recovered." They accuse Judge Lev Mironov, Prosecutor Gennady Terekhov, and the hand-picked audience of "a wild mockery, unthinkable in the twentieth century." They charge Mironov with brow-beating the defendants, their attorneys and the witnesses, and

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with permitting only testimony "which fits in with the programme already prepared by the KGB investigation." The audience, they say, was filled with "specially selected people, officials of the KGB, *druzhinniki* . . . [who] make noise, laugh and insult the accused and the witnesses." They report that witnesses were "shoved out of court in a depressed state, almost in hysterics," while in at least one case "the audience howled."

The protests fail to influence the verdict. Miss Lashkova, who admitted typing the manuscripts but considered it no crime, is given a one-year sentence; she has virtually served it already, and is quietly released a fortnight later. Dobrovolsky, who turned state's evidence (all the "incriminating" materials were said to have been found in his rooms), receives two years. Alex Ginsburg is sentenced to five years at hard labour, Yuri Galanskov to seven.

Surprisingly enough, on the last freezing night, more than a hundred strangers join the journalists, friends and watch-dogs awaiting the sentences outside the courthouse. Ordinary Russians, they have heard from Western radio broadcasts where and when sentence was expected. Extra militia arrive to prevent a demonstration. They are powerless to prevent one, for it is silent, spontaneous, and more eloquent than anything ever organised at a Party *agitpunkt*. The prosecutor, judge, and court officials leave the building first; the crowd parts, hushed, to let them pass without a word. The four defence attorneys come out next; quietly, each is presented with red carnations. Then come the relatives, who are embraced and kissed, with some tears but few words. Pavel Litvinov and Alex Daniel, the 16-year-old son of Yuli and Larissa, come up the steps for Olga Galanskova, and lift her high on their shoulders. They carry her—dazed yet radiant—down the steps, across the small courtyard, and across the frozen street into a taxi. The crowd—friends, relatives, journalists, strangers, even some *druzhinniki*—follows mutely, step by step. It is, somehow, a triumphal procession.

Moscow, 16 January

NEW POEMS by Yevtushenko, in *Znamya*, from an American cycle. There is a poem curiously titled "Smog" (the name of an underground literary group dispersed two years ago), in which American writers are made to say:

Darkness is descending,
Darkness!
This is the smell of outer hell.
There is no excuse for those
Who can breathe in this stench!
In a world of moral vacuum,
In a world of fog and chaos,
The only halfway decent person
Is he who suffocates.

. . . There will be still more burnings at the stake
By Inquisitions. Smog
Is the smoke of stakes to come.

There is also, from this clever Siberian poet, the monologue of an Alaskan fox:

. . . He who was born in a cage, misses the cage.
With horror I understood that I love
The cage that hides me behind net
And the animal farm—my motherland. . . .

True, on the animal farm, there've been changes.
Before, they simply strangled us in sacks.
Now they kill us by modern means—
By electricity! It's clean, at least! . . .

I'd like to be as naïve as my ancestor,[1]
But I was born in captivity. I'm not like him.
He who feeds me will betray me.
He who strokes me will kill me.

Moscow, 6 February

THE DECEMBER ISSUE of *Novy Mir* finally appears—without the first instalment of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's novel *The Cancer Ward*. In the small type on the last page, we learn that the contents of the issue were sent to the compositors on 1 November and that the final proofs were bound over to the printer by the editor, Alexander Tvardovsky, on 29 December. This appears to confirm the story told earlier by friends that the novel was accepted in October, that Solzhenitsyn received and approved galley proofs during November, but that "they" forced Tvardovsky to drop the novel in mid-December. Everyone knows the manuscript reached the West long ago; now it is sure to be published there. A new "affair" in the making—this time with a world figure who is utterly fearless.

Leningrad in February

"YES, THERE have been trials here, mostly instructors and students at the University. First they tried the leaders, four of them; now they are going to try the followers. There is something about Berdyayev, also something

[1] Yevtushenko's family was originally deported to Siberia under the Tsars. One grandfather was a mathematician; another, a peasant, became a revolutionary general; both were killed in Stalin's purges.

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about 'armed uprising'—apparently one of them had some old Civil War rifles at home. All we know is the final plea of the chief defendant. He said he had sat in the same prison cell, and been prosecuted on the same charge, as Lenin nearly seventy years ago. He wanted to point out only that this court had given him twice as long a sentence as the Tsarist court had given Lenin—he had nothing else to say. . . ."

Almost too neat to be true. Impossible to confirm or deny.

Budapest, 26 February

ON THE SITE of an old Roman bath, the Gellert Hotel, still famous for its thermal swimming pool, has been cleared of West German businessmen, Austrian tourists, and local *demi-mondaines*. At the doorways, discreet blue-suited plainclothes men bar the way to strangers. Outside the massive, grey *art nouveau* structure, there waits a fleet of black Mercedes and Chaikas. It is, at long last, the "international consultative meeting of Communist and workers' parties."

In the city itself, there are no flags, banners or slogans. The theatres are playing *Hello, Dolly* and *My Fair Lady*; dancers are swaying to the *Doctor Zhivago* theme; strip-teasers grind away to the tune of *Oh, Susanna*. While only a few of us wander near the Gellert, thousands of Budapesters try (hundreds successfully) to crash a one-night stand by Ella Fitzgerald.

The consultative meeting, originally billed as a "free exchange of views," takes place in the main dining-room of the Gellert. It is attended by some 200 Marxist-Leninist theoreticians, representing Communist parties from 66 countries.[2] The absentees include the world's largest Communist party (China), the most militant (Cuba), most embattled (North Viet Nam), most original (Yugoslavia) and, indeed, most of the parties of Asia. The participants include, on the other hand, mini-sects from Northern Ireland, Guadeloupe, Luxembourg, Martinique, Reunion, El Salvador and San Marino; and the futile American, British and West German parties were considered "major" enough to be included in the select preparatory commission. Anyone who knows "the movement" understands that the Soviets can automatically deliver a minimum of fifty "parties" for almost anything—including, should they so choose, the beatification of Trotsky and an invitation to Lyndon Johnson to join the proceedings. But, with the Chinese, Cubans and Yugoslavs unimpressed by "arithmetical majorities," the path to unity seems obscure indeed.

A Yugoslav commentator sums up the situation succinctly:

> What is this world Communist movement they are all talking about? There is no such thing. There are just a lot of different parties calling themselves Communist. There are the parties in power, some of them by consent, some by force. There are a few parties out of power which really amount to something, which have members and voters. And then, by the dozens, there are parties with a name and address but no members and no prospects. . . .
>
> It is ridiculous to talk about a unified world movement when what you have is a state of anarchy in which everybody does as he pleases. As to this meeting, it is like a great big salad into which numerous vegetables are tossed. First the Soviet party line, then the Rumanian line, the Italian line and Lord knows what else. By the time you've eaten the salad, how do you know where the Marxism was? . . .

IN FACT, THE REAL DRAMA of the meeting is to lie among a very few parties—with the Soviets (in so far as the contradictory signals of the autumn and winter could be perceived by resident Kremlinologists) apparently having long hesitated among two groups. On the one side, there were the East Germans (led to Budapest by Ulbricht's grim heir apparent, Erich Honecker) and the Poles (led by Zenon Kliszko, Gomulka's *fidus Achates*), demanding merciless struggle against West German "revanchism" and Israeli-Zionist "aggression." On the other side, principally, were the Rumanians—with the Italians paying them frequent lip-service, and the Czechs and Hungarians wishing them well. What these parties wanted was to talk to Willy Brandt, to stay out of the Israeli-Arab quarrel, and—above all—to win Moscow's acceptance of the polycentric character of the "movement." No more calls for "unity," no new "general line," no new Comintern or Cominform.

The Rumanians, who decided to come to Budapest at the last moment, claim later that they received express verbal and written assurances that their various conditions would be met: free exchange of views, no prepared programmatic document, no advance commitment

[2] The Budapest "head-count" was confused because some parties arrived late; one left early; the Algerian Communists did not represent an organised party (they were merged into the Ben Bella-Boumedienne national front); one "underground" party was never identified; and—in addition to the 65, 66 or 67 delegations which participated at various moments—the Norwegian and Icelandic parties sent "observers." At a second Budapest meeting in April, "new parties" were admitted from Lesotho, Puerto Rico and West Berlin.

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to a world conference, no criticism of the Chinese or other parties absent or present. The Italians, too, seem under the impression at the start (their memory falters later) that these conditions will be observed—especially since most of them were first formulated by Luigi Longo.

However, any ambiguity about the Soviet position is quickly dispelled. First, Mikhail Suslov arrives as head of the Soviet delegation, unaccompanied by anyone else of Politburo rank (there had been talk of the more pragmatic Andrei Kirilenko coming, too). Suslov, apart from his legendary admiration for East Germany, was not only a principal draftsman of the 1960 Moscow Declaration (condemning "revisionism" as the main danger) but editor of *Pravda* during the Cominform campaign against Yugoslavia.

Second, there has been some fancy editorial work on an article by Hungarian ideologist Zoltan Komocsin which appears simultaneously, though not identically, in *Nepszabadsag* and *Pravda*. The differences between the two versions are striking. Thus, the Hungarian version said at one point: "We must have time to consider and to discuss all outstanding questions of common interest." At the same point, *Pravda* had Komocsin saying: "We cannot wait; we must act." *Nepszabadsag* dismisses the 1960 Declaration as outdated, *Pravda* reaffirms it. And so on—all under the same byline. It is clear there will be trouble.

Budapest, 27 February

AFTER A FUTILE EVENING of discussion about publicity,[3] the general debate begins. The second speaker, from South Africa, proposes a "world" conference in Moscow at the end of 1968. The third speaker, from Ecuador, proposes the formation of a semi-permanent organisational committee to prepare the big meeting. The West German KPD says Moscow in November.... By the time Kliszko and Suslov rise to speak, they can afford to sound modest and statesmanlike—although Suslov

[3] The Italians, who at first said they wanted the press and television cameras admitted throughout the sessions, claimed they had won a "victory" when the conference decided that each delegation would, at the end of the day, issue at least a 15–20 line summary of its remarks. Those delegations wishing to publicise their own activities further were free to do so. The summaries customarily reached the press between 2 and 4 a.m. and were fairly useless. But several delegations (including the East Germans) provided full texts. Others held news conferences. And the Rumanians, Italians, and others best unnamed kept everyone more or less informed, sooner or later.

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feels obliged to attack "the Mao Tse-tung group."

A Western bystander seeks analogies in the history of Christianity:

> The Russians want a single Roman Catholic Church, with the Curia in Moscow. The Rumanians are for Orthodoxy, with everyone having his own autocephalous church, and the patriarchs kissing once a year. The Yugoslavs started Protestantism, like Luther; and the Chinese took it all the way, like Calvin. What we're seeing here now is the Counter-Reformation, with Suslov as Ignatius Loyola. Couldn't you just see him painted by El Greco? . . .

Late in the evening, the Rumanian delegate, Paul Niculescu-Mizil, attempts to turn the tide. He is a burly man in his forties, of medium height, with black curly hair like his chief, Nicolae Ceaucescu. His speech may well be the coolest, hardest bit of Communist prose since Mao let a hundred flowers bloom, a hundred schools of thought contend.

Niculescu-Mizil declares straight off that, if efforts towards unity are to be genuine, they must be concentrated "toward the improvement of relations between all Communist and workers' parties without any exception"—that is, including China, Yugoslavia, Cuba, etc. A conference without the absentees "could only impair" the quest for unity and "add new reasons for suspicion."

Sincere efforts at unity, the Rumanian continues, are naturally prepared by prior consultation and mutual agreement.

> But we must express our regret that our Party was not previously consulted about the intention to call a consultative meeting. We first learned of the decision from reports transmitted around the 8th of November by the Moscow correspondents of bourgeois newspapers and press agencies—although during that very period our delegation, like the delegations of other parties, was attending the festivities of the semi-centenial of the October Revolution.[6] Other fraternal parties were in a similar situation.

Niculescu-Mizil goes on to criticise as "discrimination" the failure to invite the Yugoslavs, as well as the invitation of pro-Soviet factions from India and Israel (while excluding pro-Chinese Indians and "defencist" Israelis). He calls the roll of absentees: six of the fourteen ruling parties, and countless others, have refused to come. Any concrete decisions here would confront them with unacceptable *faits accomplis*, and doom any chance of reconciliation.

What, in the Rumanian view, should a world conference do, if it can ever be held? It "should under no circumstances re-enact a conference of the 1960 type which aimed to establish universal solutions and adopt programmatic documents with the character of directives for all Communist and workers' parties." Why not? Because (*cf. Mithridates, King of Pontus; Henry VIII, King of England; de Gaulle, Charles*) "the independent establishment by each party of its domestic and foreign policy, of its tactics and strategy . . . is an inalienable right of each party, an imprescriptable obligation and duty to its own working class, to its own people."

A future conference, the Rumanian emphasises, "should not in any form discuss and criticise the internal or international activity or policy of any fraternal party, present or not present at the conference. . . ." In this connection, Niculescu-Mizil says he must express "regret" that here at Budapest the policies of a fraternal party (China) have already been discussed (by Suslov and others).

Niculescu-Mizil's peroration is familiar to all students of Rumanian independence: "Among the Communist and workers' parties, there cannot be 'superior' parties and 'inferior' parties. No party can or should hold a place apart, a privileged position. No party can or should interfere in the internal affairs of another party." Unity and solidarity "can only be built on the foundation of the parties' independence and sovereignty, of equality and non-interference in the internal affairs of other parties, of the observance of the right of each and every party to decide by itself on its policy and activity."

"Conditions are not ripe at the present time for a world conference," Niculescu-Mizil concludes, for such a conference in the near future "would only illustrate more flagrantly the lack of unity on a world scale."

Many who later, for various reasons, follow Suslov concede privately that the Rumanian analysis cannot be faulted. But it is also somehow reminiscent of Melanchthon before Charles V at Augsburg. For what is at issue is not logic or theology, but power—and the power is to be applied soon enough.

Budapest, 28 February

THE COUNTER-OFFENSIVE begins with *Genosse* Honecker, who declares that imperialism has become "more aggressive and dangerous"—as witness Viet Nam, Israel,

[6] The Rumanian delegation led by Ceaucescu and Prime Minister Ion Gheorge Maurer arrived in Moscow on 1 November and left on 8 November. At meetings, banquets, receptions and parades, they saw the Soviet leaders every day.

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Greece, Cuba, the Pueblo incident in Korea, and especially "the Kiesinger-Strauss government" on the Rhine supported by the likes of Willy Brandt and Herbert Wehner.

The "decisive element" for the Communist movement, says Honecker, is "not the diversity resulting from different conditions" around the world but "a unitary line which emerges from Marxist theory and policy." The Gellert delegates must set a date, place, and agenda for a world conference which must issue a "fundamental document" or "general line" to "make precise the common position of the international working class." This is a "necessity." The basic criterion of "true Marxism-Leninism, of proletarian internationalism" remains a party's attitude "toward the great Soviet Union, toward the Communist Party of the Soviet Union!"

"Mais ça, c'est un peu trop," remarks one Italian in disgust. Nevertheless, the Italians will go along (as they have from the Comintern in 1927 to Karlovy Vary in 1967)—this time because "there must be somebody present at the Moscow meeting to defend peaceful coexistence." The Czechs go along because "We must first clean up the mess at home, and can't afford to open up a second front right now. . . ."

The Soviet steamroller continues to roll, and the delegate of the Iranian *Tudeh* provides a glimpse of its ultimate goal. The preparatory commission for the Moscow conference, he says, should "explore a new system of organisation of the relations between the Communist parties, create an organ which would assure international relations, regular consultations and reciprocal information among the parties." In other words, a Communist international secretariat, or a Communist information bureau.

FINALLY, IT IS the turn of Khaled Bagdash, titular leader of the Syrian party (still illegal though its members sit in the Ba'ath government), a Moscow ward for a generation who endeared himself to the Cominform by passionate denunciations of the "renegade" Tito. The full text of Bagdash's speech is never published, but all sides admit that he did call the Rumanians "destructive" and warned that they were "putting themselves outside" the Communist movement. An early rumour has it that he called the Rumanians "Zionists." But this is indignantly denied by "majority" sources. It is admitted that he (*a*) criticised the Rumanian Foreign Trade Minister's recent visit to Israel, and (*b*) labelled as "Zionist" the "defencist" Israeli Communists led by Samuel Mikunis and Moshe Sneh, recently feted in Bucharest.

Niculescu-Mizil immediately demands the floor. Bagdash must apologise, and the offending remarks must be stricken from the record,

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he says; otherwise the Rumanian delegation leaves the meeting. Bedlam. A long recess. Finally, Bagdash agrees to withdraw his remarks. Niculescu-Mizil "takes note" of the withdrawal. And so to bed—in Budapest. But not in Bucharest.

There (a Rumanian Central Committee communiqué will inform us later) the Rumanian Politburo is furious. It appeals "immediately and directly" (Ceaucescu by telephone?) to the "top leaderships of other Communist parties." Brezhnev and the others are asked, well after midnight, to instruct their delegates, first, to dissociate themselves from the Bagdash attacks, and second, to pledge no further criticism of any fraternal party absent or present.

Budapest, 29 February

NICULESCU-MIZIL states his leaders' demands formally to the Gellert conferees. Two-hour recess; a committee of eight (members still unidentified) is asked to find a solution, and fails to find one. Debate begins on the crisis. The "conciliatory" Finns and Italians agree that Bagdash's remarks were "inopportune" and "erroneous," but think Rumania should let bygones be bygones. The Hungarians, Czechs and French enjoin Niculescu-Mizil not to be so literal: surely individual criticism during an "exchange of views" should be permitted. Suslov and Honecker agree, and urge the meeting to get back to business. Niculescu-Mizil reminds them that, if the demands of his party are not met, he has been instructed to leave. He is, however, prepared for a compromise, to be included in the minutes of the meeting with "a strictly internal character."

The Finnish delegate, a rugged blonde woman in her fifties named Anna-Marie Hyvonen, is asked to negotiate a compromise directly with Niculescu-Mizil. They are closeted together for two hours in a small room off the "consultative" dining hall. The sequence which now ensues is to become the object of bitter dispute, of mutual charges of "dishonesty" and "brazen lying." According to "majority" sources, Mrs. Hyvonen never agrees to anything. According to "conciliatory" sources (the Italians), she agrees subject to the approval of the others. According to the Rumanians, however, she and Niculescu-Mizil do work out a compromise formula word by word and, upon agreeing, get up and leave the small room to announce their joint draft to the delegates in the main dining-room. However (say the Rumanians) "just outside the door, there happen to be standing Suslov, Komocsin, and a few others." Mrs. Hyvonen stops to talk with them. Niculescu-Mizil moves on. As the plenary meeting resumes, he obtains the floor and announces the "Rumanian-Finnish" compromise. But Mrs. Hyvonen interrupts. There is no such thing as a common draft, she says; that is strictly your own, Rumanian resolution; we agreed to only one sentence declaring the incident closed.

One after another, "majority" delegates denounce the Rumanian resolution. Niculescu-Mizil listens, finally obtains the floor, and makes his announcement....

Our Rumanian colleagues arrive at the press centre an hour later: "We are packing our bags. We have been subjected to an intolerable attack. We came here on assurances that there would be a free exchange of views.... [Instead], we were confronted with a prearranged decision."

"Why is it," a young Czech asks wistfully, "that every time the Russians call a meeting to tighten Communist unity, another country leaves the Soviet bloc?"

Belgrade, 3 March

OYSTERS and *calimari* in the restaurants, flowers and fresh vegetables in the markets, Chanel and Old Spice in shop windows, *Vogue* and *Paris Match* on the news-stands, new escalatored underpasses (*Wiener Ring*-style) beneath the Terazije, private artisans, roulette, *discothèque*, hippies, parking problems—in short, "revisionism" in full bloom.

We sit with Milovan Djilas and discuss the Budapest *dénouement*. How exactly, we wonder, did the Bagdash incident occur? Did the Russians put him up to it? Are such "roles" assigned?

"Oh, no," he replies, "there are always plenty of volunteers"—and describes the founding meeting of the Cominform, in the forests of Silesia in September 1947. He and Edvard Kardelj were the Yugoslav delegates.

"We Yugoslavs, you know, were the worst dogmatists at the time. And we were furious with the behaviour of the French and Italian Communists, who were collaborating with the *bourgeoisie* and doing nothing for the world revolution. We told this to the Russians—Zhdanov and Malenkov—and said we wanted to criticise the French and Italian comrades openly at the meeting. 'Oh, yes,' they said, 'that's a good idea. Indeed. Perhaps you [Kardelj] criticise the Italians, and you [Djilas] the French.'

"So we did. And though Kardelj was fairly subtle, polite, dialectic with the Italians, I was absolutely primitive and brutal with the French. It was horrible, but then it suddenly became rather funny. Jacques Duclos was so angry he couldn't reply in Russian, he could only attack

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me in French—a mile a minute, and the Russians couldn't understand him. So Hilary Minc of Poland and I had to translate it. You know how my French and Russian are; Minc was only a little better. So we stumbled and bumbled and Duclos became ever angrier, until finally someone had the sense to call a recess. . . ."

Dessa Trevisan of *The Times*, who is completing a biography of Djilas,[5] wants to know more about his role in the founding of the Cominform. Did Djilas ever disagree with the Russians at that meeting? Only once that he can recall. Zhdanov and Malenkov proposed that the Cominform's new journal be named *For a Lasting Peace, For a People's Democracy!*

"Isn't that a bit too long?" Djilas asked.

Not really, said the Russians; the beauty of it was that, every time the bourgeois press quoted or mentioned the journal, it would be spreading the Cominform slogan.

"It still sounds too long," Djilas said.

"But it is Comrade Stalin's personal suggestion," Zhdanov informed him.

"Ah well, in that case. . . ."

Laughing, twenty years later, Djilas notes: "Of course, the bourgeois press never mentioned that name at all. They just called it the Cominform journal. And so did we, in fact."[6]

Sofia in March

BACK TO THE Pure Faith: sad menus, rigid early closing times, pallid dusty walls, curtainless showers in mini-bathrooms, up-only lifts, discreet little *valuta* shops, Soviet-grade clothing, even the old ankle-length leather coats.

Here, in the Stalinesque Central Committee building opposite the Dmitrov Mausoleum, there will be a meeting of the "Political Consultative Committee" (party chiefs and prime ministers) of the Warsaw Pact. It is the first such summit since the July 1966 conference at the old Royal Palace in Bucharest, which fudged the German problem so neatly that at the final banquet both Ceaucescu (cold sober) and Ulbricht (slightly tipsy) claimed victory.

This time, the subject is non-proliferation of

[5] To be published next fall by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in Britain, and Harcourt, Brace in the United States.

[6] One is reminded of an interview given by Chou En-lai to some Western journalists a few years ago, at which he observed that much time and effort could be saved if "every time I say 'the United States,' you write down 'American imperialism,' and every time I say 'Russia,' you write down 'the modern revisionists.' . . ."

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METHUEN

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atomic weapons. At Geneva, the Russians and Americans are on the verge of announcing their agreement, but the Rumanians want improvements: clearer security guarantees,[7] access to nuclear fuels, steps toward disarmament by the great powers. The Rumanians asked for this meeting in mid-February—before the Budapest "events." Will the ideological quarrel now continue here? Some people apparently want to "escalate." Both Erich Honecker and Zenon Kliszko have flown down from Budapest, although protocol does not require their presence. . . .

We wait at the airport for the Rumanians, mingling in the "Rent-a-Crowd" which is waiting to shout spontaneously *vechna druzhba* (*"eternal friendship"*) to each of the delegations in turn—except the Russians, who came by train. There is speculation about what happened when the train went through Bucharest. It did stop, Ceaucescu boarded it, and that is all we know. Five minutes? Half-an-hour? Two hours? Strictly courtesy—or has business been done?

The Rumanians' *Ilyushin-18* arrives. Ceaucescu steps off first, looking somewhat heavier than last year, and quite determined. Behind him, Prime Minister Maurer, ever dapper, and Foreign Minister Manescu, smiling as usual. Handshakes, national anthems, roses, colour guard inspection, *vechna druzhba*, and off the tarmac we go—to catch up with Maurer, who enjoys sparring with the press. *M. le premier ministre,* do you expect to discuss the Budapest events? *On ne sait pas.* Did you know Honecker and Kliszko would be here? *C'est intéressant, n'est ce pas?* Well, then, what are your thoughts on arrival? *Je regrette seulement ma jeunesse.* Into the Chaika he disappears.

Rumanian press colleagues say they know nothing about the meeting on the train. As for non-proliferation, "that need not be settled here"—it should be discussed further at Geneva and at the U.N. (In that case, who does want to settle it here?)

[7] According to Zenon Kliszko on Polish television: "What is the difference between us and the Rumanians? The fact that the Rumanians suggest a guarantee on the part of nuclear nations toward each non-nuclear nation. We say something else. We say, such guarantees should be given but to countries which not only do not possess their own nuclear weapons but on whose territory no nuclear weapons are stored. Here there is a basic difference between Atlantic Treaty countries such as Germany, where there are quite a lot of nuclear arms, and Denmark or Norway where there are none. . . . Meaning that they and we . . . should receive a guarantee but that the Bonn Government can hardly receive it."

7 March

In Geneva, the Russians and Americans have formally announced agreement, and released the text of the draft. Once again, the Rumanians must confront a *fait accompli*.

Only the racing limousines provide us with the faintest notion of what this "historic" Sofia meeting is up to; the Bulgarians say there will be no news until the final communiqué. At last, there is a long break for a series of separate luncheons, at various protocol levels. One of the lunches—for the foreign ministers—is at our hotel, so we stop watching Chaikas and Zils and watch the doors instead. It turns out a long watch, for the lunch starts nearly two hours late. One by one, they finally arrive: Gromyko, Rapacki. . . .

Only six. No Manescu. Could he have come through a side door? We wait till the banquet ends. An old Warsaw hand asks Rapacki if Manescu was present. "I didn't notice," says the Polish Foreign Minister and author of plans for disengagement.

Later, a Rumanian diplomat tells a Western colleague that Manescu had not been feeling well. Still later, we hear that he had had a dreadful row with the East German deputy Foreign Minister, Gunther Korth.

Well after nightfall, we are told that the conference is over, and that "documents" will appear tomorrow—at least two, perhaps three. On route from the conference to the final banquet, Ceaucescu stops the car and gets out to walk in downtown Sofia. None of the passers-by appears to recognise him. He in turn seems unimpressed by the shop windows.

8 March

The "documents" emerge. First, a guest list. Second, a declaration by the seven (including the Rumanians) in favour of peace and motherhood, and against imperialism and the war in Viet Nam. Non-proliferation? The seven have "exchanged views." . . .

And now there are six. A separate document is issued in which the Russians and their five remaining allies voice "unanimous" approval of the Soviet-American draft on non-proliferation. Rumanians explain that their leaders had refused to sign, and that "our views remain unchanged." Is Rumania still a member of the Warsaw Pact? *"Nous restons les alliés de nos alliés,"* is the smiling response—a quotation from Charles de Gaulle.

Zagreb, 10 March

Campari and whisky sours, *calimari* and *espresso*. Watch out: they're beginning to drive like Italians.

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In the Writers Club at midnight, Croats of various ages are playing cards. "It's just like the old days," says one veteran. "Things are so free now you can even criticise Cardinal Seper."

Talk immediately turns—as it has in Zagreb for half a century—to the Nationalities Problem. "We Croats haven't learned much, have we? We still argue with the Serbs about whether the word for comma should be pronounced *tochka* or *tachka*. The Slovenes, though, argue with them about how much money to pay into the Federal budget. You tell me who's smarter...."

The Serbs, we report, are boiling over recent developments. "That's good. If they're boiling, we must have it good—which I hadn't noticed." Then, sipping his wine, he returns to his rummy hand. The stakes are enormous.

Prague, 13 March

REVOLUTION in the air. On the streets, those who shuffled now stride; those who waited obediently at traffic lights, now jaywalk merrily. In restaurants and cafés, silence and whispers have become laughs and shouts. In trams and buses, manners and humour have returned; no more of the sullen shoving. Huge crowds swoop down on newspaper vendors. A city which once seemed mute and mono-lingual now turns out to be filled with English- and German-speakers. In the jam-packed hotels, it takes a minimum of five dollars, cash, to open preliminary negotiations for a room. (Everybody wants, and accepts, hard currency—when the borders open, the shopping spree in Vienna and Munich will be memorable.)

"In a strange way," a woman says, "all of this started with the Six-Day War in the Middle East." How? "In the first place, Israel showed that a small country could win by fighting—instead of resigning itself to the 'inevitable'—and could manage to avoid the dictation of the Great Powers. Second, the attitude of our leaders then—Novotny and those people—showed that they were incorrigible, utterly hopeless, that they would sell us and our wishes down the river any time some fanatic in Moscow asked them.

"Of course, nearly all of us here were for Israel, and when we began to hear the same noises about Zionism and imperialism that started the Slansky trials in the '50s, we said, oh no, not again—that's too much! The Writers Congress was a few weeks later, and then came the student demonstrations, and here we are...."

Radio Tirana, fashionably "camp" these days, puts it more succinctly: "The Slovak clique led by A. Dubcek has overthrown the

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revisionist[8] clique led by A. Novotny in order to march further ahead toward the restoration of capitalism."

Actually, it took nearly all winter to remove Novotny as Party Secretary. The debates in the Central Committee began in October. Novotny went to Moscow in November. Another plenum. Then Brezhnev came to Prague in December. Then, in marvellously Czech fashion, the Central Committee adjourned for Christmas before finally removing Novotny in January. The final vote was reportedly 70 to 40, after a five-five deadlock in the Politburo.

Now, two months later, Novotny is still President of the Republic, his men control the Defence and Interior Ministries, the Soviet attitude remains obscure. To unseat the "conservatives," the party "progressives"—prodded by the writers and students—have had to turn to the population at large. And the population has ideas which go beyond those of the *apparat*. In driving wet snow over the weekend, thousands came to pay their respects at the graves of Thomas G. Masaryk and his son Jan. . . .

IN AN OFFICE, a man, a woman and a student besiege the visitor with questions: Where will it end? Will this be another Hungary? What will the Russians do? The woman says quietly, "I'll believe it is a real revolution when the same old people are no longer in the same old places—when we, not just they, can have a say." The man tells a story of how twenty years ago he had not been permitted to finish his studies in international law. Shortly afterward he leaves. "Don't believe a word he said," the student warns. "He's been working for the police for years."

The student takes us to a youth club. Signs on the wall are both topical and universal: *"The man [Novotny] thinks he's a genius but he's rubbish,"* "MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR," *"There are Chinese in Pilsen"* (a reference to dogmatist strength among unskilled workers), "DOWN WITH PANTS!" There are posters for "Psychedelic Sound" and big-beat groups. Most of the youngsters are playing billiards or pin-ball machines. "Politics later," a student says, "you must come to the meeting tonight at *Slavianski Dum*."

Easier said than done: there are thousands of youngsters, fresh-faced boys and bright-eyed girls, trying to press their way up the stairs into the hall which has long been jammed beyond capacity. More and more arrive; the crush is unbelievable. Precisely the kind of atmosphere that could trigger an "incident," a "provocation." But the students are extraordinarily patient and good-humoured. They laugh and joke, sing and chant, while waiting for a relay loudspeaker to be set up on the street. The only police in sight are two well-mannered traffic cops who briskly part the crowd occasionally to let the trams go by.

The speakers at the meeting are the leaders of the "progressives." There is Josef Smrkovsky, a Communist from 1932, leader of the Prague uprising in 1945, imprisoned for nationalist "deviations" from 1951 to 1955, politically "rehabilitated" only in 1963—a *tribune du peuple* of the old style, still somewhat boyish in manner, still hopeful that his Communist dream can be realised. There is Marie Svermova, widow of a prominent Communist sentenced to life imprisonment in 1954. There is the economist Radoslav Selucky, who first attacked the "Cult of the Plan" and together with Eugene Loebl in Bratislava preached, month in and month out, the radical common sense which Ota Sik compromised with orthodox views to produce the still-stalled "Economic Reform." There are the rebel writers Jan Prochazka and Pavel Kohout, both disciplined in September for their words and deeds at the Writers Congress in July. It was Kohout who insisted on reading, and supporting, the eloquent letter of Alexander Solzhenitsyn to the Soviet Writers Union denouncing censorship and official intrigue. . . .

The students laugh, applaud, interrupt—their questions are direct and difficult. *"What was Brezhnev doing here—who invited him, Novotny?"* Smrkovsky answers: Yes, we were surprised when he came. But after talking to both Novotny and Dubcek, Brezhnev said (Smrkovsky quotes him in Russian): "Comrades, this is not my affair. This is for you, the Czech workers, to decide."

"You are talking about rehabilitations, but so far only about Communists. What about Milada Horakova [a Socialist deputy, close to Benes, the only woman ever hanged in Eastern Europe on political grounds]?" Svermova answers: We are trying to rehabilitate all the innocent victims, yes, definitely including Milada Horakova.

On it goes, till well after one in the morning. The final resolutions call for the ouster of Novotny, thorough democratisation, and solidarity with the students in Poland demonstrating "for the same objectives."

Prague, 14 March

THE MEETING this morning is at the law faculty of Charles University, on the banks of the Vltava (Moldau). Again a throng, may-

[8] Novotny is a revisionist to Tirana because he followed Khrushchev—who encouraged Tito—who "covets" Albania.

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be 3,000 youngsters, jamming the great indoor courtyard and its five rectangular stone balconies. As it must have been in Petrograd in March 1917, the chairmen of the meeting are young unknowns and everything seems improvised. Behind the podium, a huge hand-painted poster with a quotation from Comenius:

"I believe that, after the storm of wrath which we brought upon ourselves by our own sins, my nation will be able to assume once again the responsibility of ruling itself."

The chairman announces that Dubcek "sends his full support." Ota Sik (short, curly-haired, bouncy) calls on the students to overcome the "conservatives who for so long have used repression and suppression to silence new ideas," the "men who wish to keep the workers down while they themselves keep their own influential posts." (*Applause.*) But one must "exercise caution and persuasion" and avoid "reckless steps."

Next comes Eduard Goldstuecker, victim of the Slansky trials, who began the fight to rehabilitate Kafka five years ago, now deputy rector of the University and Chairman of the Writers Union. The meeting here reminds him of another in the same place when he was a student: one of the first great anti-Nazi demonstrations in 1934. The movement now under way will succeed, he says, "if it can do what has never been done in human history: produce a socialist society linked to personal freedom—*which it should have been from the very beginning!*" The applause lasts five minutes. The students chant, "Goldstuecker, we love you!"

More speakers, professors, students. Once again, a resolution voting solidarity with the Polish demonstrators....

Resignations: last night, the three chiefs of the trade unions. This afternoon, Novotny's proconsul in Slovakia. Now, the deputy minister of defence has shot himself. (There will be hundreds of resignations, and scores of suicides, in the days which follow.)

15 March

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a halfway-free press makes! One must now buy all the papers, every last one, and the weeklies, and watch out for Bratislava too; they're all different and one never knows which is going to turn up the big story or the key little fact of the day. *CTK*, once indistinguishable from grim *Tass*, has become the most astounding news agency in Europe. One must somehow get to the radio and television, too; they are often the liveliest as well as "livest" of all. Western colleagues complain: "Too much, too much: we're throwing away six stories a day that would have been 'spreads' six months ago." One colleague remains sceptical: "I'll believe in their freedom when they let Novotny talk...."

The Interior Minister and Prosecutor-general resign. One reason: of some 25,000 people tried for political charges between 1948 and 1953, only about 2,000 have been rehabilitated. The Chairman of the Anti-Fascist Fighters Union demands rehabilitation for "some 30,000 to 40,000 persons," with priority to the non-Communists who fought alongside the Western Allies in the two world wars.

Communists at the previously unmentionable Central Publications Board—the censorship—pass a resolution declaring that their whole system was illegal from the start, that the board was "headed by senior security officials who operated by a system of orders" and thus "created an atmosphere unbreathable even for the censors." Conclusion: "preventive political censorship should be abolished."

The Czech film corporation promptly releases a film on the life and work of Thomas G. Masaryk "as a philosopher, political thinker, statesman and above all as a citizen." A bookstore on Prikope places his picture in the window. Passers-by stop, stare, sometimes weep.

DOWN THROUGH the arcades to the Viola Café, where we used to come five years ago to hear sedate readings of beat poetry, accompanied by tentative jazz, in order to catch the first signs that "liberalisation" might, perhaps, after all, be beginning. Now it is raucous, jumpy, overcrowded, horribly smoky. The band is deafening. "The atmosphere dates them terribly," observes a well-travelled Englishman. "It's just like London right after the war, and Berlin in the early '50s...."

The talk ranges from ultra-serious to ultra-frivolous. There is defeatism: "What are all you people doing here, just waiting for the Russian tanks?" Determination: "We cannot allow Dubcek to become another Gomulka." Wit: "Don't expect too much from the Czech national character—we're a mixture of Gallic irritability and Slav fogginess."

The controversy is mainly over whether the long-moribund non-Communist parties in the National Front can be revived, or a new party is necessary. One young man wants to found a monarchist party: "All the politicians are bankrupt—but I really could love a handsome young king or beautiful young queen of Bohemia." Princess Margaret? Jackie Kennedy? The Radziwills?

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March 16

DUBCEK, who has been down with flu most of the week, speaks in Brno, at one of 59 party regional and district conferences over the weekend. There is a great curiosity about this 46-year-old Slovak, the first second-generation Communist to come to power anywhere. He just missed being an American citizen, for his father—an old party militant—returned from the United States to Czechoslovakia shortly before his birth. He spent the late 1930s and part of the war in Russia, plus another stint at the Higher Party College in Moscow in the mid-'50s; he fought, and his brother died, in the Slovak national uprising.

Dubcek's speech is bland in tone, classically "centrist." There are measured reassurances for the Army, the security police, professional party functionaries and the Soviet Union. On the other hand, "we will never permit" a return to "administrative" methods; the government, the courts, the press must be independent; the aim is the "widest possible democratisation." The personal touch comes at the end—congratulations to Brno for successes in football and: "Now, take good care of your women, because they are half our nation, and we would not know how to go on without them. Good health to you all."

Meanwhile, the chief military prosecutor in Prague says it will be necessary to open "all the secret archives, if they have not been destroyed," to establish responsibility for the Stalinist terror. Asked about Soviet "advisers," he says they were "the Beria type of people . . . and I hope that the Soviet Union has parted with them long ago." (Within a month, the press will be referring to Beria's "gorillas.")

17 March

TALK WITH an economist, non-Marxist: "All this freedom is fine, but what this community needs—excuse me—is *money*. With the best intentions and the best luck, the honeymoon for Dubcek will last a year, a year-and-a-half at most. That's not enough even to begin cleaning up the economic mess made in the last 20 years. Everyone keeps saying there's no reason why we shouldn't live as well as Switzerland or Holland. That *was* true in 1948—now millions of people have forgotten how to work, agriculture has been ruined, we have all those useless industries tied to Russia, our good pre-war plants are all run down.

"The more serious the economic reform, the more it will hurt—inflation, unemployment. Loebl says we need 200,000 to 300,000 private enterprises—fine, but they won't get on their feet overnight either. Sik's computers say we can make the crown convertible in five to seven years without Western help, in three years if we get $400 million from the International Monetary Fund. Maybe—but first we have to rejoin the IMF, then they have to come and make a survey, then naturally they'll set all sorts of conditions. We'll be lucky to get *that* money by the summer of '69.

"But, you know, convertibility is very nice and all those IMF reforms please the bankers, but they're not exactly popular politically. Look at Britain; look at Yugoslavia. What we need is something else—the money we didn't get in the Marshall Plan, really big credits, with no questions asked and quickly. But how are we going to get it? The Americans are drowning in Viet Nam. The British have no money. The French make speeches and hoard gold. And as for the Germans, Willy Brandt will want to help us but Strauss and Schroeder will probably block it just to pick up a few Sudeten German votes. They'll pose all sorts of conditions which will only get the Russians nervous—and then we'll get caught in midstream, with no real help from the West and the Russians putting the squeeze on. . . ."

Moscow, 23 March

EVERYONE curious about Prague. The scientists at Novosibirsk are trying to organise a Chagall exhibition. Voznesensky has managed, in an appreciation of Pasternak, to quote some of the *Zhivago* verses. On the other side, *Pravda* is reprinting Gomulka's denunciations of "Zionism," and *Voprosy Literatury* has attacked Aksyonov, Yevtushenko, and Kafka. That famous pensioner, N. S. Khrushchev, came in from his *dacha* to go to the Savremenik Theatre; the audience watched him, not the play. ("He's looking better all the time, isn't he," says a former victim of his wrath.)

Prague, 26 March

DEPRESSION. Uneasiness. Trouble. Novotny has finally resigned as President; but Dubcek went off to another hasty East-bloc summit (minus the Rumanians) at Dresden, and was persuaded to sign a communiqué denouncing West German *revanchism*, pledging to strengthen the Warsaw Pact, and expressing confidence that "the working class and all the toilers of Czechoslovakia, under the leadership of the Communist Party, will continue to develop their socialist construction."

A few Westerners think Dubcek may have turned away wrath with soft answers, while giving away nothing essential. Most Czechs

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think he has made a mistake. "He should have told them to wait until after our Central Committee meeting next week." "He shouldn't have gone without the Rumanians; why should we have to answer to Ulbricht and Gomulka?" "Why did he agree to that nonsense about *revanchism* right after Willy Brandt recognises the Oder–Neisse line?"

The intellectuals mobilise. Toward nightfall, 134 leading Prague writers and artists cable Dubcek urging him to "make clear that, in spite of international solidarity toward the socialist states, you hold yourself to be solely responsible to this country and to this people."

27 March

EVERY REVOLUTION needs the lucky break—the flight to Varennes, the Kornilov fiasco. Last month, the "progressives" got their first touch of luck when Novotny's crony General Jan Sejna defected to the United States. Now comes the second big break: the ranking East German ideologist, Kurt Hager, declares that Bonn *revanchists* are hoping to "isolate Czechoslovakia" from his party, and that they are frequently citing the speeches of Josef Smrkovsky for their sinister purposes. However, says Hager, the Dresden meeting "has had the effect of a cold shower on the Bonn strategists."

"They couldn't have made a stupider move," says Goldstuecker privately. "Typically Prussian," writes the film critic A. J. Liehm—who hopes, however, that Hager's precedent will shatter the taboos against criticising other Communist nations. He suggests setting up a Kurt Hager Prize "for the best articles analysing the situation in allied and friendly countries."

Endless statements and resolutions denounce Hager in the next 48 hours. The Anti-Fascist Fighters pointedly recall that Smrkovsky had also been called an "imperialist agent" in 1950, when he was sentenced to life imprisonment. They vow him full support and assert that "our view is shared by all Czechoslovak patriots." Thus, for the first time, has the national note been sounded. By nightfall, formal diplomatic protests have been lodged both here and in East Berlin; and the press has begun criticising Soviet reporting on Czechoslovakia.

28 March

RUDE PRAVO says Hager's speech was an "absolute distortion" and "insult to the feelings of our people"; it is "incompatible with relations between our parties to interfere in our internal affairs." The deputy political chief of the Army, who has returned from talks with the Soviet Marshals, says the talks were largely courtesy: "If the Soviet partners complained of anything, it was that they had been very little informed by the Soviet press as to what was going on here."

The Central Committee meets in the Spanish Hall at Hradcany Castle. To replace Novotny as President, it nominates General Ludvik Svoboda, 72, a contemporary of de Gaulle and Tito.[9] Two others who have been mentioned for the Presidency receive high party posts. Smrkovsky enters the Politburo (and later becomes National Assembly President as well). The new party secretary for education and culture is Dr. Cestmir Cisar, a crew-cut, articulate modernist who had been exiled by Novotny as Ambassador to Rumania. The score: national independence 3, friends of Kurt Hager 0.

Ignoring the party decisions, some 5,000 young workers and students demonstrate for Cisar. They snake-dance and chant their way through Wenceslas Square, through Reformation Square, through the arcades and courtyards. There are no police to bother them. It is all great fun, and the slogans often comic—for Cisar in Czech means Caesar, or Kaiser. A lady we know has removed the old compulsory photo of Novotny from her desk-top and substituted one of Franz Josef.

Around 10 p.m., the students arrive at the Central Committee building. Dubcek comes out to talk to them. Apropos Hager, he says: "Every country should solve its own problems and not mix into the affairs of its neighbours." What are the guarantees that the old days will not come back? "You yourselves are the guarantee—you, the young. . . . There is only one path, and that is forward." The Dresden panic is over.

30 March

EVERYONE up to the Castle to see the National Assembly elect Svoboda President. A gorgeous day, and Hradcany has never looked lovelier. In the great Vaclav Hall, the parliamentarians occupy the front sections. Even cabinet ministers are back with the diplomatic corps, the clergy, intellectuals, released

[9] Svoboda fought in the Czech Legion during the First World War and Russian Civil War (apparently first with the Whites, then with the Reds); led the Czech brigade alongside the Soviet Army in World War II; was Defence Minister from 1945 to 1950; was jailed under Stalin, then exiled to a Moravian state farm; was rehabilitated at Khrushchev's personal insistence in 1956; and holds some five dozen Allied decorations. He may be the only man alive who is a Hero of the Soviet Union and also holds the (Tsarist) St. George's Cross.

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political prisoners and wayward pressmen. Novotny has come with a single unidentified companion, and is back of us over to the left. His is a hard face and the blue eyes are cold, but he remains poised and dignified despite the photographers and his former colleagues' cold shoulders. Perhaps he still does not grasp his changed role. During an intermission, a Western colleague offers the fallen President space in his paper for a statement. "You must apply formally through *CTK*," says Novotny stiffly, a bureaucrat to the end. The journalist laughs: What has the telegraphic agency got to do with it? "Yes," Novotny says, "I mean you must apply through the Foreign Ministry press department."

Svoboda *is* old—he walks slowly and his hands sometimes tremble—but he has a strong, ruddy, soldier's face: honest, proud, seasoned. His wife is a Renoir miniature—petite, sympathetic, refined; a couple of us can't help recalling three elderly "Petersburg" ladies we once saw sipping tea in Leningrad.

The voting lasts nearly two hours. (It is the first time anyone has used a secret ballot here in twenty years.) There are six absentions, 282 votes for Svoboda. Leaving the hall, we see four marvellous old veterans in soldier and sailor suits of the First World War. They are heroes of the Czech Legion, and it is the first time the uniforms can be worn again. Later, Svoboda receives flowers from a Boy Scout, the first inkling that the Scouts, too, have been rehabilitated.

We follow the scarlet-robed clergy through the throng in the courtyard and on to an enormous reception in the Spanish Hall. The setting calls for ball gowns instead of drab woollens. A Balkan colleague is overwhelmed by the baroque elegance: "What we would give for a tenth of this tradition! These are the only people in Eastern Europe who know what aristocracy is and know what real democracy is, too. Charles of Lorraine, the cathedrals, the old Jewish cemetery, the University, this Castle —and Hus and Comenius and Masaryk, too."

Dubcek leads Svoboda through one packed reception room after another, shaking hands right and left. Dubcek is six feet tall, but light and springy—all smiles, affable, informal. Men grab him by the shoulder, by the elbow; ladies lean up to kiss him. He laughs easily.

Svoboda comes out on the traditional balcony, flanked by Dubcek and Smrkovsky, to address the thousands of students in the castle courtyard. It is a low-keyed speech which says what must be said, no more or less. The obligatory reassurance to the Soviet Union is applauded mildly by the leaders on the balcony. When Svoboda mentions "our humanist traditions," it is the students below who clap loud, hard and long. The applause is even stronger for a passing reference to "the fiftieth anniversary of our Czechoslovak statehood." Dubcek smiles happily throughout. . . .

Down we walk past the Wallenstein Gardens, across the shimmering Moldau, past Kafka's birthplace and the Tyl Theatre (where Mozart and da Ponte premiered *Don Giovanni*) for a *Wienerkaffee* and a look at the papers. *Mlada Fronta* has a real horror story: a full-page interview with Richard Slansky, brother of the executed Rudolf, himself a prisoner for seven years. In the first month of interrogation, he lost forty pounds. "Can you imagine what it is not to sleep for five or six nights, to have to walk up and down the cell without being allowed to sit, to be hungry with a fever and almost in delirium after nights spent in a freezing cell with wide-open windows—and then to be dragged to the interrogators constantly to discuss one's 'guilt.'. . . I think Dante must have seen some medieval trials to write the *Inferno*."

Were the interrogators fanatics who sincerely believed they were serving Communism? No, Slansky replied, they were not that sort of people. When he pleaded that his imprisoned wife had worked with Lenin's friend Clara Zetkin, the interrogator shouted: "And what kind of a Jewish whore was she?"

Slansky and Goldstuecker were handcuffed together on the way to Leopoldov prison; "even though the bus was full of criminals, murderers, thieves and others, they handcuffed only us."

31 March

UP AT 8 THIS SUNDAY MORNING for a meeting which has been announced in a few one-paragraph newspaper squibs. The meeting is to found a new club, *"K-231."* The number is that of the so-called Law for the Defence of the Republic covering subversion, treason, and other anti-state activities. It was lifted direct, we are told, from a Hapsburg decree imposed after the Revolution of 1848. Some 70,000 persons were condemned under its provisions after 1948, most of them to Leopoldov and the Jachymov uranium mines.

The meeting is at a hall on Slovansky island, said to seat 800—but there must be 3,000 people here, on the balconies, standing in the aisles, packed into overflow rooms. Behind the platform, a red and white banner: *"Aby se to neopak. . . ."*—Never let it happen again. In a corner, a small secular altar with a memorial flame for those who did not survive.

The people on the platform are recognisable, even before they are identified, as old Social

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Democrats and Czechoslovak Socialists (the party of Masaryk and Benes). There is, for example, the law professor Zdenek Peska, who was jailed by the Gestapo during the war, who helped draft the 1945 Constitution, and was imprisoned in November 1949 for attempting to maintain an independent Social Democratic party. He was not released until 1960. The others—Professor Karel Nigrin, Frantisek Trzicky, Vaclav Palacek and many more—all have similar histories.

The chairman reads a touching letter from Goldstuecker, who is hesitant even as to how to address these non-Communist prisoners. Twenty years ago, he says, "most of you did not want to be my friends"; yet he can hardly call them comrades "because you would not like that." Nevertheless, they share the deep bond of their common suffering. "Is it possible completely to efface what we have gone through? We know from our own experience that you can give a person back his freedom, civic rights and work—but you cannot ever completely eradicate the scars left on his dignity as a man."

A Professor Krupicka announces that "we have not met for any individuals to vent their anger or desires for revenge." If there are such individuals here, let them leave now. He goes on to speak of democracy as "a form of regulation of political life which stands above any sort of content." The rights of man, civil liberty, alone make human society different from a pack of wolves.

A psychologist from Bratislava, forced for years to work as a bricklayer, says that "since yesterday, we have more freedom even in the Castle." This is a pun on the name Svoboda, which means freedom. *Nomen est omen*, the Slovak says.

All, men and women, are speaking without notes, yet eloquently. A physician, who was imprisoned by the Gestapo and the Stalinist police for the same reason (friendship with Benes), recalls the students who were deported by the Nazis on 17 October 1939. They returned after the war to found a new university. Yet, under Stalinist rule, many were arrested, the others were forced into production and are still the objects of discrimination: "I must ask myself: Was Martin Bormann really hidden in the jungles of South America or in our own Ministry of the Interior here?" It is regrettable, but true, he says, that the democrats who led the resistance against Hitler were the first to suffer after 1948. On arriving in prison (where he remained twelve years), he was told: "We are sick of you people—you are professional resisters. We must liquidate you first." Coming to the present, he says the authorities must realise that "if something is not red, that does not make it black." If "we are guaranteed human dignity, a chance at prosperity and real freedom, we don't care about isms.... We belong to this nation and want to work for it. But we want our country to be a home, and not a place where relations are based on zoological principles."

THE CHAIRMAN ANNOUNCES that 184 people have asked for the floor: "please try to be brief." A young woman announces herself as acting secretary of a newly formed Society for Human Rights, a voluntary society open to all. She is the first to quote Masaryk—"Democracy is discussion"—to strong applause.

A Slovak speaks of the wartime partisans and the anti-Nazi uprising of 1944. "Just as the uprising started in Slovakia, so now we are starting with Dubcek from Slovakia." He calls for the revival of the veterans' organisations dissolved after 1948. "We were attacked as enemies of the people, because ours was a national uprising without any politicians. Enemies of the people indeed. Not since the days of the Hussites was there such a genuinely popular movement in this land!"

A worker describes the resistance to Stalinism in the factories. "Those gentlemen up there know very well what went on in the factories in 1956, '57, '58, what the workers really thought." When he was imprisoned, he was told: "You have come here to die. Your wives and daughters will become prostitutes."

A layman talks on behalf of the Catholic Church. He hails the writers as pioneers of the current revival. Censorship has been abolished; next, they must end the restrictions on religious belief. He calls for the return of Cardinal Beran (*thunderous applause*).

A blonde woman speaks movingly of the thousands of her sex who laboured and suffered in the concentration camps. "If we survived, it is because we were sustained by our love for President Masaryk and President Benes, and our faith in their religious teachings."

Josef Just, a Communist in 1945 and still a young man, says he knew all the political leaders "when democracy was born and buried." He says: "I warned Gottwald—look where we were going. He said I was naïve." Although he was expelled from the Party, he says, "I was and am a Communist." There are powerful forces in the working class, he says, which support this movement. He appeals to the old followers of Masaryk and Benes: "Don't exclude yourselves from others. Don't divide our nation into intellectuals and workers, Communists and non-Communists.... Understand our international situation. In our country's vul-

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nerable position, there could be a Red terror, a White terror, a Black terror—unless there is maturity, patience and unity." The appeal is well received; the lesson of Hungary has been learned.

Colonel Ladislav Bedrich, a wartime deputy of Svoboda, tells how he went to see the general in January, when it was first rumoured that he might become President. "Nobody has officially spoken to me," Svoboda told him then. "But if they ask, I have one serious condition—the complete rehabilitation of all the innocent victims and of their families."

Dr. Trzicky, Czechoslovakia's Attorney-General in 1945, describes the difficulties of the legal situation for the prisoners and the depths of the problems, which will involve exhausting and complicated work. "We must be patient" despite the outrages of the past. "We have been faithful to Masaryk under the Nazis and later, in the concentration camps." Now, he says, "I don't like strong words, but I believe we will go forward . . . to honour, honesty, and justice!"

The 3,000 former prisoners rise for a moment of silence in honour of Milada Horakova. Then they sing the national anthem, many with tears in their eyes. A telegram is sent to Dubcek "expressing our esteem for the manner in which you are restoring the dignity of human life to our people."

Prague, 1–5 April

ALL WEEK LONG, the Central Committee meets at Hradcany Castle. We find out about it every evening at the Journalists Club, where amidst Klieg lights, microphones, tape recorders and Turkish coffee, Dr. Jiri Hajek (soon to be Foreign Minister) conducts a multi-lingual press conference. (In addition to Czech, English, French, German and Spanish, he speaks Norwegian—the better, someone says, to negotiate with Willy Brandt.) The final evening, Hajek is joined by Cisar, a breezy, confident man who could easily pass for Governor of New Jersey. His responses are dotted with post-Stevenson irony: "Of course, nobody in the Central Committee now ever claims to have been a conservative." The embattled writers of July (disciplined in September, now restored with honour) merely "expressed too early standpoints with which we all now agree." Hajek, more in the sober old Central European tradition, nonetheless is quick to catch the new note: this Central Committee meeting, he says, "began the process of having differences and has decided to continue having differences."

After the emotion of the past week, from Dresden to *K-231*, the Central Committee plenum seems somewhat anti-climactic. Yet it is in fact filled with amazing interventions, including a forty-minute speech in self-defence by Novotny, carried *in extenso* by all the main papers. Hendrych, Koucky, Simunek, Lomsky, Lastovicka—all the members of the old guard defend themselves before resigning. There is no uniform "monolithic" line. Although all agree that the victims of the 1950s should be rehabilitated, Jan Nemec notes that:

> A few years ago, Solzhenitsyn's book *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* greatly disturbed the people, and today we read about such Solzhenitsyns every day and in all the magazines. Today, unfortunately, we find that even in the Sixties there were still methods of interrogation at variance with humanist concepts.

Bohumil Sucharda, the Finance Minister, sets the tone early. "Without democratisation," he says, "we shall solve no social problems, nor even any major economic problems. In this sense, the intensification of socialist democracy is the most effective investment."

Smrkovsky says the party's policy "must be rid of narrow party views and become a truly national policy." Genuine internationalism does not permit "any interference with internal problems of individual countries, or any pressures. . . ." Czechoslovakia is showing that, "even under socialism, different socialist political systems may exist, in keeping with the traditions of the countries concerned." Czechoslovakia's relations with its allies must be based on "mutual respect and esteem, national independence and state sovereignty." ("No wonder Stalin locked him up," a colleague remarks.)

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE CARRIES OUT a thorough purge of Novotny followers. It rehabilitates the rebel writers and repeals the resolutions condemning them. It postpones elections to the National Assembly and local National Committees so that a new election law can be written. It demands the rehabilitation of all those illegally condemned between 1949 and 1954. It calls for speeding preparations for a new party congress, and for preparing new party statutes. It nominates a complete new government; recommends work on a new constitution to embody the new liberties and grant home rule for Slovakia; suspends the censorship and asks the National Assembly to draft a new press law.

The committee adopts an "action programme" which, despite numerous compromises, loopholes and qualifications, is surely the most democratic document thus far in the history of Communism. It promises freedom of speech, press, and assembly, and a new deal

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for religious believers; the autonomy of parliament, the courts and government administration; sweeping economic reforms aimed at a convertible currency. "We are seeking," says the Central Committee resolution, "our own Czechoslovak way of building and developing socialism. This is our internal affair which will be decided by the supreme will of our people and by their honest work."

High hopes—and some of us remember not only the disillusionment of Gomulka's Poland but Yugoslavia after the "Brioni plenum" of July 1966, when the ouster of Rankovic and smashing of the police apparatus seemed to have opened the way to completely revolutionary conceptions of a "non-party democracy." The enthusiasm had passed after a few months, and Tito had rejected the radical new ideas on the party's structure and role. Yet Yugoslavia today is so much freer not only than in 1948, but even than in 1963, that when a news magazine brings use the *obiter dicta* of a U.S. policy-scientist, proclaiming that there can be no "compromise" or "stopping half-way" between "democracy" and "Communism," we look at our Yugoslav colleagues and laugh. The Yugoslavs are the first to concede that the Czechoslovak "March Revolution" has overtaken them.

Moscow in April

AT LAST a plenum of the Soviet Central Committee, which was supposed to have met months ago on agriculture. Instead, it hears a secret report by Bhezhnev on the state of the "world Communist movement," approves the Budapest, Sofia, and Dresden meetings, and proclaims an "irreconcilable struggle against enemy ideology." In an earlier speech, Brezhnev has defined the enemies as "nationalist and revisionist tendencies," defended the literary trials, and declared that "renegades should not count on remaining unpunished."

Academician Fedoseyev (head of the Marx-Lenin Institute) explains that "revisionist, nationalist elements in other countries are distorting the principles of Marxist teaching, substituting for them idealism or bourgeois liberalism camouflaged as humanism and democracy.... They speculate on slogans of democracy, national independence and sovereignty." In short, liberalism, humanism, democracy and nationalism are the spectres haunting Russia's rulers in this spring of Europe's "second 1848."

Their reaction would not have surprised the ministers of Nicholas I. The Chagall exhibition planned by the scientists at Novosibirsk is prohibited. *Andrei Rublyov* and other controversial films are not to be released. Rehearsals of a new play by Voznesensky are postponed indefinitely. Attacks on suspect intellectuals extend to Lili Brik, the friend of Mayakovsky still living here, and her sister Elsa Triolet, the wife of Louis Aragon (who, although a lifelong Communist, has not visited the Soviet Union since the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel). A new fence is built around one of the few foreign compounds in Moscow that did not already have one; it is, *Pravda* later claims, to help mothers keep track of their playing children. At our compound, the militiamen have begun asking for identity papers from "non-licensed" Russians who wander in. Even the "licensed" seem reluctant to visit us. Friends who call must do so from public telephone booths. They do not mention their names, or ours; but we recognise their voices.

Anatole Shub

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LETTERS

Pornographers & Censors

AFTER THROWING some orotund irrelevancies at me directly, Mr. J. W. Lambert [ENCOUNTER, March] turns to the banning of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. The decision of the English courts is somehow debited to me because it "painfully illuminates" the "inevitable sequence of false positions" to which my "muddle-headed authoritarianism" condemns me.

Yet, I distinguished between literature and pornography by explicit criteria which unmistakably consign Selby's work to literature. I have used it to illustrate the distinction which Mr. Lambert seems unable to grasp. Though even if he could and would, why does he think that a law I don't advocate (and a decision based thereon) argues against laws I do advocate? Or—if that's his idea—how can anyone believe a wrong pornography decision (or law) to argue against pornography laws in general? Is a misjudgment in a homicide case—or a badly-drawn homicide law—an objection to laws against homicide, or to better ones, such as I advocate against pornography? Unless he far exceeds the generous allowance of fuzziness I am prepared to grant him in view of his previous performance, Mr. Lambert here seems disingenuous.

The rest is evasion and diversion. Originally Mr. Lambert blasted Pamela Hansford Johnson *et al.* for holding that pornography can be a cause of crime. *Never*, he blustered. Subsequently I offered arguments to demonstrate that pornography can be that (and that something can be done about it) and (in a footnote) that Mr. Lambert can be wrong. Mr. Lambert now comes back and announces that I have been "setting up an Aunt Sally of no real interest or importance," that he never was interested in the influence of books or actions. The dismissal of the gravamen of his own and of my article (he ignores the issue afterwards) seems to be Mr. Lambert's way of admitting error. Not a candid or graceful way though. Mr. Lambert tries—and perhaps succeeds—to repel me by covering his retreat with bombast. He reveals (among many other sins) my "disguised authoritarianism" (also "blatant," "lurid" and other variants), my "sneer at democratic values," my "blinkered passion for absolutes," my "cloven hoof" and, worst, my "possessing a mind (that) needs watching." A florid style.

I don't know how to refute blather. Perhaps Mr. Lambert intended to do me—and his Aunt Sally—a service by unblinkering my passion for absolutes, uncovering my cloven hoof (which I had hoped to keep decently covered) and undisguising my authoritarianism. Yet the connection between all my nastiness and my argument on pornography, crime and censorship seems to puzzle both of us. I can't see it (even when unblinkered) and Mr. Lambert doesn't show it.

Let me illustrate the irrelevance of his point: "you are nasty"—to mine: "pornography can be a cause of crime, some censorship may be justified." Mr. Lambert quotes my view: "too many grown-ups are far from the self-restrained, healthy type envisioned by democratic theory," and continues: "the way he has chosen to frame his remark [I guess Mr. Lambert means 'to express his thought'] turns it into a sneer at democratic values." Wherein does the sneer consist, and why would it invalidate the "perfectly true" argument? Elsewhere he quotes my view that, were sadistic pornography "directed against specific human groups—*e.g.*, Jews or Negroes—most liberals would advocate censorship." Mr. Lambert applauds: "quite right," and continues "the way he has chosen to phrase the observation makes it an attack on liberal attitudes of mind rather than a strictly relevant comment." No reason given. Isn't "the liberal attitude of mind," or Mr. Lambert's use of it, the irrelevancy here?

One more instance. Mr. Lambert quotes my metaphor sugesting that pornography and censorship "call for each other as toreros and bulls do." He objects: do I "really believe that the bull calls for the torero?" If the bulls did, the metaphor would be inept, since pornographers do not "call" for censors either. It is in the *corrida* that they "call for each other," *i.e.*, are *both* required, and to it I compared the relationship between pornographers and censors. (To forestall more objections: the censor does not cut off the pornographer's ears either.) Mr. Lambert suggests that I am wicked as well as unacquainted with the habits of bulls: I "make it all too clear" that my "sympathies lie with the torero not the bull." This is true. (Will I ever be permitted to set foot on English soil again?) I don't care for bullfights but given the choice I'd rather have the bull wounded or killed than the torero. I admit that I am unfairly human. *Nolo contendere* the rest. *Vita brevis.*

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

New York

A Plague of Economists?

PROFESSOR MAX BELOFF'S broadside against economists undoubtedly hits a number of targets, but is rather too indiscriminate. Although I share many of Professor M. M. Postan's criticisms of recent Government advisers—and indeed anticipated them ("The Role of Economists as Government Advisers," *Westminster Bank Review*, May 1967)—it seems to be going too far to say that "the record of economists . . . has been almost uniformly dismal."

The detailed proposals of academic economists—like those of academic political scientists—may well be impracticable. The point is that these ideas should not be adopted uncritically, as they have too often been by the Labour Government. They should be examined by professional administrators, who can point out the practical snags. Academic economists—together with political scientists and sociologists—should be treated as "ideas men" rather than as policy-makers.

Moreover, Professor Postan's initial laudatory

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comments on Professor Kaldor are surely in order. It is, or was, an excellent tradition of British academic life to say everything that could be said in favour of one's academic adversary before pointing out that unfortunately his views were misguided and pernicious. Academic courtesy, like any other form of good manners, has a valuable social function.

It is, however, a legitimate criticism of many British economists that they are pre-occupied with the English-speaking world, not having a language other than English, and that they lack a historical and political background. However, comparable criticisms of a narrow cultural background could be made of many historians or physical scientists in this country. The root cause is the specialisation imposed by the school system in England and Wales, which has no counterpart in most other countries. In Germany, which Professor Beloff mentions, the difference today is not so much in the content of University economics teaching, as in the fact that all University entrants have had a training in *all* the main disciplines up to the age of 19.

IN THIS COUNTRY, the specialisation forced on children at 15 or earlier is frightening. It would be much better for pupils who will later take economics at the University to study history, geography, languages and mathematics. If economics is to be taught in schools at all, it should consist mainly of economic history and current economic and political systems; this would provide the best basis for subsequent theoretical studies. But the Examination Boards are laying increasing emphasis on abstract theory. The result is that University departments are receiving students who know very little about the real world, but have a large, uncritical knowledge of utility theory or cost curves. This is a topsy-turvy, educationally barbarous, approach to the study of society.

The present disenchantment with economists should underline the need for both a reform of the school curriculum, and for a closer link between economics and other social studies in University courses. Oxford provides perhaps the best example. Whatever Professor Beloff may think of his economist colleagues, the P.P.E. students who listen to them both are unlikely to leave Oxford as *Fachidioten*.

GRAHAM HALLETT

University College,
Cardiff

Johnson on Postan

THE VIRULENCE of Professor Harry Johnson's attack [ENCOUNTER, May] merely succeeds in hiding what must surely be Professor Postan's real position; namely, that when an economist wishes to make a macro-economic suggestion which involves a comparison with a micro-economic situation he should carefully check its all-round validity. No more no less.

TOM ARNOLD, Jr.

London

White Racism & Black

"White in complexion is all right, but not in attitude."
FATHER GROPPI to MALCOLM X

THE LANGUAGE of colour comprehends a whole history of inequality and needs to be understood not merely in terms of symbolic metaphor (Philip Mason in the April ENCOUNTER), but of symbolic action—of what Richard Blackmur has in another context described as the force of "language as gesture." It is in a sense this failure of the liberal imagination that has extended itself to the failure of liberal politics.

Liberalism itself no longer affords a sinecure. It cannot grow old in office. It must pass on, like adolescence, into revolution. For it is not an end in itself, nor even the means to an end. It is a transient phase of history, bridging the gap between the old and the new—a last act of communication, as it were, before the old is lost to view. Its role, therefore, is not to renew itself (because it can do so only by betraying the new), but to lose itself in the progressive forces that it had, in a way, generated—and transform communication into communion.

It is the inability of liberals, white and black, both in America and in this country, to make this transformation or acknowledge their obsolescence, that has frozen them in the attitudes of injured parents who had only their children's welfare at heart. In their anger and their hurt at being rejected they have condemned the forces of renewal as diabolic and destructive or, in the language of our time, Maoist.

It is in this context, that the upheavals in CARD over the last few months become intelligible. The liberal rump of the organisation keeps pointing to CARD's achievements in the past two years and pleads that it does not jeopardise its standing in the community (or in Parliament) through fancy slogans and fancier programmes. They have done a lot, they say, and they can do more. But *lente, lente*.... They even acknowledge—the white faction, that is—that they must relegate themselves to the rear and give the black people their heads. They can, in other words, conceive of a pie in which they have only a finger, but what is unthinkable is that the pie should not be of their own baking. In their consternation they fall back on liberal catch-phrases that serve only to conceal the

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real issues: "unconstitutional," "undemocratic," "illegal," and the not so liberal one of "racist." And when the battle is lost and the black people on whose behalf they are fighting decide to fight for themselves in terms of their own history—the liberals throw up their hands in horror and point to the "perils of the yellow philosophy." For who else but a Maoist would intrude the colonial dialogue into a CARD convention? How utterly unrealistic it was to think that a small organisation fashioned for a local purpose could take on the forces of international colonialism. And finally, wasn't the quest for black power itself racist?

But to the black man his colour is a whole way of life, of non-life. To say that he is colour conscious is to imply that he has been allowed the possibility of another consciousness. In fact, it would be truer to say that his colour is the one thing he does not wish to be conscious of—for it is his mark of oppression. He has tried to escape it as best as he could: aping the white man, playing the white man's game (even when he changed the rules so as to keep on winning), even forcing the white man to concede a victory or two. But it all took him further from himself and no nearer to the whiteness which he had been led to believe was the highest good. He knows now and at last that he must accept his blackness, embrace it with all his being and force out of it an image of himself, peerless and profound. He knows too that the white world, caught up in its history of privilege and power, has become cynical about its own values and will not yield up either justice or dignity. And the liberal white who is closest to him is also furthest from him—for he is unable to make that final leap of love which will allow him to say not "I will help you" but "I am you." And so he remains uncompromisingly black—desperately true to himself.

IF THIS IS RACISM, it bears no resemblance to the racism of the white man which is at one level a matter of choice and at another level a matter of privilege but at all levels an exercise in oppression. White racism incurs, somewhere down the line, the denial of human dignity, black "racism" envisages the destruction of that denial. It is the liberal fallacy which gives them equal weight.

As for the arguments that the fight against colonialism is another fight and that its intrusion into CARD politics could only vitiate the struggle against discrimination in this country—these, too, stem from an un-understanding of black history. The experience of colonial oppression is total and pervasive. It does not cease at the moment of independence or through emigration to the "mother country." (The latter in fact serves only to enhance the experience.) It does not vary in effect between one colonised country and another. It is the one thing common to all the peoples of the third world; it goes hand in hand with the colour of their skin. And it binds them in a manner inconceivable to the dialectical draftsmen of the Fourth International. For, in their pain and their purpose they have found an identity with each other that makes them not many countries but one people. Their revolution is basically and spontaneously international—almost by accident rather than by design. And yet they are aware that there must be many revolutions, each carried out in terms of its own country, her history and terrain, a sort of international nationalism, centripetal. It is this that distinguishes the "Fifth International" (proclaimed, one might say, at the Havana Congress in August last year) from its predecessors and makes it unintelligible to "orthodox" party hacks.

What this means at the individual level is that the black man carries his revolution wherever he goes. His colour is still his consciousness but it is now a consciousness that redeems: blackness and not whiteness is the highest good. And his struggle to redeem himself is the struggle also of "one thousand five hundred million natives" as opposed to "five hundred million men" (Sartre in his Preface to Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*). He cannot, even if he wished to (unless he was a white man masquerading as a black), forget this fact for a moment. It is infinitely more real to him than all the fond gestures of a white society.

A. SIVANANDAN

London

Common Market Strategy

THERE IS ONE WAY into Europe for Britain [*cf.* Stanley Henig, "Whither the Marketeers," ENCOUNTER, March] that is rarely discussed: the forming of a partnership between EFTA and the European Communities. Article 238 of the Rome Treaty anticipates such an arrangement and is so delightfully vague about just what "association" is that a partnership could be whatever its authors wanted or could agree upon.

It might begin as a free trade area controlled by a joint Council of Ministers, for instance. It is my own personal opinion that France could be persuaded to accept such an arrangement.

The trouble with all the present plans in Europe is that they are based upon an unreal world. Some assume that this is a question just of "Britain joining the Common Market": which it is not. Others assume that Western Europe is composed of only 10 countries: which it is not. Others postulate that to divide Europe into two groups of 10 insiders and 10 outsiders makes Europe more united than it is with its present divisions. Others that EFTA does not exist. Others that the Nordic Alliance does not exist. And finally Germany imagines that it can ride with de Gaulle and hunt with Dr. Luns at one and the same time: which it can not.

No solution is likely to be viable that does not make allowance for the essential realities of the European situation. Of course it can easily be assumed that de Gaulle would never agree—"He torpedoed the original Free Trade Area in 1958 and he would do so again"—but it seems a pity not to try him and see.

JOHN ALLAN MAY

The Christian Science Monitor, London

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Paris

"REFORM YES, *but no shambles." This was General de Gaulle's first and somewhat cryptic recorded utterance on the crisis now gripping France—he was said to have used the slang word "chienlit," meaning fouling of one's own nest.*

THE GUARDIAN

Paris

"YES TO REFORM, *no to bed-messing" was the way the Prime Minister Georges Pompidou said that Gen. de Gaulle summed up his views.*

PARIS HERALD TRIBUNE

Paris

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE'S *reply to the strikes was "La réforme, oui; le chie-en-lit, non." French grammarians spent the rest of the day searching for an acceptable definition of chie-en-lit, which can mean "bed-fouling, masquerade, or carnival."*

THE TIMES

London

DE GAULLE, *falling back in his rage on the vernacular of a young subaltern, has called it a "dog's breakfast."*

NEW STATESMAN

Paris

FRANÇOISE SAGAN *had a stormy reception when she visited the Odéon at 2.30 a.m. the other night.*

She came in shyly wearing a smart black suit and accompanied by two men friends. As soon as she was recognised she came in for a storm of catcalls. Someone shouted: "Get out, madame! We do not want a spy of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy in here!" Another called out: "Go back to your Ferraris, your whiskies and your orgies!"

Then an attractive blonde appealed over the storm of catcalls: "Comrade Sagan is interested in what we do. She has nothing in common with all those rich who come here out of curiosity. Let her speak."

Poor Françoise tried to cope with the storm with a certain smile. She then left, after offering her financial help to the students, for a more congenial atmosphere.

Another hero of the youth of the forties, Jean-Paul Sartre, had better luck at the Sorbonne. He was listened to attentively by a packed auditorium. He made one curious remark for a man who is a dedicated democrat. It was to the effect that he thought the French Communist Party had made a great mistake in not seizing power in 1944.

EVENING STANDARD

Paris

FRENCHMEN [*writes Jean Dutourd*] *formerly talked of fun-making, love-making, wenching, or just plain enjoyment. That was healthy on the whole. But the influence of the Anglo-Saxon puritans changed everything. That vocabulary was replaced in French by the English word* sexe, *which is disgusting—and so dreary.*

HERALD TRIBUNE

London

CURIOSITY CORNER: *Advertisements in five national newspapers for "The Running Man," new avant-garde literary bi-monthly, have stressed that "initially it will not be available to the public at large, but only on subscription." Quite specific, you think; until you turn to the latest issue of the "National Newsagent, Bookseller and Stationer," which needless to say isn't intended for the public at large. A big, full-page ad there announces the first "Running Man" on April 26—with publicity "aimed at creating and sustaining news-stall demand. First three issues sale or return. Order now." The man would seem to be running round in some very perplexing circles.*

THE GUARDIAN

London

IF THE "BACK BRITAIN" *advertisement in* The Times *is typical of the national scheme, then I am in no way encouraged to support it.*

I suspect that many other people are of the same opinion. Among the more obnoxious words and phrases were: "mum," "sing-out," "kids," "booze," "boss," "bashful," "bang the drum," "show-biz," "know-how," "nice ... pat on the back," and "have a flutter." Such colloquialisms are unsuitable when applied to efforts to improve the national economy.

However low certain people may consider the economy and prestige of the country to have sunk, the English language should not be thus abused.

THE TIMES

Kingston, Jamaica

THE BEST-SELLING *novel* To Sir With Love, *by the Guyanian author E. R. Braithwaite, has been withdrawn as unsuitable for Jamaican schools on orders of Mr. Edwin Allen, the Education Minister. The book chronicles Mr. Braithwaite's experiences as a coloured teacher in the East End of London. Mr. Braithwaite is now Guyana's Ambassador to the United Nations*

THE TIMES

Cleveland

A CIVIL RIGHTS *leader has asked Johnson & Johnson, the pharmaceutical company, to integrate its Bandaids.*

The head of Job Seekers, Inc., said Negroes do a great deal of manual labour and often require sticking plaster. He said Bandaids are flesh-coloured for whites but not for Negroes, and that Negroes want brown Bandaids.

HERALD TRIBUNE

Oxford

THE OXFORD UNION *is seeking solicitor's advice about the copy in its library of* Last Exit to Brooklyn, *which was ruled obscene last week. The union's library committee decided last night that for the moment the book will be confined to the library and available to members only on request. "The library is basically a scholarly library and by doing this we feel we are putting the book in its scholarly context."*

Oxford police are also seeking legal advice about the copy. The deputy chief constable said: "Our attention has been drawn to the book and we are taking legal advice both on the possession of it and the fact that it can be lent out."

THE GUARDIAN

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